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## MADAME DE MAINTENON.\*

"THE position of Madame de Maintenon," observes Madame de Sévigné, "is perfectly *unique*. Nothing ever was, nor probably ever will be, comparable to it." History in hand, we must acknowledge that there is but little exaggeration in the phrase. Born in a prison, and dying within the shadow of the Crown, there is hardly an extreme of elevation or distress that may not be marked in the long career of one whom fortune favored so late, that the tardy lustre left in obscurity the charms, the graces, the fame of her early years. Appointed to tend poultry in her childhood, and scarcely less than queen in her maturity; the bride in little more than girlhood of a needy and deformed poet; and, when the bloom of womanhood

was past, the consort of the man who had said, "*I am the State!*" now bound her to the chair of the crippled SCARROX, and now to the throne of Louis XIV.—in a destiny thus strangely diversified we may be allowed to recognize something akin to the marvellous.

The various accusations brought against Madame de Maintenon, and which have rendered her name almost a by-word with posterity, may be comprised under two heads—intolerance and hypocrisy. It is affirmed that, without being better than her neighbors, she sought to replace purity by prudery; that her whole life had but one object—to "arrive at Louis XIV.;" and that, in the long career of falsehood into which she was betrayed by her ambition, no scruples withheld her from taking any steps which might give her a more complete mastery over the King. She is represented as a wary and untiring intriguer, never oblivious for a single moment of *her part*, and consequently false to every one around her—even to the sovereign who was the end and aim of her machinations. It is alleged that all the religious persecutions which were perpetrated under Louis XIV. are to be ascribed

\* 1. *Lettres sur l'Education des Filles*. Par Madame de Maintenon. Publiées pour la première fois par Th. Lavallée. Paris, 1854.

2. *Entretiens sur l'Education des Filles*. Par Madame de Maintenon. Publiées pour la première fois par Th. Lavallée. Paris, 1855.

3. *Histoire de la Maison Royale de Saint Cyr*. Par Th. Lavallée. Paris, 1853.

4. *Histoire de Madame de Maintenon et des principaux événements du règne de Louis XIV.* Par M. le Duc de Noailles. Deuxième édition. 2 vols. Paris, 1849.

to her intolerant zeal; and the most accredited form which fiction has assigned to these two personages is that of a monarch in his dotage taken to task by a pedantic old woman, and led by fear of the devil to ratify the narrow-minded schemes of his female Mentor. Recent researches have dispelled these illusions. The candor of the upright Sismondi, the elaborate life by the Duc de Nonilles, still, we regret to say, unfinished, and the investigations of M. Lavallée, have all tended to the same conclusion; and every one who avails himself of their labors will form at least as favorable a judgment as that of Madame du Deffand, who, after going through the Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon, said—"I rise up from it with a high opinion of her mind, with little esteem for her heart, and no taste for her person; but I persist in believing that she was not false." M. Lavallée, in particular, has undertaken a task which M. Guizot has pronounced "the most important that remained to be executed for the age of Louis XIV." Having ferreted out a large mass of Madame de Maintenon's letters and conversations (the latter reported by the governesses of St. Cyr), he is about to publish a complete edition of her works in ten little volumes, two of which have already appeared. A large part of his matter is printed for the first time, and the portion which had previously been given to the world by Labeaumelle was so mutilated, re-composed, and re-arranged by that dishonest editor, that hitherto it has been more calculated to deceive than to inform.

When the famous Agrippa d'Aubigné at the end of his *Mémoires* speaks of his son Constant d'Aubigné (the father of Madame de Maintenon), he premises that he would rather have remained silent, the information he has to communicate being "*un fâcheux détail de ma famille*." "The rascal," says the doughty comrade of Henri IV., "did nothing but gamble and get drunk at the University of Sedan, where I sent him to pursue his academical studies, and when he returned to France he thought fit, without my consent, to marry an unfortunate woman, whom he afterwards killed!" She was not the mother of any of his children. After many strange adventures and alternations of bad and good fortune, such as were not uncommon to the troubled times in which he lived, he won the affections of a lady of noble birth, to whom he was married on the 27th December, 1627. At the end of four or five years, having spent the last farthing of his

patrimony, M. d'Aubigné embraced some project for establishing himself in Carolina. In furtherance of the scheme, he entered into negotiations with the English Government, which were detected and deemed treasonable. He was imprisoned in consequence in the fortress of Château-Trompette, under the jailership of his own father-in-law, M. de Cardillac, at whose death he was transferred to Niort, in Poitou. In the *Conciergerie* of this prison Madame d'Aubigné gave birth, on the 27th November, 1635, to her daughter Françoise, the future spouse of Louis XIV. A sister of Constant d'Aubigné's, Madame de Villette, took pity upon his children, and carried them to a château where she resided not far distant from Niort. In 1638 Madame d'Aubigné obtained her husband's release, and shortly after he embarked with the whole of his family for Martinique. Fortune this time allowed herself to be caught. The talents which sufficed to gain money failed, however, to induce the prudence which retains it. The chances of play swept away his newly acquired wealth in far less time than it had cost him to accumulate it, and he died discharging the duties of a small military employment, of which the scanty pay barely sufficed to keep his family from want. At his death his widow returned to France with her children, and this arrival of our little heroine from the colonies before she had completed her tenth year led to the subsequent belief that she was a native of the tropics. Hence the name of "*La belle Indienne*," so generally applied to her upon her first entrance into society at Paris. As to Madame d'Aubigné, her whole time, until the day of her death, seems to have been divided between the manual labor by which she gained a scanty subsistence, and the fruitless endeavors to obtain from relations richer than herself certain moneys and lands which Agrippa d'Aubigné, while disinheriting his worthless son, had yet bequeathed to his heirs. She was so severe a mother that Madame de Maintenon used to relate that she had never been embraced by her but twice, and this after a long separation. But she chanced to render her daughter one enormous service. She set her to read the "*Lives of Plutarch*,"—a work which has nourished the early growth of so many great minds—and forbade her and her brother to speak of anything else. With the ready ingenuity of children, they converted the task into an eager rivalry of sex. She espoused the cause of the women, he of the men. When she had vaunted the quali-



ties of a heroine, he opposed the acts of a hero, and she returned to her Plutarch to find new matter to sustain the supremacy of her sex. A thousand formal lessons, in which the mind had a feeble interest, would have done little for her education in comparison with this earnest application of her powers.

When she got back to France she was once more intrusted to the care of her aunt. "I fear the poor little wretch," writes her mother, "may be of no small inconvenience to you: God grant her the means of one day requiting all the kindness you show her!" How well the aunt discharged her office is sufficiently attested by the gratitude felt by the child for her benefactress. "I am ready to believe anything," she said in childhood during a course of religious instruction, "so long as I am not required to believe my aunt de Villette will be damned!" The answer was given after she had been transferred, by an order from the court, from the care of Madame de Villette, who was a Calvinist, to that of Madame de Neuillant, another near relation, and a zealous Catholic. This lady, finding an unexpected resistance to her doctrines in spite of the professed readiness of her pupil to believe in anything, resolved upon trying the efficacy of humiliation. She ordered her ward to be banished from the drawing-room and confined to the society of the servants. Dressed in a coarse straw hat, with a basket on her arm and a long stick in her hand, the future wife of the King of France was sent out every morning to keep watch over turkeys, and her "reign," as she used to say in after years, "began by dominion over the poultry-yard." Madame de Neuillant was even more avaricious than bigotted, and the Marquis de la Fare asserts that the young Françoise was set to discharge these menial offices from motives of economy. He had heard that she was compelled, in the absence of the coachman, to groom the horses. The only thing which this harsh guardian appears to have cherished was the poor girl's complexion, since she was made to wear a mask, that she might escape being tanned.

This system of compulsion producing no effect, it was decided to place her in the Convent of Ursulines at Niort; but the sordid avarice of Madame de Neuillant soon left her to be supported by the sisters, who returned her to her mother. She was shortly after admitted into the Ursuline Convent of the Rue Saint Jacques in Paris, where at first the nuns succeeded no better than their precursors in the task of converting her.

"My mother's harsh conduct to me at this time," she says in one of her *entretiens*, or rather lectures, to the Demoiselles de Saint Cyr, "had so irritated me, that, probably, if I had remained longer with her I should never have embraced the Catholic faith." Methods as mistaken were adopted by the sisters of the Ursuline Convent.

"Whenever they met me, they each of them played a sort of part; one would run away, another make faces, and a third try to allure me into attending mass by promising to give me something. I was already old enough to be shocked at their ridiculous behaviour, and they became insupportable to me. Neither their pretended fright nor their promises made any impression upon me. Luckily, however, I fell into the hands of a teacher full of sense and judgment, and who won me by her goodness and gracious manners. She forbore ever to reproach me, left me at full liberty to follow the precepts of my creed, never asked me to hear mass or assist at the general prayers in the oratory, and of her own accord proposed that I should keep no fasts. At the same time she had me instructed in the Catholic religion, but with such a total absence of indiscreet zeal, that, when I pronounced my abjuration, I did so of my own entire free will."

Previous to this some priests were called in, who exhausted upon her their arguments; but she had not forgotten her Plutarch discipline; and with her Bible, she says, in her hand, she wore them out. This and other circumstances show that her will and intelligence were both precocious. At her first convent, when not more than eleven years of age, she was so advanced in reading, writing, ciphering, and spelling, that she taught her fellow-pupils in the absence of the governess. The passion of pleasing others for the sake of praise, which was the ruling motive of her life, was already developed. To gratify this lady she sat up whole nights to starch the fine linen of the girls, in order that their appearance might do credit to their mistress. There was no toil that she would not undergo for her; and when she was returned home, she prayed every day, for two or three months, that she might die, because life seemed worthless without her governess. A degree of sentiment and affection unusual with her entered into this juvenile attachment; but we shall presently see by her own confession that her principal aim was to barter services for applause.

At the age of fourteen or fifteen Mlle. d'Aubigné left her second convent, and went to reside with her mother, whose apartment was immediately opposite to the house in

which Scarron had for years received nearly all the society of Paris. At this precise period the far-famed cripple was busy with a plan for emigrating to Martinique, in consequence of one of his acquaintances alleging that the climate had cured him of the gout. Some extraordinary vision of renewed health fastened upon the "*malade de la Reine*;"\* and he planned an expedition to the tropics, with Ségrais and a certain Mlle. de Palaiseau, of whom the chronicles of the time speak lightly.

"My dog of a destiny," he writes to his friend Sarrazin, "takes me off in a month to the West Indies. I have invested a thousand crowns in a new company that is about to found a colony at three degrees from the line, on the banks of the Orinoco and the Orellana. Adieu, then, France! Adieu, Paris! Adieu, O ye tigresses disguised as angels! Adieu Ménage, Sarrazin, Marigny!† I renounce burlesque verses, and comic romance and comedies, to fly to a land where there are no false saints, nor swindlers in devotion, nor inquisition, nor winters that assassinate, defluxions that disable me, nor war that makes me die of starvation."

Notwithstanding this strong desire to escape the ills he found in his own country, Scarron did not emigrate after all; and the most notable result of his scheme was, that it lost him his thousand crowns, and brought him into contact with the person who was to bear his name and brighten the final years of his existence. The wish to know something more of a climate from which he anticipated new life produced an acquaintance between Scarron and Mme. d'Aubigné; and Mme. de Neuillant, who sometimes frequented the poet's salons, presented there one evening *la belle Indienne*. On reaching the threshold of the apartment of which she was shortly to become the mistress, she drew back ashamed, and with one glance at the splendid assembly, and another at her shabby dress, too scanty and too short, she burst into tears. It would almost seem as if Mme. de Neuillant had designed to continue, under new forms, the discipline of the poultry-yard.

This occurrence is mentioned by several

\* Scarron's great patroness, Mlle. d'Hautefort, had spoken of him to Anne of Austria, and, having been carried to the Louvre (1643), he besought the Queen to let him bear the title of "the Queen's invalid." On her smiling at the notion, he exclaimed that her smile was an encouragement to him to solicit a lodging in the Louvre. He was often designated as *le malade de la Reine*.

† All three were literary characters of the day.

contemporary writers; and Scarron himself refers to it in a letter to his future wife:—"Mademoiselle, I never doubted that the young girl who six months ago entered my rooms with too short a frock, and began to cry, I really know not why, was as clever as she looked," &c. The tears may have had some effect in exciting sympathy and conciliating good-will; but it was to her beauty, her manners, and her intelligence that she owed the continuance of the favor with which she was regarded.

A month or two after her acquaintance with her witty and famous neighbor, Mme. d'Aubigné, having secured the little that her husband's family would consent to award her (two hundred livres yearly!), returned to Poitou, where she died. Mme. de Villette was no more; the only surviving son of Constant d'Aubigné was page of the household; and our young Françoise was dependent solely upon Mme. de Neuillant, "who," observes Tallemant des Réaux, "notwithstanding she was her relative, left her without clothing from avarice." The short and scanty dress was disappearing altogether.

The orphan had formed an attachment to a girl at Paris of her own age, and writing to her from Niort, in 1650,—"*I cannot*," she says, "*express to you upon paper all I feel; I have neither courage nor wit sufficient. I promise you half, and the remainder when I shall be as clever as M. Scarron.*" This was shown to the poet, and so spontaneous a tribute was not lost upon him. He immediately took up his pen and addressed his admirer in the words we have quoted above. When Mme. de Neuillant revisited Paris, she brought her fair charge with her. The twelve months which had elapsed had contributed to develop her understanding and beauty; and her second appearance in the *beau monde* of Scarron's *soirées* produced a still livelier impression than the first. "I wish you would give me some news of that young Indian, to whom you introduced me, and whom I loved from the moment I saw her," writes the Duchesse de Lesdiguières to the Chevalier de Méré; and a similar sentiment appears to have been general in the circle. Scarron felt so much for her misery in being subject to the penurious tyranny of Mme. de Neuillant, that, constantly as he was in need of money, he offered her a sum sufficient to procure her admission into a convent. She declined the proposal; and by degrees the idea of a retreat that was to separate her from every

one became transformed into the notion of a union that was to bind her exclusively to himself. This project of a marriage between a buffoon-rhymester of forty-two and a girl of sixteen was termed by himself "a mighty poetic license." But anything seemed better than to live on with Mme. de Neuillant; and as to the other alternative, she frankly avowed to her acquaintances, according to Tallemant des Réaux, "I preferred marriage with Scarron to a convent." The homage she saw him receiving, and the intoxicating elevation to a girl who was trampled on at home, of presiding over the brilliant society which assembled at his house, had a large share in determining her choice. In advanced life, when she was exhorting the pupils at Saint-Cyr to hold themselves upright, she told them that she married at an age when it is delightful to be your own mistress; that she thought she played the fine lady by reclining in an easy chair; and that she did a thousand other things of which she continued to feel the ill effects. But it hardly needed this confession to prove how great must have been the influence of such motives.

Accordingly, in the month of June, 1652, she became Mme. Scarron. Such was her poverty that her wedding-dress was lent for the occasion by Mlle. de Pons. The account which her husband gave of his property was far enough from promising. To the question of the notary, "What jointure he insured her?" the poet replied, "Immortality! the names of kings' wives die with themselves, but the name of Scarron's wife will endure eternally!" No suspicion crossed his mind that the process would be reversed, and that it was to his having been the husband of a "king's wife" that he would principally owe the recollection of his name by posterity.

The once famous though licentious author of the "Roman Comique" was not always the wretched Caliban whose image has descended to us as the type of grotesque deformity. Up to the age of twenty-seven he was a handsome man, and distinguished for his skill in music and dancing. He was descended from a good parliamentary family. His father was *Conseiller à la Grand Chambre*, his uncle Bishop of Grenoble, and one of his cousins was married to no less a personage than the Maréchal d'Aumont. His patrimony would have been respectable if his father, under the influence of an intriguing woman, had not left his property to the offspring of a second marriage. Different ver-

sions have been given of the cause of his deformity. Tallemant des Réaux states that it was a medicine administered by a quack which deprived him of the use of his limbs. According to another account of more doubtful authority, the affliction was due to a freak which he played during the carnival at Mans. In company with three of his friends he smeared himself with honey from head to foot, and after rolling in a heap of feathers, issued out into the street. The mob assailed and plucked the masqueraders, who, to escape further mortification, jumped from a bridge into the icy waters of the Sarthe. His friends subsequently died from the shock, and he himself was crippled for life. In one of his poems he speaks of having been thrown from a vehicle, and his neck was twisted by the fall in a way which ever after prevented his looking upwards. Whatever was the origin of his maladies, "his form," to use his own words, "had become bent like a Z." "My legs," he adds, "first made an obtuse angle with my thighs, then a right and at last an acute angle; my thighs made another with my body. My head is bent upon my chest; my arms are contracted as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. I am, in truth, a pretty complete abridgment of human misery." His head was too big for his diminutive stature, one eye was set deeper than the other, and his teeth were the color of wood. At the time of his marriage he could only move with freedom his hand, tongue and eyes. His days were passed in a chair with a hood, and so completely was he the *abridgment* of man he describes himself, that his wife had to kneel to look in his face. He could not be moved without screaming from pain, nor sleep without taking opium. The epitaph which he wrote on himself, and which is very superior to his usual style of versification, is touching from its truth:—

"Tread softly—make no noise  
To break his slumbers deep;  
Poor Scarron here enjoys  
His first calm night of sleep."

Yet with all his infirmities his cheerfulness was imperturbable. "It is, perhaps," says Tallemant des Réaux, "one of the wonders of our age, that a man in that state, and poor, should be able to laugh as he does." "The Prometheus, the Hercules, and the Philoctetes of fable, and the Job of the Holy Scriptures," says another contemporary writer, Balzac, "utter, in the violence of their tor-

ments, many sublime and heroic things, but no comical ones. I have often met in antiquity with pain that was wise, and with pain that was eloquent; but I never before saw pain joyous, nor found a soul merrily cutting capers in a paralytic frame."

On the death of his father in 1643, Scarron's inheritance was little more than a lawsuit with his stepmother, which he lost almost simultaneously with his health. A pension, paid him by Cardinal Richelieu, expired with that statesman in 1642. He had recourse to his pen for support, and in 1644 he published "The Typhon, or War of the Giants against the Gods," dedicated to Cardinal Mazarin. Two or three years later appeared the "Virgile Travesti," to which he owed his fame, and which won for him the incongruous epithets of "the divine" and "the inimitable." So great was the rage for his works that the booksellers called every poem "Burlesque:" and there was one instance of a sacred and entirely serious piece being announced as written *en vers burlesques*. It was to no purpose that some high authorities tried to check this perverse tendency. "Even your father," observed Boileau to Racine's son, "had the defect of sometimes reading Scarron, and laughing over him, though he always concealed this from me." But Boileau was hardly more severe to the creator of burlesque poetry in France than Scarron was to himself. "I am ready to attest before any one," he declares in the dedicatory epistle of the fifth book of his "Æneide Travestie," "that the paper I employ for my writings is only so much paper wasted. The whole of these parodies, and my 'Virgil' at the head, are rank absurdities. It is a style which has spoilt the taste of all the world."

Much, however, as he may have condemned the productions of his pen, Scarron was reduced to live by them, and this he was wont to call his *Marquisat de Quinet*, from the name of the bookseller who published his works. Although he has himself styled his house *l'Hôtel de l'Impécuniosité*, we learn from Segrais that he was "very creditably lodged, that his furniture was covered with yellow damask of the value of five or six thousand livres, that he wore garments of fine velvet, and had several servants at his command." Here it was that he received the *beaux-esprits* and court gallants of the time at his evening *réunions* and suppers—here that nobles and high-born dames mixed freely with Ménage, Benserade, and Pellisson. That no species of celebrity might be want-

ing, even the too famous Ninon de l'Enclos—the modern Leontium—was to be seen exchanging courtesies with virtuous ladies who would have scorned to receive her at their own houses. It has been truly remarked that if, at the Hôtel Rombouillet, the great world received the world of literature and art, the former in turn became the guest in the *salons* of Scarron.

The society which collected about the burlesque poet was probably the principal solace of his life. The method by which he succeeded in attracting so much rank, fashion, and talent round his hooded chair is not easy to conjecture. "Kind, serviceable, faithful in friendship," says Segrais, "he was invariably agreeable and amusing, even in anger or in sorrow." With a man so poor and afflicted, this was a slender resource for constituting him the centre of one of the most brilliant circles in Paris. Even his powers of entertaining are less favorably represented by Tallemant des Réaux. "He sometimes," says this rather cynical writer, "lets drop a humorous observation, but not often. He is always trying to be facetious, which is the way to defeat the intention." The account is too probable to be entirely rejected. His reputation was founded upon his talents for jest, and what remains to us of his writings and sayings leads to the conclusion that his ambition was always to sustain his part. But, though the motive which originally brought the gay world of Paris to his door is not apparent, the custom, once established, was kept up without effort. Then it was not Scarron only that people went to see, but the celebrities of whom each was an attraction to the other.

At the time of his marriage in 1652 Scarron had enjoyed his fame and its advantages for about eight years. He assigned as his reason for the match "that it was to ensure society, for that otherwise people would not come to see him." If his guests had begun to drop off, the method he took to win them back was entirely successful. Tallemant des Réaux himself allows the exceeding popularity of his youthful wife. In her old age she gave a curious and self-complacent account of the estimation in which she was held at this period, and the mode by which she obtained it:—

"In my tender years I was what is called a good child; everybody loved me: there was no one, down to the domestics of my aunt, who were not charmed with me. When I was older and I was placed in those convents, you know how I was cherished by my mistresses and companions,



and always for the same reason, that from morning to night I only thought of serving and obliging them. When I was with that poor cripple I found myself in the fashionable world, where I was sought after and esteemed. The women loved me because I was unassuming in society, and much more taken up with others than with myself. The men followed me because I had the beauty and graces of youth. The partiality they had for me was rather a general friendship—a friendship of esteem—than love. I did not wish to be loved by any individual in particular, but I wished to be loved by everybody, to have my name pronounced with admiration and respect, to play a praiseworthy part, and, above all, to be approved by the good: it was my idol."

On one occasion she shut herself up with a person who had the small-pox, and who was deserted by all the world—"a little," she said, "from pity, but chiefly from a desire to do a thing which had never been done before." Another time, without requiring it, she took an emetic, then a new medicine, and regarded by the majority of the faculty in the light of a poison, in order that her friends, to whom she related the incident with an air of indifference, might exclaim, "See this pretty woman, she has more courage than a man." In her old age she spoke of her lust of praise as a vice, but she could still deliver such extravagant doctrines as the following to the girls at St. Cyr:—

"It is not enough that a few select persons should speak well of us, it is necessary that all who know us should do the same—that your father should say, 'How happy I am to have such a daughter!' your mother, 'How rational my girl is!' your other relations, 'How delightful it is to have Mademoiselle such-a-one with us!' your lady's maid, 'What a pleasure it is to wait on Mademoiselle!' So with the shoemaker, the dressmaker, the laundress, and the footman—because servants when they are alone talk of nothing but their masters and mistresses; and if there is ever so little evil to tell they are sure to divulge it. Reputation often depends more upon these people than their betters who do not see us so near."

She herself used to call her weakness the crime of Lucifer—pride; but the basis of a character which does everything for praise and admiration is vanity. "Applause," said Tallemant des Réaux, "is spoiling her; she is conceited." It was inevitable that the head of a girl thus thirsting for homage should be turned by the adulation and attention which awaited her at the house of M. Scarron.

None of her qualities are better attested than her remarkable intelligence, for the

proofs of it survive in her letters. They contain, however, no indication of what is mentioned as a predominant characteristic during the years when she fascinated the guests of the facetious Scarron—a native sprightliness, which must have been far more enlivening than the labored and almost professional buffoonery of her husband. "I am lively," she said, in after years, "by nature, and melancholy from circumstances." Her beauty is no less established both by the testimony of her contemporaries, and a miniature at the Louvre—an enamel by Petitot. It is a face at once remarkable for feature and expression: the skin and complexion are exquisite; over the thoughtful and serene brow clusters a profusion of brown hair; the fine curve of the nose is a happy medium between the straightness of the Greek and the extreme Roman; and the small mouth and rich lips are perfection. The chin is of that rounded feline type which is not to be found in any other picture of a celebrated beauty for a whole century, and which was first described by one who was little apt to be mistaken when painting female charms.\* Still the real magic of the face is in the eyes. They are rather beaming than bright, but of a remarkable intensity, and justify the expression of Madame de Montespan, who, after the birth of one of her last children, wrote to her friend, "Come to me, I entreat you, but do not survey me with those great dark eyes, of which I stand in such terrible awe." Yet there is nothing stern in the countenance; on the contrary, its predominant character is that of gentle wisdom, conjoined to a certain mobility which appears to promise every expression except that of tenderness. Ninon de l'Enclos was right when she said to Fontenelle, "Madame Scarron was always virtuous, but the merit was small—she was incapable of loving." In the famous picture at Versailles, painted when she was past fifty, and where, behooded and veiled and in Carmelite-colored robes, the governess of the King's children is lecturing the Duchesse de Bourgogne at her knee, we have the same eye, mouth, chin, and brow as in the early enamel. Though one represents the morning, the other the decline of life, there is no difficulty in distinguishing the young and beautiful Indian in the lady of matronly grace whom Louis XIV. used to address by the title of *Votre Solidité*.†

\* See in the "Nouvelle Héloïse" of Rousseau the letter where St. Preux, on receiving *Julie's* picture, speaks of the peculiar form of her chin.

† The sprightliness and exceeding beauty of

It was a situation of extreme peril for a girl thus gifted—so young, so beautiful, so intelligent, so winning, and so inexperienced—to be wedded to a deformed cripple of forty-two, incapable of stirring from his uneasy chair, and to be thrown into the lax and free-spoken society which frequented her husband's chamber. How did she pass through the trying ordeal? She herself has given an answer to the question. "I have seen everything," she said, reverting to those days, "but always in a way to earn a reputation without reproach." But we are not left to her own testimony. It is admitted by her contemporaries that she gave the tone to Scarron's guests instead of adopting theirs, that the old recklessness of talk was hushed, and that her life afforded no pretence for scandal. "If," observed one of the young gallants, "I must fail in respect to her or the Queen, I would do it to the latter." "Neither her husband's malady," said Sorbière, "nor her beauty, youth, and ready wit, ever injured her virtue. Although the admirers who sighed around her were the noblest and richest of the realm, her unimpeachable conduct compelled the esteem of everybody." The Chevalier de Méré, who was one of these admirers, is loud in his encomiums, and has no other fault to find with her than that she was not more frail.

In after life she affirmed that M. Scarron was fundamentally good, and that she had cured him of his license. The advantage was reciprocal, he on his part teaching her Spanish, Italian, and Latin, and furnishing her mind with the rich resources of literature. She was less successful in introducing habits of economy into her husband's house

Madame de Maintenon in her youth will be a surprise to many who are only familiar with her history after she had passed her prime. M. Noailles justly remarks, "We are acquainted with her too late." Those who have described her as she appeared in the first bloom of her loveliness are unanimous in their report. Mlle. de Scudery has painted her in her romance of *Clélie* under the name of Lyriane: "She was of high birth, and so lovely that it was next to impossible to compare any one else to her. . . . Her figure was large and beautiful, her air noble, gentle, vivacious and modest. To heighten her beauty she had the finest eyes in the world. Dark, shining, passionate, soft, and full of intelligence, their lustre was something not to be described; and their expression was by turns that of mild melancholy and joyous vivacity. Her wit suited her beauty, and was both agreeable and great. She had no affectation; knew well the world, and a thousand other things, whereof she conceived no vain-glory. Adding the charms of virtue to those of beauty and wit, it may well be averred that she merited all the admiration she obtained."

than in correcting his freedoms and regulating the tone of conversation at his receptions. All his patrimony appears to have consisted of a small estate near Amboise, which he sold for 24,000 livres, and this was not likely to last long with a man who wrote to Rome to order pictures from Poussin! All his tastes were expensive; and his very physical infirmities, and the society which was their alleviation, involved an outlay beyond his means. The revenue from his "Marquisat de Quinet" was small, for the copyrights of books were far from fetching then the enormous sums they have sometimes commanded since. During the civil war of the Fronde he had the misfortune to espouse the side which proved ultimately unsuccessful, and his "Mazarinades," or satires against the Cardinal, had cost him a pension, of which no efforts (and he spared none) could procure the renewal. Fouquet, it is true, gave him a yearly stipend of sixteen hundred livres, and there is reason to believe that the affection of Madame Fouquet for his wife was the cause of more than one act of liberality on the part of the superintendent-general. It is one merit not to be overlooked in the youthful helpmate of Scarron, that she proved thus early superior to a common vanity of her sex, and that, in spite of the thriftless example of her husband, she was not beguiled into extravagance by girlish thoughtlessness, or the natural temptation to rival in dress the people who surrounded her.

Not very long before his death the poet devised a new scheme for increasing his income. The people who brought their carts of merchandise to Paris hired guides at the gates to conduct them; and, as many highwaymen assumed the office for the purpose of plundering the vehicles, Scarron proposed that the duty should be confided to licensed persons of approved honesty, and who should be sworn to a faithful discharge of their trust. His first application remained unanswered; a second and a third attempt shared the same fate; till at last, Madame Scarron being persuaded against her will to urge the petition, the authorization was granted. "This affair," wrote the distressed poet to Fouquet, "is the last hope of both my wife and myself: as to me, I am ill with the anxiety. Ah, monseigneur! if you did but know what we have to fear, and to what we may be reduced if it fail! M. Vissins" (Scarron's as-

\* The proof of this is to be found in the "Lettres de Nicolas Poussin."

sociate in the business) "and myself can only have recourse to poison!" But the scheme happily justified the anticipations of its originator, and for the last year or two of his life he derived five or six thousand livres *per annum* from his plan.

It was in October, 1660, eight years after his ill-assorted union, that this life of smiles and suffering, of poverty and extravagance, came to a close. He continued to jest to the last; and, seeing the bystanders in tears, "I shall never, my friends," he exclaimed, "make you weep as much as I have made you laugh." To his wife he spoke seriously. He lamented that he had nothing to leave her, and said that her merit was infinite and beyond all praise. He, at least, seems never to have had reason to repent his hazardous choice; and, what is really surprising, there is no trace that the wife grew impatient of her bondage, or, as she advanced into womanhood and learnt her power over richer and more personable men, of her ever regretting the precipitancy of the girl. She always, however, after the death of M. Scarron, spoke of marriage with aversion. "I have learnt too well," she said, "that it is not delicious, and that liberty is."

When the poor cripple whom she had married for a subsistence was in his grave, she was reduced to poverty beyond anything she had yet experienced. *Cette charmante malheureuse!* was the name by which she was commonly known among her friends. In vain various persons of distinction endeavored to obtain for her the renewal of the pension formerly granted to her husband. Mazarin was inflexible. "Is she in health?" he asked, and on being told "Yes," he replied, "Then she is incapacitated for succeeding to a man who was ill!" For the first few months the Maréchale d'Aumont, Scarron's niece, lent her a room in the Convent des Hospitalières, and sent her clothes and all other necessities of which she stood in need. "But," says Tallemant des Réaux, "she made such a noise about it, that the widow got tired, and one day returned to her relative a cartload of wood she had ordered to be shot down in the convent-yard." This extreme distress lasted about a year. Mazarin survived only five months the burlesque poet who satirized him, and after the death of the vindictive minister, some one chancing to mention before the queen-mother the name of Scarron, she inquired what had become of his wife? The answer drew forth the further question, "What was the husband's pension?" The person addressed, foresee-

ing what was to follow, suddenly conceived the idea of magnifying the sum, and replied, "Two thousand livres." When Madame Scarron went to thank the Queen for her bounty, she overheard a lady remarking, "If this pension is granted to the most beautiful eyes, and the most coquettish person in France, no better choice could be made." Her rage and mortification were extreme. "Is this," she said, "the result of all the care I have taken to earn a reputation without reproach? The humiliating speech weighed a long time upon my heart." Those who recall the good sense which distinguishes her letters, will hardly credit that she should have been the slave of such childish weakness.

Her annuity enabled her to remove to an apartment in the Convent of the Ursulines, where she had been educated as a girl. The five hundred livres over and above what her husband had received, she set apart for the poor, "if for no other reason," she said, "than to repair the officious lie of my friend." "She managed the remainder so well," writes Mademoiselle d'Aumale, originally one of the pupils at St. Cyr, who had received the account from Madame de Maintenon, "that she saw the best company, and was always well though simply dressed. She contrived to pay her own board and that of her maid, and never burned anything but wax-lights!" Her dress was in keeping with the wax-lights, for, "besides being always nicely shod, she had very handsome petticoats!" (*des très belles jupes*). Her confessor, the Abbé Gobelin, remonstrated with her on the elegance of her attire; to which she replied that "her gowns were of the commonest stuffs." "That may be," rejoined the worthy man, "but I only know that when you kneel there drops to the ground with you such a quantity of drapery, that, most honored lady, I cannot avoid thinking it too much." This combination of mean material with the utmost gracefulness of make is extremely characteristic. There was a mixture throughout, by her own confession, of vanity and humility, but of an humility of which the object was to feed her vanity. She was accustomed to speak of these early years of her widowhood as of the golden period of her existence:—

"All the days of my youth were very agreeable to me," she said at St. Cyr, "because, although I have experienced poverty and passed through states very different from that in which you see me, I was contented and happy. I was a stranger to chagrin and *ennui*; I was free. I went to

the Hôtel d'Albret, or to that of Richelieu, sure to be welcomed and to meet my friends there, or else to attract them to my apartment on acquainting them that I could not go out."

Every one knows the striking saying of Madame de Maintenon as she watched the carp uneasy in their crystal water and marble basin in the royal gardens: "They are like me, they regret their *mud*." No one had ever felt more forcibly the truth expressed in the lines of Gray:—

"What is grandeur, what is power?  
Heavier toil, superior pain;"

and it is worth a hundred homilies on contentment to see this wife and bondwoman of Louis XIV. looking back with a sigh of regret from the splendid palace of Versailles upon the modest apartment in the Convent of the Ursulines.

The death of Anne of Austria in 1666 came to trouble her felicity. The pension dropped with the life of its donor, and the repeated audiences of Madame Scarron with Colbert obtained her nothing more substantial than polite promises. "If I was in power and in favor," she exclaimed, "how differently would I treat those who were in want!" The solicitations of her friends to the King were equally unsuccessful. Of all the events that could have been predicted at that moment, none would have sounded so wildly improbable to Madame Scarron as that she should one day be the wife of the great monarch whom she was suing in vain for a paltry pittance to keep her from beggary, none would have appeared so revolting and even impossible to Louis XIV. as that he should marry the poor widow to whom he was refusing the necessities of life. The defeat of his armies and the loss of a province would have seemed less humiliating to his pride.

Whilst Madame Scarron could get no assistance from the Crown, her private friends, Madame de Richelieu, Madame de Montchevreuil, and the Maréchale d'Albret vied with each other in offering her the asylum of their respective homes. This she refused, and preferred to accept a proposal from the Princesse de Nemours, affianced to Alphonso king of Portugal, to accompany her to her new kingdom. The Duc de Nevers remarking one day to the royal bride on the slender capacity of her future consort and his minister, "Never mind," she replied; "I shall have wit enough for the king, and she" (pointing to Madame Scarron) "will have

enough for the minister." But now occurred an event which defeated the project, and was the first step in that long flight by which Madame Scarron ascended to the throne:

"I shall not go to Portugal," she writes to her friend Madame de Chanteloup; "it is quite decided. A few days ago Madame de Thianges took me to see her sister,\* telling her I was about leaving for Lisbon. 'For Lisbon?' exclaimed she; 'that is a long way off; you must remain here. Albret has spoken to me of you, and I am quite aware of your merit.' I would rather, thought I to myself, that she were quite aware of my poverty! This I then described to her, without letting myself down, and she listened attentively, though she was at her toilet. I told her how I had in vain petitioned M. Colbert, how my friends had in vain petitioned the King, how I was obliged to seek an honest livelihood out of my own country, etc. In short, I think Madame de Lafayette herself would have been satisfied with the truth of my expressions and the brevity of my story. Madame de Montespan seemed touched, and asked me for a detailed petition, that she would undertake, she said, to present to the King. I thanked her warmly, and wrote it in haste. The King, they say, received it kindly; perhaps the hand that tendered it made it agreeable. M. de Villeroy joined his entreaties to hers. In short, my pension is restored to me upon the same footing as by the late Queen. Two thousand livres! It is more than is needed for my solitude and the good of my soul."

Mlle. de la Vallière was at this time the avowed mistress of Louis XIV., and the favor he showed to Madame de Montespan was supposed to be accorded to her lively conversation. One year later (1667) the king, flushed with his victories in Flanders, summoned the court to meet him at Compiègne, that he might enjoy the praise and the congratulations which awaited him. Thither came also Mlle. de la Vallière, to the extreme indignation and distress of the queen. Foremost among those who inveighed against the daring intruder was Madame de Montespan. "God preserve me," she said, "from being the mistress of the king! but if I was miserable enough for that, I should never have the audacity to appear before the queen." Nevertheless, it is now a matter of history, that upon this very occasion she was carrying on a secret intrigue with him herself. The effrontery which could ejaculate such a prayer, and make such a protestation, was not likely to con-

\* Madame de Thianges was sister to Madame de Montespan.



tinued to wear a veil; and though Mlle. de la Vallière did not retire from the court to the cloister till 1674, it was soon notorious that she had a successful rival in Madame de Montespan. "When I suffer at the Carmelites," said the poor penitent, "I will remember what these people (the king and Madame de Montespan) have made me suffer here." In the lapse of years, when the triumphant mistress had been set aside in her turn, she might be seen at the Carmelites seeking religious counsel of the frail sister whom she had tormented and displaced.

Upon the birth of the Duc du Maine in 1670, proposals were made to Madame Scarron to take charge of the infant prince and his eldest sister, who died shortly after. "I will not," she replied, by the advice of her confessor, "take charge of the children of Madame de Montespan, but if the King commands me to take care of his, I will obey." The king gave the order, and she entered with zeal upon an office which was rather that of a mother than a governess, as the children were then too young to be instructed. She was careful, as they grew older, not to show them any false indulgence out of deference to their royal birth. The spirit in which she trained them may be gathered from a passage in a letter which she wrote in 1686 to one of the governesses of Saint Cyr. "I am told that some of the girls make a piece of work about taking their bark; do not suffer such nonsense in a house where everything is to be regulated by reason. I never allowed the children of the King to make the least resistance to taking medicine, and while telling them that it was very nasty, I obliged them to drink it up like water."

"If this was the beginning of Madame de Maintenon's\* elevation," writes Madame de Caylus, "it was also that of her annoyance and constraint. She was of necessity separated from her friends, and obliged to renounce society, for which she seemed created, and all this without being able to assign publicly any sufficient reason for her altered habits." The general idea is, that she inhabited a handsome house in the Rue de Vaugirard, had carriages and servants at her command, and superintended the education

of several little illegitimate princes and princesses, at whose irregular entrance into the world she found it convenient to wink. But this is far from the truth. The house in the Rue de Vaugirard was not thought of until 1672; and, for the first two or three years, each infant, the better to conceal it, was placed with its nurse in a separate habitation without the walls of the town. To avoid suspicion, Madame Scarron was prohibited from lodging under the same roof with any of the children, and was to change as little as possible her former mode of life:—

"I had to climb ladders," she says, "and do the work of carpenters and upholsterers, because no workpeople were permitted to enter. The nurses were to assist in nothing, for fear of fatiguing themselves and spoiling their milk. Often I went from one of these houses to the other on foot and in disguise, carrying under my arm provisions and linen, and sometimes, in case of illness, passing the whole night by the sick child's bed. I was then forced to enter my own dwelling by a back door, and, having dressed, used to go out again at the front in a carriage, and pay my visits at the Hôtel d'Albret or the Hôtel de Richelieu, so that my acquaintances might suspect nothing. Nay, I have gone so far as to be bled, in order that I might not blush if anything occurred to embarrass me."

Nor was this all. She attended, according to Madame de Caylus, at the birth of each addition to her nursery, and covering the new-born infant with her shawl, she returned masked to Paris in a hackney-coach, full of alarm, lest the wail of the little brat should betray her to the driver. The object of so much mystery is by no means clear. Though the actual birth was conducted in secrecy, there was none about its anticipation. "Madame de Montespan," says Madame de Caylus, "was in despair at her first pregnancy, consoled herself at the second, and carried impudence at the rest as far as it could go."

To the other discomforts of the position of Madame Scarron was added the annoyance which arose from the overbearing and uncertain temper of Madame de Montespan. Often she resolved to resign her office.

"I really cannot see," she writes to the Abbé Gobelin, her confessor, "in what way it can be Heaven's will that I should suffer through Madame de Montespan. She is incapable of friendship, and I cannot dispense with it. She could not be subject to the constant opposition I offer to her conduct without hating me. She does with me what she chooses; destroys me in the King's esteem, or restores me to his good

\* In 1674 Louis XIV. presented Madame Scarron with the estate of Maintenon, worth 15,000 livres a year, as a reward for her care of his children. He greeted her the next time he saw her as Madame de Maintenon, and she bore the name ever after.

graces. I dare not speak to him myself, for she never would forgive me; and even if I could, what I owe to her would forbid me from saying anything against her. Therefore I see no remedy for all my ills." "I have tried everything," she writes in 1676 to a female friend, "in regard to Madame de Montespan; but there is nothing at heart—no good; she is only amiable by fits and starts; all is caprice."

Though these gusts of temper had frequently no other source than the ungovernable humor of Madame de Montespan, there was a distinct and constant cause of irritation at work. Madame de Sévigné, writing to her daughter in April, 1675, tells her that for a couple of years there has been a complete hatred between the two Madams, and that they are as opposed as black and white. The reason, she adds, is the pride of Madame de Maintenon, which makes her rebel against the orders of Madame de Montespan, and recognize only the authority of the father, to the entire exclusion of that of the mother. This was in accordance with the original contract. Madame de Maintenon considered that it was consistent with her dignity to be the servant of a king, but she would have felt it a degradation to be the servant of a mistress. Madame de Montespan not unnaturally regarded the question from another aspect, and thought that the parent had a right to be heard on the management of her children.

In the same letter in which Madame de Sévigné reveals the quarrels, she mentions that the king is scolded for having too much friendship for this lofty lady (*pour cette glorieuse*), but that the partiality was not expected to last. Last, however, it did, and what was more, for some years continued to increase. Madame de Maintenon, so eager to please everybody, could not be indifferent to the good opinion of her sovereign. But she did not at first succeed. The belief that she was a blue-stocking had prejudiced him against her, and an accidental circumstance confirmed him in the notion. "Madame d'Hendicourt," she says, "having innocently told him, on returning from a walk, that Madame de Montespan and I had talked before her in so elevated a strain that we got beyond her, he was so displeased that he could not help showing it, and it was some time before I could venture to come into his presence." In speaking of her to Madame de Montespan he used to call her "*votre bel-esprit*," and it is true that she was ambitious to excel in conversation. "My confessor," she wrote in 1669, "has ordered me to be dull in com-

pany to mortify the passion he detects in me of wishing to please by my understanding. I obey; but as I yawn, and make others yawn, I am sometimes ready to give up devotion." The mistake of Louis XIV. was to imagine that her conversation was affected and pedantic. On the contrary, she had an extreme dislike of learned ladies, "who," she said, "were never learned but by halves, and that the little they knew rendered them commonly proud, disdainful, talkative, and averse to solid things." She taught orthography—then much neglected by the best educated persons—to her pupils at Saint Cyr, but cautioned them against attempting to attain to perfect correctness, lest it should wear the appearance of pretension. Her rule for style was to avoid circumlocution and far-fetched phrases, and her practice was in accordance with her theory. All her letters are remarkable for simplicity. The Duc de Saint Simon, notwithstanding his hostility to her, admits that "her language was well chosen and naturally eloquent and concise." The effect, he adds, was aided by an "incomparable grace, and an easy and yet respectful manner." Madame de Sévigné, who had been much in her society, says that it was "truly delicious."

Thus Louis only needed to be better acquainted with her to be disabused of his prejudices; and she of necessity came more in contact with him when the three children of whom she had charge were legitimated in 1673, and appeared openly at court. An event occurred in 1675 which enabled her to improve her position. Both Louis XIV. and his mistress were frequently visited by religious scruples. Madame de Montespan was accustomed to fast so rigorously in Lent, that her pittance of bread was doled out to her by weight; and on the Duchess d'Uzès expressing her astonishment, she exclaimed, "What! because I commit one sin, am I to commit every other?" When Passion-week arrived, she and the king were equally struck with remorse, and they agreed to a separation. After an absence of some months, the question was mooted whether she should return to the court, and Bossuet, with incredible weakness, advised the step. To avoid the awkwardness of exchanging their first greetings in public it was settled that she should have a preliminary meeting with the King, and to obviate the scandal of an entirely private interview, it was arranged that it should take place in the presence of a few selected witnesses. The penitents soon withdrew into a window-recess, and talked in

whispers. The old passion was instantly revived. "They made," says Madame de Caylus, "a profound bow to the company, and passed into another room. The Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Toulouse were the result." But though Madame de Montespan resumed her old position, she never recovered her former influence. In the absence of the mistress the King had had recourse to the friend, who gained an ascendant which she kept to the last. "She is more triumphant than ever," says Madame de Sévigné, May 6th, 1676. "Everything is submitted to her empire."

On the return of Madame de Montespan, the quarrels were renewed with greater violence than before. The discovery of the increased consideration accorded to the *gouvernante* was not likely to alleviate former jealousies. The king himself was made a party to their disputes; and he sometimes defended the mistress to the friend, but with the tone of a man who was apologizing for the one who was in the wrong to the one who was in the right. These very bickerings must have assisted the growing favor of Madame de Maintenon. When her calm, equable, conciliating temper was contrasted with the wayward impetuosity and grasping disposition of Madame de Montespan, she must have appeared an Angel by the side of a Fury. A contemporary bishop said that her triumph was the victory of the spirit of goodness over the spirit of evil. With the view, as some conjecture, of withdrawing Louis from the society of the friend, the old mistress introduced a new candidate for his affection in the person of Mlle. Fontanges, a beautiful, weak, and insipid woman. The device failed, and Madame de Montespan endangered her own position without shaking for an instant the supremacy of her rival. She accused her one day of aspiring herself to be the mistress of the king. "He would then," said Madame de Maintenon, "have three." "He has three," replied the other; "me in name, that girl (Mlle. Fontanges) in fact, and you have his heart." Other schemes were tried with no better success. The old Duke de Villars was set to demand her in marriage; but she simply answered, that she had troubles enough without seeking them in a state which was the misery of three-fourths of the human race. An intrigue to destroy her credit with the king, and of which the particulars are unknown, was aided by the powerful talents of Louvois and Rochefoucauld, but it had no result. Worn out with the turmoil, Madame de

Maintenon continued to talk of retiring, but never went. Weary work as it might be to walk the dull, uneasy, daily round, it was yet for her a magic circle of which she found it impossible to break the bounds.

The Dauphin was married in January, 1680, and Madame de Maintenon was appointed one of the tire-women of the Dauphiness. This lady had a profusion of hair, and Madame de Maintenon was the only person who could comb it without giving pain to her royal mistress. "You would hardly believe," she used to say, "how much a talent for combing heads contributed to my elevation." But the talent was general. With her rage for pleasing, whatever was to be done she was always the volunteer who stood forward to do it. Her new office removed her from her painful domestic contact with Madame de Montespan. They met in public, talked with vivacity, and to those who only judged by appearances seemed excellent friends. Yet the grudge and the jealousy were in no degree lessened by this outward truce. Once when they had to make a journey in the same carriage, Madame de Montespan said, as she seated herself, "Let us talk as if there were no difference between us, but on condition that we resume our disputes when we return." In both respects they kept to the bargain.

The release from the tempestuous humors of Madame de Montespan was coincident with fresh proofs of the partiality of the King. "I hear," writes Madame de Sévigné, in June, 1680, "that the conversations of his Majesty with Madame de Maintenon only grow and flourish, that they last from six to ten, that his daughter-in-law sometimes pays them a short visit, that she finds them each in a great chair, and that when the visit is over they resume the thread of their discourse. The lady is no longer approached except with fear and respect, and the ministers pay the same court to her that others do to them." "As I have often said," Madame de Sévigné remarks a month later, "she has made him acquainted with a new country—I mean the commerce of friendship, and of conversation without duplicity or constraint." This is doubtless the true explanation of the singular charm which she exercised over him. His ministers talked to him of business, his courtiers uttered insipidities, all alike overwhelmed him with flattery, and the greater part had some interest to promote. His mistresses, who alone could venture to be familiar with him, owed their privilege to a

passion which deprived them of his respect. But Madame de Maintenon united perfect ease to steady principle—treated him as a man without offending the pride of the monarch; brought into prominence the moral part of his nature; and spoke to him of his feelings, his faults, and his trials, with the intelligence of a confessor and the winning gentleness of a woman. Picture a sovereign worn out with state affairs, intrigues, and ceremonies, possessed of a confidante who was always the same—always calm, always rational, equally capable to instruct and to soothe him; never divulging any secret to show the trust that was reposed in her; never presuming upon her power, or allowing any selfish motive to transpire, and there needs nothing more to explain why Louis XIV. should have sought the society of Madame de Maintenon, and should be found sitting with her daily in 1680 from six to ten.

The Queen encouraged the intimacy. When any insinuations were made to the disadvantage of the friend she was accustomed to reply, "The King has never been so kind to me as since he listens to her; I owe his affection to her influence." The change she had wrought in alienating Louis XIV. from his mistresses, and restoring him to the society of his wife, is described by Madame de Maintenon herself in a letter dated November, 1682. "The royal family live in a union which is most edifying. The King converses for whole hours with the Queen. The present she has made me of her portrait is the most agreeable circumstance which has happened to me since I have been at Court: it is to my mind an infinite distinction. Madame de Montespan has never had anything similar." Some one, pointing at the Court of Henry IV. to the Marchioness de Guercheville, who had been made a lady in-waiting to the Queen, said to Malherbe, "See what virtue has done;" to which Malherbe replied, in pointing to Madame de Luynes, who had been elevated still higher, "See what vice has done." The exultation of Madame de Maintenon was not only the exclamation of personal triumph, but a mode of expressing that this time virtue had received a tribute which was not accorded to vice.

A few months after the Queen had given this testimony of her gratitude she expired in the arms of Madame de Maintenon, July 30, 1683. Louis XIV. was affected by her death, but his sorrow was neither excessive nor prolonged. When the eldest of his children by Madame de Montespan died at the

age of three, and the King observed the distress of her who had been the real mother of the infant in everything except bringing it into the world, surprised, perhaps, to witness grief for a being so young, he exclaimed, "She knows how to love; there would be some pleasure in being loved by her." Now he appeared to have no satisfaction in witnessing the emotions which testified regard for the departed. Four days after the death of the Queen, Madame de Maintenon, in her quality of attendant on the Dauphiness, joined the King at St. Cloud, when they all set out for Fontainebleau. The friend appeared with an air of deep affliction, and Louis XIV. rallied her upon her grief, and made it the subject of some pleasantries! There was a Madame Hérault, who lost her husband, and the Marshal de Grammont assumed a mournful countenance as a mark of condolence. "Alas!" said the widow, "the poor man has done well to die." "Is that the way you take it?" replied the Marshal. "By my faith then I care no more than you." "I will not swear," says Madame de Caylus, in relating the conduct of Louis XIV., "that Madame de Maintenon did not answer him inwardly as the Marshal de Grammont answered Madame Hérault."

It is probable that the King had already notions in his mind which were not in keeping with the mourning countenance of Madame de Maintenon. Madame de Caylus, who was one of the party, relates that the favor of her aunt rose to its highest point during the sojourn at Fontainebleau, that she seemed violently torn by hopes and fears, and that at last her agitation was succeeded by a calm. The niece plainly intimates her belief that it was then that the marriage was agreed upon; but the ceremony is supposed not to have taken place till 1685, though M. Lavallée believes that it was performed in 1684. A mystery envelops the whole transaction. Neither Louis XIV. nor Madame de Maintenon were ever known to speak of it, and the other persons who were privy to the proceeding were no less secret than the principals. There is an allusion to it in two letters of the Bishop of Chartres, the director of Madame de Maintenon—one addressed to herself, the other to the King—but these were never intended to see the light. It is asserted by Saint-Simon, that the Archbishop of Paris, who is supposed to have performed the ceremony, joined with Louvois in extorting a promise from their royal master, that he would not divulge a secret which they considered would dishonor



him in the eyes of his subjects. Twice Madame de Maintenon is affirmed to have nearly won him over to declare the marriage. On the first occasion Louvois detected the design, and remonstrated with the King, who was about to retire to avoid his importunities. The minister threw himself on his knees, seized his Majesty by the legs to retain him, and presenting him with a sword, begged to be killed on the spot rather than survive to see his sovereign disgrace his crown, and die of confusion and regret. It is Saint-Simon who relates and applauds this tragi-comic story, which we suspect to be apocryphal. On the second occasion Louis XIV., he says, consulted Bossuet and Fénelon, who again dissuaded him from executing his design. During the life of the King it was convenient that the marriage should be tacitly acknowledged without being formally proclaimed. It prevented a thousand embarrassments and mortifications which would have arisen if the widow of Scarron had been installed as Queen. But what could be the motive of Madame de Maintenon for destroying all the documents and letters which would reveal the fact to posterity? If she believed the marriage to be already notorious, the precaution was useless; and if she thought to render it doubtful, was she content to leave it a disputed point in history as to whether she was his mistress or his wife? Louis XIV. could hardly have been so unmanly as to exact a pledge which might imperil her permanent fame; and if he did, it is a blot upon her reputation that she should have stooped to such terms.

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passion which deprived them of his respect. But Madame de Maintenon united perfect ease to steady principle—treated him as a man without offending the pride of the monarch; brought into prominence the moral part of his nature; and spoke to him of his feelings, his faults, and his trials, with the intelligence of a confessor and the winning gentleness of a woman. Picture a sovereign worn out with state affairs, intrigues, and ceremonies, possessed of a confidante who was always the same—always calm, always rational, equally capable to instruct and to soothe him; never divulging any secret to show the trust that was reposed in her; never presuming upon her power, or allowing any selfish motive to transpire, and there needs nothing more to explain why Louis XIV. should have sought the society of Madame de Maintenon, and should be found sitting with her daily in 1680 from six to ten.

The Queen encouraged the intimacy. When any insinuations were made to the disadvantage of the friend she was accustomed to reply, "The King has never been so kind to me as since he listens to her; I owe his affection to her influence." The change she had wrought in alienating Louis XIV. from his mistresses, and restoring him to the society of his wife, is described by Madame de Maintenon herself in a letter dated November, 1682. "The royal family live in a union which is most edifying. The King converses for whole hours with the Queen. The present she has made me of her portrait is the most agreeable circumstance which has happened to me since I have been at Court: it is to my mind an infinite distinction. Madame de Montespan has never had anything similar." Some one, pointing at the Court of Henry IV. to the Marchioness de Guercheville, who had been made a lady-in-waiting to the Queen, said to Malherbe, "See what virtue has done;" to which Malherbe replied, in pointing to Madame de Luynes, who had been elevated still higher, "See what vice has done." The exultation of Madame de Maintenon was not only the exclamation of personal triumph, but a mode of expressing that this time virtue had received a tribute which was not accorded to vice.

A few months after the Queen had given this testimony of her gratitude she expired in the arms of Madame de Maintenon, July 30, 1683. Louis XIV. was affected by her death, but his sorrow was neither excessive nor prolonged. When the eldest of his children by Madame de Montespan died at the

age of three, and the King observed the distress of her who had been the real mother of the infant in everything except bringing it into the world, surprised, perhaps, to witness grief for a being so young, he exclaimed, "She knows how to love; there would be some pleasure in being loved by her." Now he appeared to have no satisfaction in witnessing the emotions which testified regard for the departed. Four days after the death of the Queen, Madame de Maintenon, in her quality of attendant on the Dauphiness, joined the King at St. Cloud, when they all set out for Fontainebleau. The friend appeared with an air of deep affliction, and Louis XIV. rallied her upon her grief, and made it the subject of some pleasantries! There was a Madame Hérault, who lost her husband, and the Marshal de Grammont assumed a mournful countenance as a mark of condolence. "Alas!" said the widow, "the poor man has done well to die." "Is that the way you take it?" replied the Marshal. "By my faith then I care no more than you." "I will not swear," says Madame de Caylus, in relating the conduct of Louis XIV., "that Madame de Maintenon did not answer him inwardly as the Marshal de Grammont answered Madame Hérault."

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masters from teaching children anything beyond the first rudiments of knowledge; and ordaining that not more than twelve persons should meet together for the purposes of worship.

In 1665 the report was for the first time circulated that the *Edict of Nantes* was to be revoked. On the 3d of March of this year, Guy Patin, in a letter, expresses himself thus:—"It is said that to destroy the Huguenots the King is about to abolish the *Edict de Nantes*;" and a confirmation of this assertion is found in a memorial presented a century later to Louis XVI. by M. de Breteuil, in which he says,—"I have perused all the documents concerning them (the Protestants), from the first project presented in 1669 for the Repeal of the *Edict of Nantes* down to the Declaration of 1724." For some years a sort of lull may be noticed in the active measures of the Government, and religious controversy occupies the place of harsher tendencies; but after the peace of Nymwegen, in 1678, the desire for Catholic unity again manifests itself with every mark of persistence and strong resolve. In 1679 the law was promulgated which condemned to banishment and confiscation of property every converted Catholic who returned to the reformed tenets; and in the same year the mixed parliaments were suppressed. From 1679 to the close of 1680 numerous stringent measures were adopted, a few of which we will specify:—10th October, 1679, destruction of the Protestant Church of St. Hyppolytus, and of several places of worship, under pretence of *contravention* to the law: 20th February, 1679, order that no Huguenot woman should exercise the profession of a midwife: 11th April, 1679, no tax-gatherer to be other than a Catholic: 18th November, 1680, a measure whereby every Catholic should have three years allowed him for the payment of his debts: statutes enacting that no Protestant minister should preach outside his own doors on the days when the bishop made his pastoral visit in any town or village; that no Catholic should, under pain of exile, become a Protestant, or marry a Protestant wife; the magistrates should be empowered to enter the dwellings of all who professed the reformed faith at the hour of death, and ascertain whether they were not willing to be converted to the Romish creed. More than twenty prohibitive edicts were issued between 1680 and 1684, whereby it was decreed, amongst other things, that no Huguenot should be a lawyer, doctor, apothecary,

printer, or grocer. The manifest effect of these provisions was to close door after door against Protestantism, until the little that survived these rigorous enactments might be safely excluded the kingdom. The *Revocation*, when we examine all that preceded it, is thus nothing more than the inevitable supplement of what had been in progress for years. Now, whilst undertaking this indefatigable war against the Protestants, Louis XIV., who was only forty-two in 1680, was neither old nor devoted to Madame de Maintenon. He could require no persuasion to continue measures which he had long carried on of his own accord, and which were entirely in harmony with his natural temperament. He had the further motive to this course, that great as is the odium which now attaches to the Revocation of the *Edict of Nantes*, it was then an eminently popular measure in France. Madame de Sévigné, Bussy-Rabutin, Mlle. de Scudery, La Fontaine, Arnauld, La Bruyère—every writer of the day, Saint-Simon excepted—applauds the suicidal step. The lower orders were as much more delighted than the instructed, as they were more ignorant and bigoted. Madame de Maintenon was carried along in the outermost and gentler currents of the vortex; but she was so far from creating it, that all her natural tendencies were to tolerance and persuasion.

"I have received," she says, in a letter to her brother, Charles d'Augbiné, "complaints against you which do not do you honor. You ill-treat the Huguenots, and seek the means and provoke the opportunities of doing so. That is not the conduct of a gentleman. Take pity on persons more unhappy than blamable; they are at this moment plunged in an error we were plunged in ourselves, and which no violence would ever have induced us to renounce. Henri IV. held the same faith, as well as many other great princes; do not, therefore, torment them. Men must be allured by gentleness and charity. We have our example in Jesus Christ, and I assure you these are the intentions of the King. Your business is to obey; that of making converts belongs to the bishops and priests, who must labor by instruction and by example. Neither God nor the King has given any souls into your keeping; therefore sanctify your own, and be severe for yourself alone!"

The King sometimes reproached her with her want of zeal, and endeavored in vain to induce her to send away her Huguenot servants.

"I had several," she says, in one of her *Entretiens* at St. Cyr, "and I tried by the most effectual



methods I could devise to lead them back into the right road, but I never hurried them to abjure their error. On the contrary, I often proposed to them that they should attend the sermons of their ministers. The King wanted me to *force* them back into the bosom of the church; but I always answered, "Leave me free upon that point. I know what I am about; pray let me be the mistress of my servants." My conduct has hitherto been crowned with success."

It was represented to the King that having been originally a Calvinist she retained much of the old leaven. He imbibed the idea, and said to her, "I fear that the leniency you recommend to be shown to the Huguenots, is prompted by some remains of attachment to your old religion." This, she states, compelled her to approve of much which inwardly she condemned. She professed that she groaned over the hardships inflicted on the reformers, but that if she intimated the least dissent she was accused of being a Protestant, and all the good she might be able to accomplish would be effectually stopped. It is here that we catch sight of the other side of the picture. Inflexible in many of her principles of right and wrong, her ardent desire to stand well with everybody, and especially with the King, made her pliant and temporizing. When Louis XIV. persevered in frowning upon her friends or her opinions, she usually ended by adopting his views. Thus her continual declarations "that the Protestants should be converted but not persecuted," did not prevent her from applauding, and cordially seconding, one of the most odious of the tyrannical measures in vogue—the carrying off children from their mothers to train them up in the Roman Catholic religion. She herself got her relation, the Marquis de Villette, dispatched upon a long sea voyage, that she might wean his sons and daughter in his absence from the faith of their father. The daughter, afterwards Madame de Caylus, relates that she was won by the promise that she should never be whipped, and that she should go every day to the Royal Chapel to mass, which she thought a beautiful spectacle. The treachery by which Madame de Maintenon possessed herself of the girl, and the motives by which she induced her to change her religion, are worthy of each other. The Marquis was indignant on his return; but in vain he demanded that his children should be restored to him. He ended by becoming a Catholic himself; and when the King spoke to him of his conversion, "he answered too dryly," says Mad-

ame de Caylus, "that it was the only occasion of his life in which it had not been his object to please his Majesty." To us it seems that he answered like a consummate courtier. "I do not ask you," the King used to say to the Protestants about him, "to abandon your faith, but for the love of me hear those that preach the Catholic truth." "It was rarely the case," remarks Madame de Maintenon, with wonderful *naïveté*, "that they were not convinced." The Marquis de Villette had sense enough to know that if the constraining power was in the request of the King, it was necessary to ascribe the conquest to the force of Catholic truth.

In the meantime, indefatigable as was Louis XIV. in putting down schism, he did not improve much in personal piety. Ten years after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Madame de Maintenon gives this account, in a letter to the Cardinal de Noailles (1695), of the little progress she had made in the grand undertaking of her life:—

"I have so great a desire to describe to you the *enigmatical man* whom Divine Providence has, I believe, intrusted to our care, that I always forget a thousand details. To give the name of '*conversation*' to what passed between the King and me would be to *miscall* it entirely, for I could not extract from him a single word. I related to him something touching Saint Augustine, to which he listened with apparent pleasure. Upon that I distinctly told him I marvelled that he never wished we should read together works which whilst they instructed would interest him; I said it was a duty, but that probably the Père la Chaise (the King's confessor) was opposed to it. His answer was, 'I never speak to him of it; on the contrary, he proposes it to me.' I rejoined that I was the more astonished, as I had once seen him desirous of reading some passages of M. de Fénelon with me, and after a prayer offered up together, had known him sufficiently impressed to make a general confession, but that, in four-and-twenty hours, all was over, and I had not since heard a word of religion from his lips. The only reason he vouchsafed me was this: 'I am not of a persistent disposition' (*je ne suis pas un homme de suite*), meaning that his taste did not lead him to do the same thing long. The King, as you know, never says what is not true, therefore it certainly is *not* the Père la Chaise who dissuades him from the pious intercourse and community of prayer that I desire to have with him, and for which, indeed, I consented to give myself to him. But, that being the case, what are we to conclude? I can imagine no other influence. Remains then the fact that the King is afraid lest I should speak to him of his duty, and that he flies the light! If that is really so, what a misfortune!"

It is a remarkable instance of the kingly

pride in which he had been nurtured, and of the difficulty he found in comprehending the barest rudiments of religion, that Madame de Maintenon states that he was shocked to be told that Jesus Christ spoke the language of the humble and the poor.

Of the general influence of Madame de Maintenon with the King, and the mode in which she exercised it, the Duke de Saint-Simon has drawn a vivid picture. Louis XIV. dreaded the imputation of being governed, and against no one was he more on his guard than his wife, just because she was commonly suspected of governing him. If any of his ministers appeared to favor her dependants, the jealousy of the monarch was immediately alarmed, and he would say sarcastically, "Such a one is a good courtier, it is no fault of his that he has not served such another, on account of his being the relation or friend of Madame de Maintenon." These rebuffs, Saint-Simon avers, rendered her extremely cautious and timid. Whatever requests were made to her, she affected never to interfere in public affairs or to ask any favor, but she did not the less obtain by craft what would have been denied to plain-dealing. She and the ministers entered into a league to support each other and to outwit the King. If she met with an inflexible and rebellious functionary, she had the art of gradually undermining his credit until a more supple instrument was appointed in his stead. The King transacted much of his business in her apartment, but she read or worked, appeared to take no interest in the proceedings, and rarely uttered a word. Her reliance was on the minister, with whom she had previously concerted everything. He showed the sovereign the list of candidates for places, and, if Louis did not select the person they wished, the minister would call his attention to other names, dwell on the advantages or disadvantages of each, perplex his mind with contending considerations, and drive him in his embarrassment to appeal to Madame de Maintenon. She in turn would plead incapacity, would commend first one and then another, and would at last contrive with an elaborate show of impartiality to give the preference to her adopted candidate. By these and similar artifices she disposed of nearly the whole of the preferment in France—"had men, affairs, justice, favors, religion, all without exception in her hands, and the King and the State her victims."

Such is the account of Saint-Simon, a writer as caustic as graphic, and who, being

a great idolater of rank and long descent, was especially envenomed against the widow of Scarron for having presumed to marry Louis XIV. Such elaborate hypocrisy, such sustained deceit, is opposed to all the actions, professions, and writings of Madame de Maintenon, and every person who has studied her history in recent times has arrived at the conclusion that the narrative is inspired by malice and prejudice. There is every appearance that she spoke the truth when she declared that she had neither aptitude nor liking for State affairs, and that even had it been otherwise, her direct interference was too much resented to permit her to do more than influence her husband through general maxims. That she may sometimes have solicited the interposition of the minister is extremely probable; the rest is the inference of an enemy who interprets her conduct by the evil dispositions he is persuaded she possessed. Of all the lessons she impressed on the pupils at Saint-Cyr, there was none upon which she dwelt more emphatically than the duty "of simplicity, or that of being sincere, frank, and the enemy of the least duplicity." This was urged so frequently, that she complained at last that it had grown to be a jest among the girls, who would say, "Out of simplicity I take the best place, out of simplicity I praise myself."

She was no hypocrite in anything. Her master foible was of another kind. From first to last she rises superior to all pretence, and strives invariably to be, not to seem to be, praiseworthy; but at the same time she would have been dissatisfied that what she was should have remained unknown. Vanity, as we have seen, was the ruling principle of her conduct; and much of the merit, and nearly all the pleasure of virtue, would have been lost in her estimation, if it had not been accompanied by renown. Most writers have wanted her piety; her writings, her conversation, her practice, were a perpetual testimony to it, and her notions upon the subject were excellent in the main; but though we believe her to have been a good Christian, and to have tried sincerely to make herself a better one every day, it is in the intense and incessant desire to secure "golden opinions," and not in religion, that the *mobile* of her conduct will be found. She flattered herself that the wish to please men had been supplanted by the determination to think of nothing except pleasing God. Yet it is easy to be self-deceived as to motives, and her original frailty is forever peeping

out. "You delight," said Fénelon, "to support your prosperity with moderation, from a feeling of blamable vainglory, and because you like to show that by your character you rise superior even to your position." Her cousin Madame de Villette expressed sharply the same truth: "You are determined to be renowned for your unparalleled moderation, and you make your family the victims of your passion for praise." Her brother, Charles d'Aubigné, was a case in point. He applied to her again and again for preferment, honors, or money; and though she at length obtained him a gratuity, she was careful to impress upon him what pain it had cost her to make the request. She herself was indifferent to such things, but it was because her passion for praise was stronger than her passion for wealth. "I despised riches," she observed of her earlier days, and it was equally true of her later; "I was elevated a thousand miles above considerations of interest; I wanted honor only." The craving for the homage which disinterestedness brings made it a necessity to divulge her acts of self-denial. "You will scold me," she remarked to Mlle. d'Aumale, as they drove to St. Cyr, "and say I am very wrong! Yesterday I might have had a hundred thousand francs a year, for the King spoke to me upon my position, and in a most pressing manner." "Well, Madame, and what did you do?" "Nothing," replied Madame de Maintenon. "I told the King not to trouble himself about me. If I had chosen, it is certain he would have contrived to benefit me largely; but in so doing he would have annoyed and tormented himself, and that is not my business about him." In the same spirit, when in 1684 she had declined what was thought a very dignified office, she asked her niece, Madame de Caylus, who was then a little girl, "Would you rather be the niece of Madame la Dauphine's *dame d'honneur* than the niece of the person who refuses to be so?" "I replied without hesitating," says Madame de Caylus, "that she who refused seemed to me infinitely superior to her who should accept. Madame Maintenon, charmed with my reply, embraced me tenderly." She has well said of herself that she did right actions from a wrong motive, and that all her other passions were sacrificed to this hunger for esteem.

"Who knows," said one day this "admirer of all admirers," to whom incense was the breath of life, "whether I am not punished by the excess of my prosperity? Who knows whether, rightly interpreted, the

language of Providence to me is not this: "You have desired praise and glory—you shall have them to satiety." Weariness both physical and mental spread itself over her existence like a pall. "Before I came to the Court," she said, "at thirty-two I had never known what ennui was, but I have tasted enough of it since, and believe it would be insupportable if I did not believe that it was the will of God." Being in the place of a queen, she complained that she had not the liberty of a petty tradesman, and the description she has left of her ordinary existence at Versailles is a pitiable picture of

"Greetings where no kindness is, and all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life."

"I must take for my prayers and for mass the time when every one else is asleep, because, when once they have begun to visit me, I have no longer an instant to myself. M. Maréchal, the King's surgeon, comes at half-past seven; then M. Fagon, who is followed by M. Blouin, governor of Versailles, or of some one who sends to inquire how I am; then M. Chamillard, or some minister—the archbishop—a general who is going to the army—and a number of others in succession, who only leave me when the arrival of their superiors obliges them to withdraw. When the King enters, they must all go: he remains with me until he goes to mass. Observe that I am still in my night-dress; for, had I dressed myself, I should not have had time to say my prayers. My chamber is like a church—the comings and goings are perpetual. The King returns after mass; then comes the Duchess de Bourgogne, with her ladies, who remain while I dine. I am not then without anxiety, because I am watching to see if the Duchess behaves well to her husband when he is there, or that she does nothing unseemly. I endeavor to make her say something obliging to this person and that; conversation must be kept up, and the company must be blended together. If an indiscreet word is spoken, I feel deeply for those whom it concerns, and I am uneasy as to how the observations of certain persons will be taken. In short, it is a stretch of mind that nothing can equal. The whole circle is round me, and I cannot even ask for drink. I say to them sometimes, 'You do me much honor; but I want a servant.' Upon this all hasten to wait upon me, which is another species of embarrassment and importunity. At last they all go to dinner, and I should then be at liberty, if the Dauphin, who often dines early, to go out hunting, did not take this opportunity to visit me. He is very difficult to talk to; as he says but little, I am obliged to furnish the conversation, and pay, as they say, in my own person. As soon as the King has dined, he comes back to my room with all the royal family, princes and princesses, and amuses himself there for half an hour; then he departs, and the rest remain. I must still carry on the conversation, while my

mind is full of cares as to what is passing at the army, where thousands are perishing, sometimes in the siege of a town, sometimes in a battle, and the mass of bad news which arrives every day on that and a thousand other matters puts a load upon my heart which weighs me down, and which I must conceal beneath a gay and smiling air. When the assembly breaks up, some ladies have always to speak to me in private, and take me into my little chamber to tell me their sorrows; and this is done as much by those who do not like me, as by those who do. I am expected to serve them, and speak for them to the King. The Duchess de Bourgogne, also, often desires to converse with me *tête-à-tête*, so that God permits that the old lady should become the object of attention to every one. They all address themselves to me; they wish everything to pass through me, and He does me the service never to permit me to see my condition under its dazzling, but always under its painful aspect. When the King returns from hunting, he comes to me; the door is shut and no one is admitted. Then I must share his cares and secret distresses, which are not few in number. Some minister arrives who often brings bad news; the King sets to work, and if my presence is not wanted at the consultation, which is rare, I retire to a little distance, when I commonly say my prayers, for I am not finding any other time. I sup while the King is still writing; but I am anxious, whether he is alone or not. I am under constraint, as you see, from six o'clock in the morning, and am very weary. The King sometimes perceives it and says, 'You are worn out, Madame—are you not? Go to bed.' I do so; my women come to me, but I see that they constrain the King, who puts a check upon himself not to talk while they are present; or there is still some minister, and he is afraid that the conversation will be heard, insomuch that I make such haste that I am frequently inconvenienced by it. At last I am in my bed—I dismiss my women—the King comes to my bedside and remains until he goes to supper; and a quarter of an hour before supper the Dauphin and Duchess de Bourgogne arrive. At ten, or a quarter past, everybody is gone; then I am alone, but the fatigues of the day often prevent my sleeping."

Mlle. d'Aumale who lived with her at Court, states that she often exclaimed with a sigh as her curtains were drawn, "I can say nothing more than that I am utterly exhausted." It is evident, however, from her own narrative of her day, that all the weariness she felt was not inherent in the situation, and that much of it grew out of the laborious effort to please everybody, instead of allowing to herself and others a little of that careless freedom, which is the charm of society. The real part she played at Court, and which she had chosen for herself is here disclosed; but to a woman of intelligence these days of tedious ceremonies, in which

the mind was always being exerted without ever being interested, must at best have been vanity and vexation. A number of minute annoyances increased the discomfort. The King was inordinately selfish in his personal habits, and made everything bend to his will. However ill she might be, she had to accompany him in his journeys, and she went once to Fontainebleau when she was in a state that made it doubtful whether she would not die on the road. If she had headache, fever, or any other malady, her ears were still stunned with music, and a hundred lights flared in her eyes. She dreaded air, and the King could never have too much of it. He would come into her chamber when she was ill, and in a profuse perspiration from the remedies she had taken, and throw open all the windows in spite of the rawness of the night. His notions of good taste were another cause of this exposure. "He thinks of nothing," she wrote, "except grandeur, magnificence, and symmetry. He prefers to endure all the draughts from the doors, in order that they may be opposite one another. At Fontainebleau I have a beautiful apartment, which is equally exposed to heat and cold, having a window the size of the largest arcade, without sash or shutters, because they would be an offence against symmetry. Do not suppose that I can put a screen before my great window; you must not arrange your room as you like, when the King visits it every day, but you must perish in symmetry."

Louis XIV. died on the 1st of September, 1715. For thirty years, dating only from her marriage, had Madame de Maintenon led this dreary existence. The gloom deepened with time, the task became more arduous with age. The latter half of the long reign of the King was as disastrous as the former had been prosperous. His armies were routed, his finances were disordered, and, at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, a famine came to aggravate the distress. He showed a brave front in the midst of his perils, and the insolent pride of his earlier years was turned to dignified self-possession; but, business transacted, his only resources were fêtes, journeys, and all the frivolities which lose their zest with time and sorrow, and upon the "old lady" devolved the burthen of entertaining him. "What a punishment," she exclaimed, "to have to amuse a man who is no longer amusable!" "I have seen her," says Mlle. d'Aumale, "weary, sad, and sick, divert the King by a thousand



inventions for four hours together without repetition, yawning, or slander." But the interview over, she sunk exhausted with the effort.

When the King was seized with his mortal sickness Madame de Maintenon was eighty years old. Still she watched at his dying bed, and continued her religious exhortations. He three times bid her farewell.

"The first occasion," she said, "he told me that his only regret was to leave me, but that we should shortly meet again. I begged him to think of nothing except God. The second time he asked my pardon for not having lived as kindly as he ought with me, that he had not made me happy, but that he had always loved and esteemed me. He wept, and asked if any one was present. I answered 'No;' and he said, 'If it was known that I was thus moved on your account, no one would be surprised.' I went away for fear of doing him harm. The third time he said, 'What will become of you? for you have nothing.' I answered, 'I am nothing; think only of God,' and left him. When I had gone two steps, I thought, in the uncertainty of the treatment I should receive from the Princes, that I ought to ask him to beg the Duke of Orleans to have some consideration for me. He did it in the way in which the Prince stated on the spot. 'My nephew, I recommend Madame de Maintenon to you; you know the consideration and esteem I have had for her; she has given me good advice; I should have done well to follow it; she has been useful to me in everything, but, above all, for my salvation. Do everything she asks you for her relations, her friends, her allies; she will not abuse the privilege. Let her address herself directly to you for everything she wants.'"

With all her opportunities she had amassed no money. She gave as fast as she received; and in the brevet of the pension of 48,000 livres a year, which was granted her by the Regent Orleans, it is stated "that it was rendered necessary by her rare disinterestedness."

About the time of her marriage with the King she induced him to found at Saint-Cyr, a village in the neighborhood of Verailles, an establishment for the education of the daughters of the poor nobility. This princely institution, which contained 250 girls, was the delight of her sombre life. There were few days that she did not visit it, and all her leisure hours were spent in assisting in the management of the house, and the instruction of the governesses and the pupils. Here she had all that homage

and honor for which she panted without their attendant inconvenience. When Louis became insensible, she immediately withdrew to this sanctuary. On the news of his death arriving at Saint-Cyr, one of the ladies announced it to her by saying, "Madam, all the house is at prayers in the choir;" the widow raised her hands to heaven, and, weeping, went to join the congregation. In a letter, dated from her retreat, ten days after her husband had expired, she says, "I have seen the King die like a saint and a hero; I have quitted the world which I disliked; I am in the most agreeable retirement I can desire." The want of tenderness which she seems to have inherited from her mother, and which, with all her amiability, was a marked trait in her character, is conspicuous in the scene with the dying King, where his tears, his affectionate speeches, and his acknowledgment of his errors towards her, are only answered by the cold and laconic admonition to think of nothing but God. Her premature departure before the scene had closed has been much condemned, and it must be considered a proof that there was no sentiment of the heart to retain her the moment her duty was discharged. The same unimpassioned temperament is apparent in her letter. The "saint and hero," the "grand monarque," the husband of thirty years, is less to her ten days after his death than the feeling that at length she is released from her bondage, and breathes freely at Saint-Cyr. But it is late to begin to enjoy oneself at eighty years of age, and other cares pursued her in her retreat, and disturbed her peace.

On the 10th of June, 1717, she was visited by Peter the Great, who had expressed a desire to see her. He sat down by her bed-side, and asked her if she was ill. On her answering "Yes," he inquired what was her malady, and she replied "Extreme old age." He had the curtain drawn back that he might get a view of her face, and, having nothing more momentous to say to the widow of Louis XIV., who had lived so long and strange a life, and witnessed so many and such interesting events, he immediately withdrew. The malady of old age is one of which the symptoms make daily progress, and on the 15th of August, 1719, having arrived at its height, she calmly breathed her last.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## ENGLISH SURNAMES.

"WHEN Adam dived and Eve span," there were not only no gentlemen in the world, but everybody was contented with a single name; and the good old rule, "one person one name," sufficed among all the children of men long after their language had been confounded at the Tower of Babel, and their races scattered abroad upon the face of the earth. In the early state of society, *Abraham* and *Moses* among the Jews, *Achilles* and *Ulysses* among the Greeks, were known to their respective contemporaries by the single names by which they are mentioned in Holy Writ, and in the poetry of Homer.

A later and higher state of civilization was accompanied, both in Greece and Rome, by the use of surnames. Distinctive additions, patronymical or local, added to the single name, will be familiar to most of our readers. Hecateus of Miletus, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Thucydides the son of Olorus, Socrates the son of Sophroniscus, Demosthenes the son of Demosthenes, were such. Of the three names which it became usual for Romans to bear, the first, or prænomen, corresponded to our baptismal name; the second indicated the *gens*; and the third, or cognomen, may be considered as corresponding to our hereditary family name. *Marcus Tullius Cicero* makes it known by his name that he is a member of the *Cicero* family, and that that family belonged to the *gens Tullia*.

If we pass from the Roman world to that

which arose on its ruins, we shall find the earlier practice restored. Neither the Germanic hero *Arminius*, nor the Celtic *Caractacus*, was distinguished by any additional epithet. The same simple practice prevailed generally throughout England during the whole of the Saxon period; and on the Continent under Charlemagne and many of those who followed him. The learning of antiquaries has discovered numerous instances of a surname or nickname being given in Saxon times, in addition to the ordinary name. *Mucel* (big), from which our modern name *Mitchell* is derived, is one of them. The names used by our Saxon population before the conquest may, from the time of their conversion to Christianity, be called names of baptism, but are not derived from the names of Christian saints, as John and James, Gregory and Lawrence, and so many other names introduced after the Conquest were.\* Each of the ordinary Saxon names had its well-known meaning, as *Edward* (Truth-keeper), *Wulfhelm* (Wolfhead).

In the present day, the name of baptism is but seldom heard in England, except from master to servant, in conversation between persons who are extremely intimate, and on the celebration of ceremonies, such as those of baptism and marriage. But in some parts of the continent the Christian name is, in the main, alone used; and we have ourselves known cases in which English gentlemen have spent much time in Calabria and La Puglia, and other parts of Italy, in daily intercourse with natives, by whom they were severally addressed as Signor Cristoforo or Don Roberto, and by whom the surname of either gentleman was never pronounced. In England, under Queen Elizabeth and James I., "special heed was taken to the name of baptism," because, as Lord Coke

\* 1. *Essai Historique et Philosophique sur les Noms d'Hommes, de Peuples, et de Lieux*. Par EUSEBE SALVERTE. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris.

2. *On the Names, Surnames, and Nicknames of the Anglo-Saxons*. By J. M. KEMBLE, Esq. 8vo. London: 1846.

3. *An Essay on Family Nomenclature*. By MARK ANTHONY LOWE. 3d edition, 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1846.

4. *Die Personennamen insbesondere die Familiennamen und ihre Entstehungsarten auch unter Berücksichtigung der Ortsnamen*. Von AUGUST FRIEDRICH POTT, Professor der allgemeinen Sprachwissenschaft an der Universität zu Halle. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 721. Leipzig, Brockhaus: 1853.

\* The special devotion of parents to one particular Saint, frequently caused the bestowal of such Saint's name on their child. Thus the parents of St. Colette, "très dévots envers St. Nicholas," gave their child "au baptême le nom de Colette, c'est à dire petite Nicole."

lays it down, "a man cannot have two names of baptism, as he may have divers surnames." The name of baptism could be changed at confirmation only. "And thus," says the same great lawyer, "was the case of Sir Francis Gawdie, late Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, whose name of baptism was Thomas, and his name of confirmation Francis; and that name of Francis, by the advice of all the Judges in anno 36 Hen. 8, he did beare, and after used in all his purchases and grants." Such change must, however, have been known to, and sanctioned by, the Bishop in confirmation.\*

The importance of the origin and meaning of the names of persons is great, both in historical and in antiquarian investigations. Instances of this are unnecessary. The origin of the greater part of our existing surnames is to be sought for in many distinct sources. Such surnames mainly consist of the following classes: 1st. Norman names dating from the Conquest. 2d. Local English names. 3d. Names of occupation. 4th. Derivatives from the Christian names of father or mother. 5th. Names given on account of personal peculiarities. 6th. Names derived from the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms. 7th. Names derived from the celestial hierarchy. 8th. Irish, Scotch, French, Flemish, Dutch, German, Spanish, and other continental names, mainly imported within the last two centuries.

I. The first and smallest class consists of the Norman names brought into England at the Conquest. Domesday Book is the only accurate and trustworthy authority, showing the names of those Normans among whom the length and breadth of the land of England was then divided. It is these names alone which became *hereditary* as early as the eleventh century. Some of the names of landowners recorded in that great survey have been inherited by their descendants down to the present day. The interpolated untrustworthy Roll of Battle Abbey, as Camden has justly observed, is not to be compared with Domesday Book as an authority on this subject.

These ancient Norman names may be ar-

\* In 1515, one Agnes Sharpe was sentenced by the Consistorial Court of the Bishop of Rochester to do penance, for having voluntarily changed at confirmation the name of her infant son to Edward, who, when baptized, was named Henry. Her sentence was to make a pilgrimage to the Rood at Boxley, and to carry in procession, on five Lord's days, a lighted taper, which she was to offer to the image of the Blessed Virgin.

ranged under three heads. First, those which have *de* prefixed, and which were derived chiefly from places in Normandy; 2d, those which, not being local, had *le* prefixed, as *Le Marshall, Le Latimer, Le Mesurier, Le Bastard, Le Despencer, Le Strange*. 3d, those with which neither *de* nor *le* was used, and which were probably all significative: *Basset, Howard, Talbot, Belleu, Bigod, Fortescue*, and many others belong to this third division. Camden has observed that the distinction of these three classes was religiously kept in records in respect of adding *de* or *le*, or writing the word simply, till about the time of King Edward the Fourth. *Fitz* is a common prefix to Norman patronymics, just as *son* is the Saxon termination to express the same idea. *Fitzwilliam* is the Norman form, *Williamson* the Saxon. We have read of an ancient *Fitz-Swain*; but it is in recent times only that a Saxon *Harris*, equivalent to *Harrison* (i. e. Harry's son) has been converted into the etymological mongrel of *Fitz-Harris*, which is almost as startling as *Fitz-Harrison* or *Fitz-Thompson* would be. We shall have occasion again to advert, in the course of our observations, to some of the Norman names still existing in England, and they are still common in Jersey and Guernsey.

II. The second and most numerous division of English surnames comprehends all those which have a local English origin. A vast number of places in England have contributed to form this class of surnames, which may be looked at as consisting of two subdivisions. The first is that of generic names, such as *Bridge* and *Brook, Church* and *Chapel, Knoll* and *Kay, Hill* and *Dale, Mountain, Vale*, and *Vaulx, Carr* and *Combe, Cope* and *Cragg, Cliff* and *Clough, Deane* and *Dikes, Pitt* and *Hole, Flood* and *Fell, Hayes* and *Park, Grove* and *Hurst, Green* and *Grave, Garth* and *Grange, Moor* and *Marsh, Shore* and *Slade, Wood* and *Shaw, Hide, Holme*, and *Warren, Wear* and *Hatch, Field* and *Croft, Forest* and *Garden, Holt* and *Hope, Plains* and *Platt, Street* and *Lane, Burrow* and *Town, Barnes* and *Lodge*. The second consists of specific names of places, such as *Oxford, Buckingham, Wortley* and *Preston*. The frequent adoption of such names of places as surnames gave rise to the old distich—

"In *furd*, in *ham*, in *ley*, and *tun*,  
The most of English surnames run."

As names of places, most of these specific

names are very much older than the conquest. The Saxon charters published under the able and learned superintendence of Mr. Kemble, contain many names of places: of the whole number, nearly one-fourth end in *ford*, or *ham*, or *ley*, or *tun*.\*

A former Lord *Lyttelton* once contended that his family must be more ancient than that of the *Grenvilles*, since the little town existed before the *grande ville*. At Venice a somewhat similar, but more serious dispute once arose between the houses *Ponti* and *Canali*. The former alleged that they, the Bridges, were above the Canals: the latter, that they, the Canals, existed before the Bridges. The Senate was obliged to remind the rival houses, that its authority could equally pull down Bridges and stop Canals, if they became a public nuisance.

Unlike names derived from occupations, these local English names are in themselves void of any signification, with reference to the condition in life of those who first assumed them. Persons who bear the names of specific places in England, must not suppose that their ancestors were either lords, or possessors of such places, but, as Camden justly observes, "only that they originally came from them, or were born at them." *Devon* or *Kent* became the surname of a man who had come from *Devon* or *Kent*, just as *Lichfield* or *Lancaster* denoted a person from one or other of those places.

When Jews abandon their biblical onomasticon, we frequently find them known by the names of places from which they have emigrated. Thus, in the north of Germany, there are many Jewish families of the name of *Warschauer*, *Dantziger*, and *Friedlander*. And thus the *Bassi* of *Pisa* received the name of *Pisani* on their migrating to Venice; and a victim of religious persecution at *Lucca* having fled to Geneva, there exchanged his hereditary name for that of *Deluc*, which has since become well known to the scientific world in the person of one of his descendants. Many English names, such as *Fleming*, *Lombard*, *Pickard* (*Picard*) refer merely to the country from which the family first came to England.

Camden gives *Drinkwater* as an instance of a name, local in its origin, and "altered to a significative word by the common sort, who desire to make all to be significative."

\* The exact examination of the numbers is due to Dr. Leo, in the introduction to his edition of the *Rectitudines Singularum Personarum*, Halle, 1842; translated as "A Treatise on the Local Nomenclature of the Anglo-Saxons, London, 1852."

He supposes the local origin to be *Derwentwater*. A similar corruption of the Italo-Tyrolian name *Tunicotto* into the German *Thunichtgut* would tend to increase the probability of Camden's conjecture as to *Drinkwater*.\* We venture, nevertheless, to hold that *Drinkwater* is not any corruption of a local name, but belongs to the class of names which indicate a personal quality or habit. The existence of *Boileau* in French, and *Bevilacqua* in Italian, seems sufficient to show that this is so. There is also an English name *Drawwater*. The Flemish name *Tu-pigny* has been altered in this country to *Twopeny*, which is a better example of Camden's proposition.

The instances in which places have derived their names from those of men, are rare in comparison with those in which men have assumed surnames derived from places. Some places, however, received their names from men even in the Saxon times, as *Alfreton*, *Edwartston*, *Ubsford*, *Kettering*, *Billinghurst*, *Leffrington*. After the Conquest many places acquired a distinguishing surname, as it may be called, from the family name of the resident landowner. The following are instances: *Hurst-Pierpont*, *Hurst-Monceaux*, *Tarring-Neville*, *Tarring-Peverill*, *Rotherfield-Greys*, *Rotherfield-Pypard*, *Drayton-Bassett*, *Drayton-Passelev*, *Melton-Mowbray*, *Higham-Ferrars*, *Minster-Lovel*, *Stanstead-Rivers*, *Ashby-de-la-Zouch*.

Names of men have, in some few instances, been converted into words of general import wholly independent of the original meaning of such names. A Scotchman, *Macadam*, first showed how to *macadamize* our roads, and enriched the vocabulary of most of the nations of Europe; and the Spanish jesuit, *Escobar*, has caused a great people to adopt his name, and the words *escobar* and *escobarderie*, as the fittest to describe what the *Lettres Provinciales* so fully exposed to the world. In like manner we speak of *tantalizing*, of *herculean* strength, of a *Fabian* policy, and of a *sandwich*, a *tilbury* or a *brougham*.

Professor Pott of Halle, whose work on family names is full of proofs of great learning and unwearying labor, is sometimes unhappy in his suggestions as to the etymologies of English surnames. He conjectures

\* Maria Theresa changed the name of her minister *Thunichtgut* (Do-no-good), into *Thu-gut* (Do-good); probably, as Professor Pott observes, (p. 40.) "den Spott seines sehr übles vorbedeutenden Namensklanges abzuziehen." In like manner the Romans changed *Maleventum* into *Beneventum*, and *Egesta* into *Segesta*.



that the English local name *Wilberforce* may be compared with the German *Starke* and the French *La Force*. The German *Starke* and the French *La Force* may more properly be compared with our English *Strong* and *Starkie*, and with our northern *Stark*. *Wilberforce* is a mere corruption of *Wilburgfors*. Still more palpably inadmissible is Professor Pott's conjecture that our English local name *Wilbraham* is in part "of Jewish origin," and that the two last syllables of the word are obtained from Abraham. It is well known that, on English ground, Abraham has been disguised as *Braham*, just as Solomon has become *Slowman* and *Sloman*; but we never yet met with such a hybrid as the union of the English *William* and the Jewish *Abraham* produces. *Wilburgham* is probably the true etymology of the name. Skinner, whose "Onomasticon" the Professor seems not to have consulted, derives *Wilbraham* from Will-burne and ham. Another etymological error committed by the learned Professor in dealing with English surnames, is found in a suggestion that *Pashley* may be derived from *pash*, a local word used in Cheshire, and signifying brains. The etymology of this name, which has sometimes been written *Passelewe* and *Paslew*, as well as *Passeley* and *Pashley*, is clear. Skinner correctly states it "*à Fr. passe l'eau, sc. à tranando vel transeundo aquam.*" An old monkish writer alludes to the meaning in verses preserved among Sir Robert Cotton's manuscripts, and addressed to a member of the family, who was Archdeacon of Lewes in the reign of Henry III.\* The name of *Fairfield* is one of those which may be traced through all the languages of Europe in the forms of *Campbell*, *Kemble*, *Campobello*, *Beauchamp*, and *Schöna*.

III. We now come to the great class of surnames derived from occupations. An old writer quaintly and truly says, "Touching such as have their surnames of occupations, as *Smith*, *Taylor*, *Turner*, and such others, it is not to be doubted but their ancestors have first gotten them by using such trades, and the children of such parents being contented to take them upon them, their after-coming posterity could hardly avoid them, and so in time cometh it rightly to be said—

\* "Nec enim quis transit,  
Sed præcellit aquam cognomine credo notari—  
Mente quidem lenis, re dulcis, sanguine clarus,  
In tribus his præcellis aquam."

"From whence came *Smith*, all be he knight or squire,  
But from the *Smith*, that forgoeth at the fire?"

"And so in effect may be said of the rest. Neither can it be disgraceful to any that now live in very worshipful estate and reputation, that their ancestors in former ages have been, by their honest trades of life, good and necessary members in the commonwealth, seeing all gentry hath first taken issue from the commonalty."

The following is the number of births, deaths, and marriages in a single year in England and Wales, of some of the more numerous of these English families whose surnames are derived from occupations, from Mr. Lowe's Tables of the births, deaths, and marriages of persons bearing sixty of the most common surnames.

	Births.	Deaths.	Marriages.
Smith,	5588	4044	3005
Taylor,	2647	2275	1518
Wright,	1398	1142	729
Walker,	1324	1070	754
Turner,	1217	1011	680
Cooper,	1103	950	640
Clark,	1096	952	635
Baker,	1033	839	513
Cook,	910	742	483
Parker,	824	694	471

The great number of the family of *Smith* seems to be owing to this, that the *Smith* of the age when surnames first became hereditary, included in his mystery the work which *Wheeler*, *Cartright*, and other *Wrights* afterwards performed. The family of *Lefevre* in French is much less numerous than that of the English *Smiths*. The generic name *Lefevre* used in Normandy and in the south of France, for this northern Schmidt or *Smith*, is derived from the Latin *Faber*, and became a surname as *Lefevre*; so also *Favre*, *Faure*, and *Fabi*.

It is probable that a small proportion only of these names, derived from occupations, were adopted in country places, and that the bulk of them arose in towns. In the country every little hamlet supplied in or near it, not only its own name for adoption by *Squire*, *Franklin*, *Yeoman*, *Freeman*, or any other of its inhabitants, but many neighboring objects, such as *Green*, *Hill*, *Wood*, *Marsh*, *Ley*, *Moore*, *Field* or *Shaw*. *Acre*

or *Larpent*, *Ash* or *Freine*, *Elm* or *Orme*, *Oak* or *Chesne*, was to be found in almost every parish. The *Turners* and *Taylors*, *Barbers* and *Bakers*, *Cooks*, *Coopers*, and *Chapmans*, would more exercise their crafts in towns than in country places. The less numerous families of *Carters* and *Filders*, of *Barkers* and *Tanners*, of *Fowlers* and *Foresters*, and *Woodmans*, of *Farmers* and *Shepherds*, of *Bailiffs* and *Reeves*, would mainly arise in the country. Each of a large number of local names has names of occupation dependent on it, many of which belong alone to the country. *Pitt* has its *Collier* and *Pitman*, *Bridge* its *Bridger* and *Bridgman*. It is said that a larger proportion of the names of occupation, such as *Mercier*, *Meunier*, *Barbier*, *Boulangier*, *Couvreur*, *Tourneur*, are found in France, than we have of them in England.\* There are very few of them in Sweden, where most surnames are derived from localities, and were not hereditary among the nobles till towards the end of the 16th century. The bourgeoisie of that country first adopted surnames at a still later epoch, and the choice of them, when made, arose more from an imitation of the then existing nomenclature of the nobility, than from any such necessity for creating individual distinctions as had operated in England, France, and Germany some time earlier.

Camden, in a list of names of occupations, inserts that of the great father of English poetry, *Chaucer*, adding by way of necessary explanation, "id est *Hosier*." We fear that *Hosier*, used as a surname, stands now in equal need of explanation with *Chaucer*. It may at first sight appear a little remarkable, that, where the *Taylors* are so numerous, the members of an almost equally important craft, *Cordwainers* and *Shoemakers*, should apparently be wholly wanting. If any such surnames exist among us, there can be very few of them. The *Shoemiths* may be disregarded, as mere workers in iron, and not shoemakers in the modern sense of the word. It appears that the corresponding names *Cordonnier*, *Bottier*, *Savetier*, are equally wanting in Normandy, although, under a different orthography, the latter (as *Sabatier*) is common in the South of France. In Germany the names of Professor *Schuhmacher* and of *Schumann*, and *Schuster*, are common enough.

The *Chaussure*, commonly used in Eng-

land when surnames were first adopted by the commonalty, was of leather, covered both the foot and the leg, and appears to have been called *Hose*.\* *Hosier* therefore is the same with *Chaucier*, which comes from the Latin *Calcearius*,† and differs but little in meaning from another word used to denote the man who followed this employment, namely, *Suter*, *Sowter*, or *Souter*, which was in use in English from the time of *Chaucer* to that of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, is still preserved in Scotland, and has become a surname in both countries. Although the craft of shoemaking is so distantly represented in our family nomenclature, yet that of glove-making had long had its obscure *Glovers*, before the author of "*Leonidas*" elevated the name to a somewhat more prominent position.

Many of these names of employment survive, and remind us of crafts which have long ceased to exist. Among such names are *Archer*, *Arrowsmith*, *Fletcher*, *Billman*, *Bowmaker*, *Bowman*, *Bowyer*, *Butts* (the place of exercising with bow and arrow), *Crowder* (who played on the crowd), *Harper*, *Furbisher*, *Hawker*, *Larbalestier*, *Lorimer*, *Massinger*, *Pikeman*, *Pointer*, *Stringer* (the maker of strings for bows), *Stringfellow*, and probably *Hooker*. Others occur in the following list of names of occupation, all of which existed as surnames in England soon after the year 1200. *Le Barbier* (barber), *Despencer*, *Le Cuper* (cooper), *Le Cutler* (cutler), *Le Bouteiller* (butler), *Draper*, *Naper*, and *Napier*; *Faber* and *Favre*, *Faucunur* (Falconer), *Foster* (Forester), *Le Turner* (Turner), *Le Tailleur* (Taylor), *Le Latimer*, *Le Mascun* (Mason), *Marchant*, *Mercer*, *Porter*, *Le Peintur* (Painter), *Spicer* (Grocer), *Le Waliker* (Walker, that is Fuller), *Ward*, and *Hellier* or *Helyar*, which means in the dialect of Dorsetshire a thatcher or tiler.

*Draper* and *Naper*, or *Napier*, deserve explanation. The former word in its early use seems to have meant simply a cloth merchant: the latter's dealings were not with *drapery*, but with *napery* only. *Napery* denotes table linen, including the nappe or napkin used on washing hands before and after meals. The *napier* handed these napkins. One part of his duty in the royal household was, to hand over to the king's

\* *Hose* occurs as a surname with *Hosatus*, &c., in the Close Rolls.

† *Adelung*, Wörterbuch, under *Hose* and *Schuster*; *Ducange*, Glossar. v. *Oss*; and *Gesenius*, *Dissertatio Grammatica de Lingua Chauceri*, p. 4.

\* M. Salverte gives as a reason for this, "les premiers bourgeois Anglais furent des franc-tenanciers, plutôt que des marchands ou des fabricants," (vol. i. p. 312.)

almoner the old linen of the king's table for distribution to the poor.\*

Stories have been invented to account for the origin of many names. Few of such stories are more clearly untrue than that which affects to explain the meaning and origin of the name *Naper* or *Napier*. The locality chosen for this etymological explanation is Scotland, a king of which country is said to have owed a victory in battle to the prowess of one *Donald*; and to have thanked him by saying, that all had fought well, but that *Donald* had *Na pier*! (no equal). Such an etymology deserves comparison with that which Rabelais gives for *Beauce*.†

Some names which may be considered as names of occupation or office, are not so easily accounted for. Most of such names as *Pope*, *King*, *Duke*, *Prince*, *Lord*, *Earl*, *Baron*, *Knight*, *Squire*, *Bishop*, *Priest*, *Monk*, and others, must have been originally assumed and transmitted by persons who did not, in fact, hold the station indicated by the name. Nearly 900 *Kings* are born annually in England and Wales. The family is almost as numerous as the *Cooks*, and more so than the *Parkers*. Camden's observation is, that the ancestors of persons of such names must have "served such, acted such parts, or were *Kings* of the *Beane*, *Christmas* *Lords*, &c." Most probably such names were given by mothers or nurses, or playfellows, and adhering to individuals, when surnames began to be hereditary, were handed down to posterity. Mr. Kemble has pointed out a Saxon *Bishop* who was so in name only. It is a little curious to find, as early as the reign of King John, a *Jew* bearing the name of *Bishop*, "*Deuleeres le Eveske*." The use of *Archbishop* as a surname is equally ancient. The origin of this latter surname, in Hugh de Lusignan's case, in France, was singular. This Archbishop when, by the death of his brothers, the Lordship of Parthenay Soubise, &c., descended to him, "was dispensed by the Pope to marrie, on condition that his posteritie should beare the surname of *Archevesque* and a mitre over their arms forever."

\* *Ducange*, v. *Mapparius*, and *Fleta*, vol. ii. p. 19.

† *La jument de Gargantua*, when attacked by flies in a wood thirty-five leagues long, and seventeen leagues wide, "*elle desgaina sa queue, et si bien s'escarmouchant les esmouchat qu'elle en abatit tout le bois. Quoy voyant, Gargantua dist à ses gens: 'Je trouve beau ce, dont fust depuis appellé ce pay-la Beauce.'*" (Rabelais, *Gargantua*, liv. i. c. 16.)

(*Camden*.) The name of *Arcedechné* is also ancient.

The frequency of *King* as a surname is a little remarkable. It was borne by the old republican *Regulus*, and was also known as *Rex*, at Rome: it is very common now-a-days in France, *Le Roi*, *Roi*, and in Germany, *König*. The name of *King* became distinguished in England about a century and a half ago, in the person of Sir Peter *King*, who was first Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and afterwards Lord Chancellor, as Lord *King*, certainly a strongly distinguishing title. When the title, so acquired, was borne by the late Lord *King*, it could challenge comparison with the noblest names in the country. The present head of that family has thought fit to merge the ennobled name in the comparatively unknown title of Earl of Lovelace, so that it is only the name of a younger brother (Mr. *Locke King*) that now serves to call to mind either the philosopher *Locke*, the former Lord Chancellor, or the late Lord *King*.

A similar wish to get rid of a vulgar name probably created some of the Greek and Latin forms of surnames, now not uncommon in Germany: *Osiander* is from *Hosemann*, which differs little from our English *Hosier*: *Neander* is a translation of *Neumann*. The great Reformer Philip *Melancthon* was in German *Schwarzerdt*, and when he appeared as *Ipposilo da Terra negra*, on the title-page of an Italian translation of one of his theological publications, he was not recognized, and for some time escaped the censorship.\* *Curtius* is more closely connected with *Kurz* (Short), than with the Roman *Curtii*. The German *Musæus* is common enough, and a *Marius* has written in English on Bills of Exchange. *Coccejus* comes from *Koch* (Cook), and not from the gens *Cocceja*. In Germany latinized names became hereditary as surnames. *Adolphus* (Adolph), *Ludolfus* (Leutholf), are instances. Sometimes the Latin genitive was used as in *Ernesti*, *Jacobi*, *Dietrici*, *Ulrici*, forms which correspond with our *Harris* and *Edwards*, and with the French *Dantoine*, *Danton*, *Dandré*, &c., and

\* Another form, that of *Hippophilus Melancthon*, seems also to have been used by *Melancthon*, or others for him, as the name of the author of his compendium of Theology, and Commentary on St. Matthew, and found its way into the *Index librorum prohibitorum*, published at Rome in 1651, and was retained in the more recent Index, published at Madrid in 1747. He had been included under the same name, in the *Catalogue des livres censurés par la Faculté de Théologie de Paris*, in 1649.

with *Damiani*. The Dutch Commentator *Torrentius*, was known to his fellow countrymen as *Van der Beken*, and the latinized form *Hugo Grotius*, prevents our knowing the real name *De Groot*, which has again become illustrious in the great historian of Greece *Mr. Grote*.

England furnishes a few instances in which surnames were similarly latinized in the sixteenth century. Dr. *Caius* was no descendant of the great Roman jurist, but an English physician, whose vernacular name of *Key* was latinized by *Caius*, and who, when a Fellow of Gonville Hall, Cambridge, in 1557, obtained a charter perpetuating his latinized name in the College of "Gonville and *Caius*." Every one still writes "*Caius* College;" but *Key's* College is, at Cambridge, the invariable pronunciation. In the same century, Thomas *Caius* (also a *Key*, in English) was Master of University College, Oxford. The present English and German surname *Carus*, probably dates from the same period. *Magnus* is another latinized surname which became hereditary in England. In one case it was assumed by a poor founding, afterwards an eminent divine, and is said to have been substituted for *Tom* among us, by which he was first known. "*Magnus*" was the cognomen bestowed on the great Cn. Pompeius, and borne by his descendants until they were deprived of it by the jealousy of the Emperor Caligula.

With us the good old English *Smith* is corrupted into *Smythe*, and at last even into *Smijthe*; just as *Simon*, the cobbler in "Lucian," when he grew rich, called himself *Simonides*, or as the German *Schulz* or *Butterwecke* changes his name into *Scholzen* or *Bouterwek*. When such a *Smith*, *Smythe*, or *Smijthe* takes his name from his *Furnace*, it has sometimes been changed successively by his wealthier descendants into *Furniss*, *Furnice*, and *Furness*; giving rise to Swift's sneer, "I know a citizen who adds or changes a letter in his name with every plum he acquires; he now wants only the change of a vowel to be allied to a sovereign prince (*Farnese*) in Italy."

Such traits of human nature have been frequently observed from the time of *Simon*, the Greek cobbler, to that of *John*, the English *Smith*. *Lucian* in his "*Timon*," describes the way in which a mere slave, *Pirrhias* or *Dromo*, on succeeding to a rich inheritance, was wont to change his name to *Megacles* or *Megabyzus*. The orator *Æshines* is said to have changed his father's name,

*Tromes*, into *Atrometus*; his mother's, *Empusa*,\* into *Glaucothea*!

The slave at Rome, on obtaining his freedom, usually received the prænomen (as well as the nomen gentilitium) of his former master, in addition to which he retained his own original slave's name. Many of our readers will remember the sneer of *Persius*, when *Dama*, a Syrian slave, is emancipated:—

"Hic *Dama* est non tressis agaso:  
Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit  
*Marcus Dama*! *Papae*! *Marco* spondente  
recusas,  
Credere to nunmos? *Marco* sub iudice palles?"

Provincials who obtained the Roman citizenship similarly took the prænomen and nomen of the Roman citizen through whose intervention they had acquired their new character. Hence *Cicero* writing to the Proconsul of Sicily a letter in favor of a Sicilian *Demetrius Megas*, and mentioning that he had recently obtained the Roman citizenship at the instance of (P. *Cornelius*) *Dolabella*, subjoins, "Itaque nunc P. *Cornelius* vocatur."†

Lord *Byron*, if we rightly remember, wished to be called, not by his English name, but by that of the French family of *Biron*; while, on the contrary, the Emperor *Napoleon*, at a very early period of his great career, thought it worth while to Frenchify his Italian name of *Buonaparte* by writing it *Bonaparte*. Similarly the great Bohemian family of *Czernahora* have long since assumed at Vienna the name of *Schwarzenberg*, a German word, and in fact a mere translation of their Bohemian appellation. This is as if a French *Lefevre* were to change his name to *Smith*, on taking his place among his fellow-subjects in England. During the Hungarian revolution of 1848, the German and Jewish traders in Pesth Magyarized their descent, and many a high-sounding Magyar surname might be traced to a humbler patronymic. The Magyars place the Christian name after the surname instead of before it.

The commonest legitimate change of surname in modern times, is that occasioned by the succession to lands, devised on condition that the successor assume the testator's name. Thus a country gentleman, gladly succeeding to an estate, is constrained to take along with it, by Royal license, the sur-

\* We once, in a country where surnames are not yet generally hereditary, met with a woman's name *Katakhanopula*, Vampire's daughter!

† *Cic.* *Ep.* ad *Divers.* xiii. 36.



name of Smith or Thompson; and does so with much more dislike, perhaps, for his new appellation, than Mr. Henry Bertram felt for his "trice unhappy name" of *Van Beest Brown*. The estate is, however, guined; the offensive name is for a while endured; and, in some cases, by like Royal license subsequent, the nominal condition of the devise is abolished, the old testator's vulgar name is consigned to its original obscurity, and the former name of the now enriched devisee is resumed.\* An Italian gentleman once changed the ancient name of *de Rainaldi*, which he had inherited, to assume and transmit to his descendants that of *Darte*. This was done as a mark of admiration for the author of the Divine Comedy.

Such admiration of great characters of former days has sometimes shown itself in the imposition of a baptismal name. *Marcus Antonius Muretus*, and *Julius Caesar Scaliger*, may be mentioned as instances. Under James I. Sir *Julius Caesar* was master of the Rolls in England. Almost in our own age, an English advocate (afterwards a judge), in the fervor and exuberance of his patriotism, caused one of his three sons to be baptized *Hampden*, a second *Russell*, and a third *Sidney*. And with political feelings equally strong, but running in an opposite direction, an old Scottish Jacobite called each of his sons *Charles Edward*.

About the time of the passing of the Reform Act, a good many English children received as their baptismal name *John Russell*. This usage of bestowing, as part of a child's baptismal name, the surname of another person, has long prevailed in England. At times a father contents himself now-a-days with giving his own surname as the Christian name of his child: *Cresswell Cresswell*, *Sitwell Sitwell*.

At times an eminent and ancient name has been abandoned for one somewhat less notorious at the moment of the change. The Irish *O'Brien* has thus been replaced, in our own day, by the English *Stafford*. No one wondered much at such a preference, when Mr. Smith O'Brien was enacting high treason in Irish cabbage gardens.

Nearly four hundred years ago, an Act of the Irish Parliament† ordained, that every

Irishman "dwelling betwixt or amongst Englishmen in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Vriel, and Kildare," should go "like to one Englishman in apparel, and shaving of his beard above the mouth," should swear allegiance, and should take to him "an English surname, of a town, as *Sutten*, *Chester*, *Trym*, *Skyrne*, *Corke*, *Kinsale*; or color, as *white*, *blacke*; or arte or science, as *smith*, *carpenter*; or office, as *cooke* or *butler*;" and that he and his issue should use the same, under a specified penalty. Thus O'Gowans became *Smiths*, and Mac-Intyres *Carpenters*; but, probably, few of the *O'Briens* then changed their name.

A change of a family name sometimes took place at a very early period of English history. The *Mowbrays*, whose line first bore the ducal title of Norfolk, derived their surname from Henry the First's bow-bearer, by whom it was assumed, with the possession of the estates of Robert *Mowbroy*, Earl of Northumberland, on his attainer. Still more noticeable instances of the change of name are found, in comparatively modern times, in France, where the son of Jean Poquelin and Maria Cressé assumed the name of *Molière*, and François Marie Arouet, a younger son of parents whose surnames were *Arouet* and *Daumoit*, made himself known to the world as *de Voltaire*. This instance, however, is only an imitation of what commonly occurred in French noble families, and also in England, in ancient times. When a younger son had the rare good fortune of obtaining an estate of his own, he assumed a new surname from his estate. Thus, in England, Hugh de Montfort's second son, being lord of Hatton, in Warwickshire, took the surname of Hatton.

A less frequent change is, when the surname of a maternal ancestor is substituted for that of the paternal line. "Geoffrey Fitz-Maldred married an heiress of the house of the Nevills, and thereupon took the name of Nevill, and left it to his posterity. Ralph Gernon, marrying the daughter of Cavendish or Candish, left that name to his issue. So Robert Meg, the great favorite of King John, took the name of Braybrooke, whereof his mother was one of the heirs." (*Camden*.)

In our own days an illustrious peer, the Marquis of Lansdowne, has given his own younger children the old surname of *Fitzmaurice*, derived from Irish ancestors, a line of more than twenty barons of Kerry and Lixnaw; and yet the noble Marquis, while a cadet of his house, and a Cabinet Minister of his country, had, as Lord Henry Petty, conferred new lustre on the name, which, in

\* Mr. Lawley "took the surname of Thompson only by Royal license," on 27th September, 1820, and having been created Baron Wenlock in May, 1839, resumed by Royal license, on the 1st of June of the same year, his paternal surname of Lawley, "and his issue were to continue the surname of Lawley only." (*Debrett's Peerage*)

† 5 Ed. 4. c. 3. (A. D. 1465.)

England, Sir William *Petty's* talent and energy had very amply endowed, and which had been adopted by the first and second Earls of Shelburne, and was borne by the Marquises of Lansdowne for more than a century.

At the present day, we find in the peerage of England several hereditary surnames derived from employments; such as *Cooper, Carpenter, Taylor, Portman,\* Bridgeman, Forester, Gardener, Parker, and Roper*. The peerage, too, now contains another sign of its reinforcement from the pure commonalty in comparatively recent times, in the many common names of those who have inherited peerages. Among such names are *Alexander and Abbott, Clements and Cole, Davison and Edwards, Harris and Hutchinson, Jervis and Jenkinson, Jones and Lambert, Law and King, Hill, Nelson, Wilson, and Denman*. The last name denotes residence or employment in a *dene* or *den*. The word resembles *Ditchman, Fenman, Inman, Overman†, Gillman, Hillman, Hayman, Howman, Halman, Marshman, Milman*; and may be compared with numerous names of occupation ending in *man*. Such are *Bulman* (common in the north of England, where *Turnbull* is also frequently found), *Coltman, Stierman* (as old as the Domesday Survey), *Cadman, Lockman, Flaxman, Pikeman, Potman, Woolman, Fireman, Pitman, Woodman, Wellman, Seaman, Sherman, Chapman, Dayman, Workman, Crossman, Churchman, Kirkman, Sideman, Templeman*.

Before leaving the peerage, we will point out the origin of one other name, that of no less a prelate than Dr. *Phillpotts*. The word is nothing more than a diminutive, *Philipot,‡* and so comes from St. *Philip*, and is therefore very appropriate, either as a baptismal name or surname, for a Christian bishop. And yet the corruption into *Phillpott*, intended, no doubt, to make some sense out of the unintelligible diminutive *Philipot*, has established a nominal relationship between all existing *Philpotts* and the famous Toby *Philpott*,

\* Corresponding to the middle-age Latin *Hostarius*, to the German *Von der Pforten*, and to the French *Drouyn de Lhuys*.

† The Anglo-Saxon *Over*, corresponds to the German *Ufer*, and means shore or bank. This substantive *Over*, is found as a proper name, as well as its equivalent *Shore* and *Bank*; and its derivatives *Overend, Overton, Andover, Wendover, &c.*

‡ So written by John *Philipot*, and by Nicholas *Philipot*, authors of the 17th century. The *Villare Centianum*, published in 1659, is by Thomas *Philpott*.

whose celebrity rests on his jug that foamed with mild ale.

IV. We next arrive at names derived from the Christian name of father or mother. In very early times, the addition to the child's name of that of his father was not unusual; and the surname so formed was transmitted to descendants when surnames became hereditary. In the principality of Wales, a small number of surnames thus derived embrace the bulk of the whole population. *Jones, Johns, Evans, and Beavan* (Ap Evan), severally correspond to our English *Johnson* in their meaning. *Bethel, Bowen* (Ap Owen), *Davies, Probert, Roberts, Pugh*, (Ap Hugh), *Hughes, Parry, Pritchard, and Williams* are of like origin. It is a little remarkable, that the Britons of Cornwall should have derived most of their surnames from local objects, while the Britons of Wales derive theirs almost wholly from patronymics. A well-known couplet will remind every reader of the usual character of Cornish names:—

"By tre, ros, pol, lan, caer, and pen,  
You know the most of Cornish men;"

which words signify "a town, a heath, a pool, a church, a castle or city, and a foreland or promontory."

The twelve largest families of the existing English nation are those known under the names of *Smith, Jones, Williams, Taylor, Brown, Davies, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, Johnson, Robinson, and Wilson*, all of which, except three (*Smith, Taylor* and *Brown*), are derived from patronymics. Each christian name gives rise to a variety of derivative surnames. Among those from *Henry* are *Harrison, Harris, Herries, Halkin, Hawes, and Hawkins. Hall*, which is so common as to be incapable of general reference to a local origin, probably came, in most cases, from this source. *Elias* produces *Ell, Ellison, Elkins, Elkinson, Elley, Ellis, Ellias, Ellice, Ellison, Elliot, Eliot, and Elliottson*. From *David* we have not only *Davies*, which, as we have just seen, is a very numerous family, but also the several families of *Davidson, Davy, Davison, Daves, Daveson, and Dawkins*. From *Hugh* or *Hew*, we have *Hughes, Hugoe, Huggett, Huggins, Hugginson, Hewett, Hewson, Hooson, Hewison, Hewetson, Hewlet, Hewell, and seemingly Whewell*. From *Nicholas* we have *Nicholson, Nixon, Cole, Collett, Collins, and others*. And so of the rest.

The adoption of the father's baptismal name as the basis of a surname for the son,

prevailed extensively for a long while before surnames became generally hereditary. Edward I. disliking the iteration of *Fitz*, ordered the Lord John Fitz-Robert, whose ancestors had used, as surnames, each father's christian name, "to leave that manner, and to be called John of Clavering, which was the capital seat of his barony." It is said that in Wales, where nearly all names have been of this patronymical class, an ancient worshipful gentleman responded at the assizes, in the reign of Henry VIII., to the name of Thomas *Ap William*, *Ap Thomas*, *Ap Richard*, *Ap Hoel*, *Ap Evan*, &c., and at the suggestion of the judge agreed to leave "that old manner" and to call himself *Mostyn*, after his chief residence. This long Welsh name reminds us of that of an ancient Roman which, as preserved in a sepulchral inscription, combines the pronomina of father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, with the prænomen, nomen, and cognomen, of the deceased. "L. Munatius, L. F. L. N. L. Pron. Plancus."

Bastards appear, not unfrequently, to have taken as a surname, *Fitz*, prefixed to the name of either their mother or supposed father. In our own day, each of the children of His Royal Highness William Duke of Clarence, and Mrs. Jordan, took the surname of *Fitzclarence*,\* those of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray were called *D'Este*.†

The learned German professor to whose recent work we have adverted, derives our English surname *Lawson*, from "*Law*, *lex*." This derivation we deem to be inadmissible. The *Law* in *Lawson* is the diminutive of *Lawrence*, and *Lawson* is obtained from this diminutive *Law*, just as *Hodgson* comes from *Hodge*, *Nelson* from *Nell*, *Nanson* from *Nan*, *Megson* from *Meg*, *Patteson* from *Paty*, *Thompson* from *Tom*, *Jackson* from *Jack*, *Robson* from *Rob*, and *Watson* from *Wat*, the baptismal name of *Wat Tyler*, the surname of *James Watt*. In olden time the diminutives of baptismal names were much used, and derivatives are very generally formed from such diminutives. Thus from Benjamin came the diminutive *Benn*, and the derivative *Benson*; from Gregory, *Gregg* and *Gregson*; from Geoffrey, *Jeff* and *Jephson*

and *Jefferson*; from Gabriel *Gabb*; from Gilbert, *Gibbs* and *Gibson*, *Gibbins* and *Gibbon*; from Matthew, *Matts* and *Mattson*, *Mathews* and *Mattheson*; from Samuel, *Sams* and *Sampson*; from Christopher, *Kitts* and *Kitson*; from Simon, *Sims* and *Simpson*; from Timothy, *Tin*, *Timms*, and *Timpson*; from Bartholomew, *Batts* and *Bates*, *Batson* and *Bateson*; from Richard, *Dick* and *Dixon*. Of this last numerous but obscure family, two younger branches, those of *Richardson* and *Dickins*, have been ennobled by literature; the former in the author of the "*Clarissa Harlowe*," and the latter in Charles Dickens.

Though the above is, doubtless, the true etymology of the common surnames, *Law* and *Lawson*, yet some similar compounds owe their origin to the administration of the law. *Lawman*, *Lawday*, *Lawless*, and *Outlaw*, may be mentioned as instances. The local names of *Lawden*, *Lawford*, and *Lawley*, may all come from *Law*, the diminutive of *Lawrence*; but more probably come from the Anglo-Saxon *Law*, a hill. About the meaning of the terminations *den*, *ford*, and *ley*, there is no doubt.

It will be observed that some of the above diminutive names are not properly derived from fathers, but, perhaps improperly, from mothers. *Nelson*, *Megson*, *Patteson*, are three such. A great number of families in Normandy bear the surname *Marie* and its derivatives *Mariette*, *Marion*, &c. Many are called *Anne*, *Catherine*, *Marguerite*, &c. The suggestion which arises in such cases is, that the original fathers did not acknowledge their paternity,—

"Cui pater est populus non habet iste patrem."\*

A similar reason may have existed for the adoption of the feminine substantive instead of the masculine, in instances of names of occupation, as *Baxter* and *Bagster* (the Anglo-Saxon feminine form for Baker), *Brewster* and *Sangster*.† Other surnames directly pointing to the personal conduct or character of the mother who founded the family, may be mentioned. *Leeman*, sometimes changed into *Lemon*, *Puttock*, *Parnell*, *Hussey*.‡ *Arlet*, *Paramore*, *Trollope*. The

\* The eldest son was created Earl of Munster in 1831, and "beareth" substantially the arms of William IV. "debruised by a baton sinister azure, charged with three anchors," etc.

† See the claim of Augustus Frederick D'Este to the Sussex Peerage, 11 Clark and Finelly's Reports, p. 85.

\* Perhaps the surnames *Bairnfather* and *Banfather* may have been applied originally to such a putative father.

† *Webster* is also a feminine, but seems in strictness to be equally applicable to man and woman, like *Gamster*. See Grimm, *Deutsche Grammatik*, vol. ii, p. 134.

‡ In old times such names were sometimes ap-

surname *Bastard* is as old as the Conquest, and is of frequent occurrence in the Close Rolls. Bastardy was not a great reproach among the Normans: the Conqueror himself sometimes used the style, "Ego Wilhelmus cognomento *Bastardus*."

While speaking of patronymics, we may mention *Paul*, its diminutives *Pollock* and *Polk*, and its derivatives, *Paulson*, *Pawson*, and, as seems probable, *Porson*. It may be added that the Latin genitive, used as a surname, generally and properly enough denotes the father's name. *Christiani* is nearly the same as *Christison*, and is quite the same as *Christiansen*. *Petrus Damiani*, the Latin form of the name of the Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, *Pierre Damien*, is peculiar in this, that *Damien* was the name of Pierre's elder brother, whose kindness to Pierre induced him to adopt the surname *Damiani*.

V. Our fifth class comprises descriptive names. Bodily peculiarities have given rise to the greater part of this class of surnames; but some which indicate mental qualities must also be noticed. Among the latter are *Good*, and *Goodman*, and *Goodenough* and *Goodfellow*, *Best* and *Perfect*, *Sage* and *Wise*, *Meek* and *Moody*, *Gay* and *Joyce*, *Baude* and *Musard*, *Savage*, *Sly*, and *Wild*, *Quick* and *Wake*, *Foiet* and *Foliot*. The abstract is sometimes used for the concrete, as in *Luck*, *Fortune*, *Pride*, *Wisdom*, *Justice*, *Virtue*, *Joy*, *Bliss*. Of the names just mentioned, *Sage*, *Savage*, *Wake*, and *Joye*, and probably others, were in use at the beginning of the 13th century.

The surnames derived from bodily peculiarities are for the most part intelligible even to the uneducated. Every one understands the meaning of *Bigge*, *Little*, and *Liddell*, *Long* and *Longman*, *Pretty* and *Prettyman*, *Short* and *Straight* and *Crump*, *Armes*, *Armstrong*, and *Strong-i-the arm*. *Braz de Fer*, *Main*, *Malesmains*, *Quatremains*, and *Tortesmains*, are Anglo-Norman surnames of the reign of King John. At the same epoch we find *Grant* or *Graund*, *Le Gras*, *Grossin*, *Grundy*. We have now *Shonks*, *Hand*, *Legge*, and *Back*, *Head*, and *Foot*, *Greathead* and *Lightfoot*, *Side* and *Heaviside*. The old English words *pollard* and *camoys*, applied to the person, indicate bodily peculiarities. Both words are used as surnames.

plied to places, as in *Hurabourne*, which Mr. Kemble believes to be identical with *Hausebourne*. Other names of the same class are *Hurcote*, *Hursley*, and *Hurworth*. *Hussey* may possibly be from the French *Houssaie*.

The latter, now obsolete, occurs in Chaucer:—

"A Shefeld thwitel bare he in his hose,  
Round was his face, and *camuss* was his nose."

Our *Sheepshanks* may be compared with the German *Ochsenbein* and *Ziegenbein*, if not with the Swedish *Oxenstiern*.\* *Wightman* denotes personal strength alone (*wight* strong). *Mitchell*, from the Anglo-Saxon *Muchel* (big), *Scottice Muckle* or *Mickle*, has been mentioned. *Bones* and *Barebones* belong to this class of names. *Baines* unquestionably comes from *bâne*, Anglo-Saxon for bone, and denotes the "brawnie *bainie chiel*" of Burns. It has been erroneously suggested that this word has either a French or Gaelic origin. Similar surnames are met with in other European languages, as the Italian *Ferrebraccia* and *Piccolomini*. The German names *Humboldt* and *Humbert*, are from *Humpolt*, and *Humpercht*, which words compare the personal courage or appearance of the bearer to that of a *Hun*.

Surnames, like these taken from some bodily peculiarity, were occasionally used among the Anglo-Saxons some centuries before the Norman Conquest, and long before surnames were hereditary in England. Thus we read in Bede, Hist. Eccles. v. 10, speaking of the Missionaries among the old Saxons: "Uterque eorum appellabatur Hewald, ea tamen distinctione, ut pro diversa capellorum specie, unus *Niger Hewald* alter *Albus Hewald* diceretur;" or, as we should say, one was called *Hewald Black*, and the other *Hewald White*. Edmund *Ironsides* was so called, says Henry of Huntingdon, "*Ironsides*, id est *Ferreum latus*, quia maximi vigoris et mirabilis patientie bellicae erat in negotiis." *Ædelred*, Earl of the Gains, whose daughter, A.D. 868, was married to King Alfred, was called *Mucel*; "eo quod erat corpore magnus et prudentia grandis." We, therefore, find our familiar modern surnames, *Black* and *White*, *Ironsides* and *Mitchell*, are about a thousand years old.

*Blunt* is another name of this class. Professor Pott touches on the word as follows: "Engl. BLUNT *derb. plump*." The word *Blunt*, or *Blount*, is *Blond*. *Blundus* and *Rufus*, *Brunus* and *Brunellus*, are found as surnames in the Close Rolls. *Blundel* and *Brunel* are well-known derivatives. *Favel*

\* *Salverte*, tom. i. p. 241, supposes *Oxenstiern* to have been assumed as a surname, from the coat of arms used by the family before their assumption of the name. The original name of the Chancellor of Sweden was *Abel*.



and *Morel* also indicate color, and are very ancient surnames.\* The name *Brown*, however, has an antiquity some centuries higher than the reign of King John, and comes out of the very forest. Several of the animals which figure in the old story of Reynard the Fox, bear names derived from their bodily appearance and peculiarities; and a very ancient and widely diffused name of the Bear is *Bruin*, *Braun*, *Brunus*, *Brunellus*, so that he stands at the very head of the *Bruin* and *Brown*, and *Brunel* families. *Brown*, *Black*, and *White*, are the commonest names of this class. *Rous*, and the diminutive *Russell*, also belong to it, and like *Blunt*, indicated at first the color of the hair. Similarly we had *Gris*, and have still *Grey*, or *Gray*, and *Grissell*; so also *Rudd*, *Rudkin*, *Ruddiman* and *Rothman*. Germany has long had its *Roth* and *Schwarz*, and *Weiss* and *Braun*: France its *Le Roux* and *Rousseau*, *Lenoir* and *Noiret*, *Le Brun* and *Brunet*; Italy its *Rossi*, *Rossini*, and *Negrilli*.

In other instances the name is specifically descriptive of the precise bodily peculiarity for which it was first bestowed; as in *Blackhead*, *Blacklock*, *Redhead*, *Whitehead*, *Whitlock*, *Silverlock*, *Silvertop*, *Fairhead*, *Fairfax*. Not only have we the compounds *Blacklock*, *Whitlock*, and *Silverlock*, but the simple word *Locke* is a not uncommon surname. We may compare with it *Curll* and *Curly*, and the diminutive *Curling*, in England, and *Croll* in Germany. Perhaps our surname *Buckle* means "a curl, or state of being curled or crisp, as hair."

Costume and armor also gave names. The names of Robert *Curthose* and Hugh *Capet* occur early. A great earl of Anjou was called *Grisa-gonella*, or *Grey-gown*, from the garment which he wore. *Gunel-blanc* is a similar name. The Wolf was called *Holkunb* (Gray-coat) by the Eathonians.† *Robe* and *Mantel* are very old surnames. *Freemantle* is a corruption from *Freidmantellum* in Latin *Frigidum-mantellum* (*Close Rolls*, vol. i., pp. 98, 270). *Lungelance* is like *Long-espée*. And *Long-espée*, *Strongbow*, *Fortescue* (*Strong-shield*), surnames all well known in English history, have a like origin. We compare with them the French Abbé de l'*Epée*, and Eugene

*Beauharnais* (and our own *Harness*); also the English Sir Thomas *Leatherbreeches*, of some twenty years ago, and the German *Von Ledderhose*, *Breitschuh*, *Hochhut*, &c. *Hose* is one of the earliest surnames of this class adopted in England. It is found in the *Close Rolls*, as *Hose*, *Hoese*, and *Hosatus*, and has therefore existed in England as a surname for about 650 years. The Roman *Caligula* and *Caracalla* belong to the same class. The *Pilgrim* (*Pelerin*) who returned from Jerusalem, carrying a Palm-branch, was a *Palmer*. *Shakespeare*, *Breakspeare*, *Wingspear*, *Wagstaff*, *Bickerstaff*, and other similar names, must first have been bestowed on persons skilled in the use of the weapon mentioned.

VI. The sixth class consists of names derived from the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms. Some names from the animal kingdom indicate a state of society when the intercourse of man with wild beasts was much greater than it is now. The Saxons, while yet Pagans, "would sometimes desire to have their children imitate such properties of courage as they observed to be in some kinds of beasts, such as they esteemed to be beasts of battail, as is, among others, the bear." The names of such beasts, therefore, served to form names for the children of the Saxons. Such a proper name, obtained from the bear, is still preserved in *Bernard*. *Ursus* and *Ursio* are names of great antiquity. *St. Ursus* belongs to the fifth century. *Ursus*, *Ursinus*, *De Ursinis*, are found in England, after the Conquest, as names of clergymen, not unfrequently foreigners. But the bear had ceased to exist in England so long before hereditary surnames were adopted, that traces of the old king of the northern forest are mainly to be found only in such surnames as are derived from the names of places. *Urswick*, in Lancashire, is a source of such surnames. Some of the names *Berens*, *Beridge*, *Berworth*, *Berney*, *Berenham*, *Beresford*, *Berford*, *Berewick*, *Baring*, *Bearcroft*, *Bearsley*, may be derived from the bear; but *bere*, the Anglo-Saxon word for *barley* (which was much cultivated in early times), is a more probable etymology for most of them, as well as for the proper name *Bere*. On the continent *Berlin* derives its name from the bear, which is the city's armorial bearing, as it is of the canton and city of *Berne*. The bear has been highly honored in the Scandinavian peninsula, where many surnames compounded with *Björn* in-

\* *Morel* is found in the *Fine Rolls*: the Latin forms, *flavellus* and *morellus*, are used to designate the color of horses in Madox, *Form. Anglicæ*, p. 423.

† They also called him *Mesikammen* (*Honey-paw*): the Finns called him *Laijalg* (*Broadfoot*): J. Grimm, *Reinhart Fuchs*, p. lvi.

dicate a derivation from him.\* He gave his name to Albert the Bear, Margrave of Brandenburg, who flourished early in the 12th century. At Rome he produced the *Orsini*, in France *St. Ursus*, and in Britain *St. Ursula*, who is said to have headed eleven thousand virgins in achieving the honors of martyrdom at Cologne; and who, in more recent times, has been patroness of the Sorbonne, of the *Ursuline* sisters, and of the celebrated Princess des *Ursins*.

Of the *Wolf* we have, in our most ancient nomenclature, very ample traces. The religious light in which the animal was regarded, in consequence of his constant attendance on the conquering deity, Odin or Woden, may have had a share in causing the frequent adoption, in very ancient times, of names derived from the *Wolf*. In the Christian period of some centuries before the Conquest, our ecclesiastical annals give us a continuous series of old pagan names, still alone used, even by the dignitaries of the Church; and many of these names are derived from the *Wolf*.† Of course such names are all baptismal.

In England, names of places, many centuries older than any hereditary surnames, have originally been derived from the *Wolf*; such as *Wolfham*, *Wolfhill*, *Great Wolford*, *Wolfpits*, *Wolfcote*, and *Wolferlow*; *Wolverley*, *Wolverton*, and *Wolverhampton*. The word *Woolley*, which is still the name of several places, probably always means *Wolfley*, and comes from *Wulfleah* or *Wulfleage*, which occur as names of places in the Saxon charters published by Mr. Kemble. Old surnames, *Wolueden* and *Woluedon*, have a similar origin.

Hugh *Lupus* took his name, and assumed his coat of arms, "Azure, a Wolf's head erased, Argent," at a time when wolves and men still had, on the continent of Europe, something approaching to daily intercourse with one another. The Latin form, *Lupus*, had been a name of baptism centuries before surnames were in use: *St. Lupus*, *St. Leu*, as he is called in French, succeeded *St. Ursus* in the see of Troyes in the fifth century; each of several dignitaries of the Church was called *Lupus* in the age of Charlemagne‡. Our ecclesiastical annals in

England are adorned by one or two persons named *Lupus*, who flourished after the Conquest,\* and the French word *Leu* occurs as a surname in the reign of King John; but the Latin and French forms, *Lupus*, *Leu*, *Lovel*, *Lovet*, are not common as English surnames. Wolves had almost wholly disappeared from England and Wales long before the Conquest, while in France considerable sums were disbursed out of the Royal Treasury as late as the 13th and 14th centuries in paying for their destruction. So common was this animal's skin, that a garment called *Louviere* used to be made from it. *Pel de leu* is an old French surname, mentioned by Ducange, and derived, no doubt, from a garment made of a Wolf's skin. *Loup* has given rise to a considerable number of surnames in France, each belonging to a greater number of persons than all those who in England at the present day can trace their name to *Bear*, *Wolf*, *Fox*, or *Tod*. *Chanteloupe*, which is the name of several places in France, is probably derived from the howling of wolves near such places. The surname *Cantilupe* comes from such a place.†

The *Fox*, not having been exterminated among us, has given rise, in comparatively modern times, to surnames in the families of *Fox*, *Tod*, and *Todhunter*; and at an earlier period to local names such as *Foxholes*, *Foxham*, and *Foxley*, *Todburn*, *Todholes*, and *Todwick*. We cannot leave the *Wolf* and the *Fox*, without reminding our readers that the name of *Wolfe* belonged to one of England's greatest heroes; and that of *Fox*, to one of her most eminent statesmen.

But let us not leave unnoticed the Boar of the ancient forest; he has contributed more than either bear or wolf or fox to our modern family nomenclature. His best known descendants are the *Pigg* and *Hogg*, who trace their pedigree through *Porcus*, recorded under King John in the Fine Rolls, and who are now accompanied by their attendant *Pigman*. The *Hogg* spreads into younger

\* For instance, William *Lupus*, Archdeacon of Lincoln, "juris, peritus, elegantur literatu et magne auctoritatis." (*Matthew Paris*, p. 756, A. D. 1254.)

† The Wolf's presence and importance in France (where he still remains), is evidenced by the great number of proverbs in which he is named. After an enumeration of such proverbs, occupying several pages, *Le Roux de Lincy* observes (*Le Livre des Proverbes Français*, tom. i. p. 119, ed. Paris, 1842), "On sait combien autrefois les Loups étaient répandus en France; dans certaines provinces on est encore obligé de faire contre ces animaux des battues régulières."

\* The bear's presence has given a name to many places in Germany, as *Bärensprung* and *Bärenhorst*.

† Grimm (*Deutsche Grammatik*, vol. ii. p. 330, 331) has collected a great number of old German proper names compounded with *Wolf*.

‡ One of them was an author; his works have been edited by Baluze.

branches of *Hoggett* and *Hoggins*, with which *Piggins* and *Swinnock* may perhaps be reckoned, and the common fate of them all is suggested by the formidable names of *Spic* and *Speckard*, *Hogsflesh*, *Gammon*, and *Bacon*. Country cousins of the family have flourished in England for centuries since the Conquest, enjoying the surnames of *Pigdon*, *Pighills*, *Pighles*, and seemingly *Pickles*,\* *Pichford*, *Pikworth*, *Hogden*, *Hogwood*,† *Swinburn*, *Swindell*, *Swindon*, *Suggate*, *Sugg*, *Suggett*, *Sugden*,‡ *Sowden*, *Sowdon*, *Sovington*, *Suersham*, *Sowerby*, and *Swinerton*. The *Wildbores* of course claim a direct descent from the *Boar* of the primeval forest. His elder name, *Eber* or *Eofor*, has given rise to the following surnames, some of which were in use as proper names in England for centuries before the Conquest. *Eber*, *Ever*, *Ebers*, *Evers*, *Everard*, *Evered*, *Everett*, *Everingham*, *Everington*, *Everley*, and *Everton*. The name of a parish and viscounty, *Ebrington*, is contracted from *Eberington*.

One of the most eminent members of the whole of this great race was Pope Sergius IV., whose election to the Holy See took place A. D. 1009. His name was *Hogsmouth*,§ and he was the first Roman by birth who changed his name on his election to the Papacy. Whether he did so "from respect to St. Peter, or because his previous name

\* *Pickles* we may compare to *Tickles*, from the Anglo-Saxon *Ticcan*, (German, *Zicke*), a kid, (and leese): *Tickhill* has a like etymology.

† *Hogwood*, a wood supplying mast for fattening pigs. Dr. Leo observes, "that an estate is hardly registered as complete, in the Anglo-Saxon charters, without including one or more such woods."

‡ The etymology is clear; the syllable *sug* is the same with the Greek *σῦς*, the Latin *sus*, the Anglo-Saxon *sugu*, the German *sau*. The common change of an aspirate into *s*, (*ῥῶς* into *silva*), converts *sug* into *hug* or *hog*. Our *hog* is the same with the Welsh *huch*, and the Armoric *houch*. The German word *sau*, and its kindred Anglo-Saxon *Sugu*, are not restricted to the female sex. Luther's translation of the "herd of swine" in Matthew's gospel, viii. 31, is "die Heerde Säue." *Hog* and *pig* are properly used of the young only. The former word is applied, at the present day, to sheep of a certain age and condition. The *den* in such words as *Sugden*, *Sowden*, *Hogden*, is not found in any other German dialect than the Anglo-Saxon, and was adopted into that from the British. It again occurs in the proper name *Denman*: in such sheltered swine pastures as the words *Hogden*, *Sowden*, and *Sugden* indicate, the *Denman* would properly be a swineherd.

§ With *Hogsmouth* we may compare *Wulfsheim*, *Bullface*, *Sheepshanks*, and the remarkable name of *Stote-ragina*, borne by an Archdeacon of York, A. D. 1108. *Stoat* and *Fiche* are still found among our surnames.

was *Hogsmouth*," Fleury leaves uncertain.\* The whole herd claims to be of kith and kin with the English *Hoggard* and *Hoggart*, but disclaims all relationship with the continental *Hogarth* and *Hogstraten* (the latter made known by the *Epistola obscurorum Virorum*), with whom *Hog* means *hoch* or *high*: and they are equally strangers to the northern *Sveyin*, *Sweyn*, or *Swain*, still preserved as an English surname, and meaning servant. But this great genealogical tree had struck its roots in Europe not in the Anglo-Saxon period, but before the Christian era. *Suillus* was a Roman cognomen: Cn. Temellius *Scrofa* commanded an army of the Roman Republic,† M. *Emilius* Lepidus, the orator, was called *Porcina*, (Cic. Brut. c. 25,) and each member of a whole Roman gens was a *Porcius*, like M. *Porcius* Cato, the Censor. M. *Flavius Aper* was Consul, A. U. C. 889, and C. *Cornelius Verres* was Prætor of Sicily. The name *Verrutius* differed only from that of *Verres* in having a longer tail.‡ The etymological identity of the name belonging to the several members of the above family, as spread over the region of the Indo-European languages, will be sufficiently seen by merely writing the corresponding words as found in some of those languages.§

Animals have always been conspicuous in Heraldic charges, and such charges have probably supplied surnames in many instances: Richard the Third was thus called the *Boar*, or the *Hog*, and so "gave occasion to the rhyme that cost the maker his life:"—

"The Rat, the Cat, and Lovel the Dog,  
Rule all England under the Hog."||

The signs of different animals were made use of in former times, not only over the entrances of inns, but at the shops of warehouses of other traders. *Roebuck*, *Peacock*, *Partridge*, *Swan*, and other such surnames, may have thus had in strictness a local

\* Fleury, Hist. Eccles., tom. xii. p. 392, ed Paris, 1751.

† Different legends, explaining the original assumption of the name of *Scrofa*, are found in Varro, R.R. ii. 4., and Macrobius, Sat. i. 6.

‡ Cic. in Verr. Act. ii. Lib. ii. c. 78.

§ Sanscrit, *Varaha*; Latin, *Verres*; Italian, *Verro*; Spanish, *Berraco*; French, *Verrat*; Latin, *Aper* and *Porcus*; English, *Boar*; Celtic, *Bora*; Danish, *Beer*; German, *Eber*; Anglo-Saxon, *Eofor*.

|| The allusion to the names of *Ratcliffe* and *Catcaby* is obvious; Lovel is said to have borne a dog as his arms.

origin. But the vast number of names of birds, beasts, and fishes, which have been adopted as surnames, compels us to conclude that such narrow limits as heraldic charges and traders' signs could never have supplied the greater part of the class of names in question. We once knew *Hawkes*, a *Hare*, a *Peacock*, and a *Partridge*, all quietly dwelling in the same staircase, in Trinity College, Cambridge, where a *Coote* was at the same time an occasional visitor;\* and we have been honored by the friendship of a distinguished Whig whose mother was a *Crowe*, whose nieces were *Sparrow*, whose house-keeper was a *Partridge*, and whose cook was a *Raven*.

The same fondness for diminutives which is so strikingly manifested in our patronymics, is to be observed in these surnames derived from animals. When we find *Lupus* and *Loup* as surnames, they are accompanied by the diminutive *Lupellus*, *Lupillon*, *Luvell*, *Lovett*, and *Luvetot*. Probably the names *Leverot* and *Lewrot*, are our modern *Leveret*. All these forms occur under King John and early in the reign of Henry III. *Cucku*, *Eagle* (*Aquila*), and *Cockerel* are of equal antiquity.

In our own times, the diminutive *Gosling* is common, and even *Goosey* is more frequently met with than *Goose*, *Graygoose*, or *Gander*, which are all found. The ancient *Cockerel* is still preserved, and may now be compared with *Duckerell*, which is not so common, and has not been made so illustrious as the name of *Drake*. *Goade* and *Goate* are rare; as are the names of local origin, *Gatacre* and *Gatford*. *Kidd* is common; *Ram* and *Tupp* are rare; *Sheep*, as we believe, is not in use; but *Sheepey*, which, however, may be of local origin, is found, and *Lamb* is very common.

We find before the end of the twelfth century, the following surnames: *Mala-Musca*, *Mulstus*, *Pejor-lupo*, *Oculus-canis*; each of which clearly shows a comparison between the man who bears the name, and the creature whose name is borne. Mr. Kemble has pointed out *Crow*, and *Duck*, and *Bug*, thus used as occasional surnames in Anglo-Saxon times. *Monkey* (*Singe*), *Calf* (*Veel*), *Malebisse* and *Malecat* are found at the end of the 12th century.

\* The *Hare* was recently an Archdeacon, the *Peacock* is now a Dean, and on a recent occasion was an able Prolocutor, not of birds, in an Aristophanic *Nephelococcygia*, but of the Clergy in the Lower House of Convocation at Westminster. The Upper House was presided over by John Bird Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The names of insects and reptiles, though not in great favor, are by no means rare as surnames. Among others we have *Beetles* and *Worms*, *Bug*, *Criek* and *Cricket*, *Emmet*, *Bisse*, *Serpent*, *Newte*, and *Blackadder*. Mr. *Serpent* bears arms alluding to his name, "or, three serpents vert, two and one." So *Newte* uses a "newte proper," and *Bisse*, "two serpents entwined looking at each other," as a crest. Similarly *Fox* and *Todd* bear "three foxes' heads erased;" and the *Bull* family (including *Bulface*, *Bullhead*, *Bulkeley*, *Bullock*, *Vachell*, and even *Cowley*), all bear the bull or some part of him. The *Coote* bears "three cootes;" the *Corbet*, "three rooks;" the *Heron* "three herons;" and the *Sparrow*, "six sparrows." Has Mr. *Bugg* the courage to bear his insect namesake on his arms? No, but he ventures on allusive arms. He bears "az. three water bougets, or, two and one." Some of our readers may not recognize these heraldic *bougets*. The word means water-bag, and may be nearly expressed in modern English by bucket. The etymology thus suggested for *Bugg* is not happy. 'Tis as far-fetched as the etymology of *Maynard*, suggested by a noble Viscount's motto, *Manus justa nardus*, which is found under a shield bearing three hands. *Maynard* is an old Anglo-Saxon name, corresponding to the German *Meinhart*, and has nothing to do with either hand or ointment. *Malmaynes* is happier when he charges his heraldic shield with three sinister hands coupé.

The etymological blunders and false suggestions, as to names, which occur in such canting arms, would fill a volume. *Ayscough* is made to bear three asses! and *Pell* and *Pelham*, pelicans! *Starkie*, a stork! and *Beekford*, a mere Saxon name, like the preceding ones, uses as a crest a stork, holding a fish in his strong beak (*bee fort!*). Several persons of purely English names, *Harris* and *Harrison*, have borne as arms the hedgehog; alluding to the French *hérisson*, as if, forsooth, the names *Harris* and *Harrison* were of foreign, and not of English growth. Sir James *Harris* so bore "az. a chevron ermine between three hedgehogs or," and also used the hedgehog as his crest. The four hedgehogs are now inherited by his grandson, the present Earl of Malmesbury. An elder member of the same numerous family of the sons of our English Harry, suggested an equally recondite etymology of the surname *Harrison*, by bearing as his arms "a hare by a sheaf of rye in the sun." (Camden, *Remaines*), p. 166, ed. 1614.

We must speak of another little creature



which Evans mentions before Justice Shallow. "The dozen *louses* do become an *old coat* well: it agrees well *passant*: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love." Now the name *Lucy* was *Lousy*, as some folks mis-called it in Shakespeare's time; and we think that the word *Lus* in *Lusborough*, and in other names found in old Anglo-Saxon charters, has been equally misunderstood to mean *lus*, pediculus. Let us see over how wide an area names containing this word *lus* are now found to extend. The surnames *Los*, *Loth*, *Loose*, *Lush*, *Lusby*, *Luscott*, *Luscombe*, *Lussemborough*, *Lushington*, and a few others, must follow the etymological fate of the existing names of places involving this *lus*. They are as follows: *Lusby*, *Luscombe*, *Lushcott*, *Lushill*, *Lustead*; the parish of *Loose*; the hundred of *Loes*, contained in the deanery of *Loose*; the hundred of *Loosebarrow*, and *Luzborough* or *Lozborough*,\* all in England; *Luss* in Scotland; and *Lush* and *Lushmagh* in Ireland. The existence of such words as names of places in Scotland and Ireland, as well as in England, suggests for them all a common origin of the first syllable. That common origin cannot be Saxon. We have no doubt that it is Gaelic. *Lus* is still preserved in the Gaelic of Ireland, and in that of the highlands of Scotland, and means *weed*, *herb*, *plant*, *flower*. Some names of places in England are found in the Anglo-Saxon charters, and in modern times, compounded of words denoting, not merely specific plants, as *Fern*, *Rush*, *Reed*, *Sedge*, *Moss*, but of the generic word for herbs or weeds, as *Wyrtiden*, *Wyrtwal*.† On these data, it seems clear that the above names of persons and places are all equally derivable from the Gaelic *lus*, and may therefore be added to the small list of words still found in England, and best explained by the Gaelic language.

The combination of Gaelic and Danish in *Lusby*, and of Gaelic and Saxon in some of the other words, may be compared with the combination of *British* and *Saxon* in *Nantwich*, and in the proper name *Nanton*. The word *Nant* (a ravine, a mountain torrent, a brook) enters into the composition of the names of many places in Wales and in France.

The mineral and vegetable kingdoms furnish a considerable variety of names to the

lords of the creation. A few instances of this will suffice. To represent the mineral kingdom, we may nominate Bishop *Jewel*, Mr. *Steele*, and Mr. *Salt*; as well as the mineral treasures which the German emperor, Ferdinand II., was said to possess in his three lofty mountains, *Questenberg*, *Werdenberg*, and *Eggenberg*; and his three precious stones, *Dietrichstein*, *Lichtenstein*, and *Wallenstein*. Prussia, in the time of her greatest need, found such treasures in her *Hardenberg* and *Stein*. The present King of Prussia has a *Stahl* in his ministry. In England our metallic treasures are called to mind by *Gold* and *Goldsmith*,\* *Silver*, *Lead*, *Leadbeater*, *Brass*, and *Brazier*; by *Money*, and even by many coins, such as *Groat* or *Grote*, *Penny* (with *Pennyman*, *Hawkepenny*, and other similar derivatives), *Twopenny*, *Halfpenny*, *Farthing*. These latter names deserve to be compared with the German *Shelling*, *Gröschel*, *Heller*, and *Pfennig*. Perhaps some of our existing *Marks*, *Nobles*, and *Angels* may have their origin in the metallic currency of a former age.

The vegetable kingdom presents, as a representative peer, Archibald John *Primrose*, Earl of *Rosebery*; and as commoners, *Lilly*, the English grammarian, and *Roses* in great abundance. In every country of Europe the *Rose* has given its name, not merely to pretty women, such as fair *Rosamund*, *Rose Bradwardine*, and many a French *Rosine*, and German *Röschen*, but to numerous families. Sir George *Rose* in London, and Professor *Rose* in Berlin, bear a surname now common in England and Germany; and which equally belongs to France and Italy, to the Spanish and Scandinavian peninsulas, to Wallachia and Poland, and probably at the present day to Russia. In the case of the *Roses* of Poland, the name must have been taken from the *roses* which they bore in their coat of arms long before they had the name. The *Griffons*, *Oxenstierns*, and other Polish families, must also have taken their names from the arms which they severally bore long before hereditary surnames were known in their country. Sometimes this surname, *Rose*, may have originated in a woman's name; and in such cases comes indirectly only from the flower. Our old forest trees have given their names to families of *Ash*, *Oak*, *Eln*, *Beech*, *Birch*, *Alder*, *Elder*, *Aspen*, *Poplar*, *Maple*, *Hazel*. The *Willow* appears in *Willoughby*; the lime-tree in *Lind*, *Lindley*, and *Lindsey*;

\* "*Lusheburghs* alias *Luzemburghs*," was the name of pieces of base money coined at "*Lusheburgh*:" see Stat. 25. Ed. 3, c. 2. Lord Coke's commentary, and the prologue to the Monk's tale in Chaucer.

† Similarly we have *Wortesley*, *Wortley*, and probably *Wordsworth*.

\* "*Anrifaber*," occurs frequently as a surname in the Fine Rolls in the time of King John.

the sloe in *Sloe*, *Slowburn*, and *Slocombe*: *Hips* and *Haws*, in *Hipsley*, *Hippesley*, *Hawdon*, and *Hawley*: the *Thorn* in many compounds; and the *Pine* in one solitary name, although the *Fir* and *Larch* do not appear. It is remarkable, as Dr. Leo has observed, that in the names of places found in the Anglo-Saxon charters, no mention should occur of a single species of *Pinus* or *Abies*.

The Germans have both *Fichte* and *von der Tann* as surnames. Some herbs and grasses which are found in surnames have already been alluded to. *Caerse*, *cress* (*nasturtium*) is apparent in *Cressey*, *Cresacre*, *Creslow*, *Cressingham*, *Cresnell*, and *Creswick*. From fruit, and fruit trees, we have the family names of *Apple* and *Pear*, *Cherry* and *Peach*, *Crab* and *Crabtree*, *Plum* and *Plumtree*; but *Apricot* and *Nectarine*, *Strawberry* and *Raspberry*, still belong to *Pomona* only.

Cereals have long flourished in *Wheat*, *Wheaton*, and *Whately*; in *Bere*, the old name of Sir John Barleycorn's family; in some derivatives from this old name already mentioned, in speaking of the Bear, in *Oates*, and in *Riley* and *Rycroft*. Though our *Beans* cannot be compared with the great *Fabian* house, or with the *Piso*, the *Cicero*, or the *Lentulus* of Rome, yet *Bean* and *Pease*, and *Peascod*, have at least great antiquity in Europe, and have thus been enabled as surnames to found families. The great tribe of the *Potato* having immigrated into the Old World since surnames became hereditary, have been obliged to keep their name to themselves; and, unlike *Pepper*, *Peppercorn*, and other foreigners, have not succeeded in bestowing their name upon a single English family. In this they resemble the *Physician* and the *Surgeon*; who, for centuries now past, have been unable to take their place in the family nomenclature of England, by the side of those elder branches of the descendants of *Æsculapius*, the *Leach* and the *Pothecary*.

VII. The seventh class consists of names derived from the celestial hierarchy. Man, in choosing his family names, has not confined himself to the narrow sphere of his visible created world. To enlarge his vocabulary "he passed the flaming bounds of space and time," and ventured to adopt names taken from the whole hierarchy of Heaven. Not content, as the ancient Pagans were, with derivative names, such as *Apollonius* from *Apollo*, *Poseidonius* from *Poseidon*, *Athenæus* from *Athene*, *Demetrius* from *Demeter*, the Christians of the middle ages assumed, as

their surnames, the very name of God the Father, the Son, or the Holy Ghost, and those of eminent saints and martyrs of the church. Among other such names, the Germans and the French have *Herrgott* and *Heiland*, *Dieu*, *St. Sauveur*, *St. Antoine*, *St. Ange*. More southern countries have *De Jesus*, *De Santa Maria*, and even *Jesus Maria*, as surnames. A German, *Herrgott*, is well known as the author of a learned genealogical work, and Colonel *Dieu* has been actively engaged in giving his professional aid to the cause of the Allies now at war with Russia.

In England, the gods and goddesses of the classical mythology of Greece and Rome have not bestowed their names on men.\* Even in Italy, where *per Bacco*! is still a common oath, and where classical names were frequently assumed in the 16th century, but few names have been taken from the ancient classical mythology. Our *Bacchus* has an indisputable, and at the same time truly indigenous, origin: it is merely a corruption of *Bakehouse*. So *Malthouse* has been changed into *Malthus*, *Dovehouse* into *Duffus*, *Loft-house* into *Loftus*, and *Barkhouse* into *Barkus*.

But although our nomenclature has not borrowed from the mythology of Greece or Rome, yet before the Conquest names were bestowed in England, involving those of the Supreme Deity, and of inferior members of the celestial hierarchy of the popular faith. Some of the oldest words now used as surnames in England, were proper names during centuries of that pagan and early christian period. *Goddard*, *Godfrey*, and *Godwin*, belong to this class. Inferior persons in the hierarchy of the old Northern mythology are found in other proper names, which are perpetuated in existing English surnames; for instance, *Os* is found in the following derivatives,—*Osbert*, *Oswin*, *Osborne*, *Osgood*, *Osman*, *Osmond*, *Oswald*, *Oswell*. The surname *Godsall*, which seems to us to have its origin in a word of very high antiquity, has been supposed to come from an oath "*By God's soul*," used in England after the Conquest.† We have no doubt that *Godsall* is from *Godschalk*. The latter syllable, *schalk*, is *servus*, servant or attendant. The words *marshall* in England, *maréchal* in French,

\* Probably Professor *Pallas* owed his name to a corruption of *Palast* or some other northern source, and not to *Pallas* Athens.

† Lower, vol. i. p. 238, referring to the fact that Edward III. used on his shield and surcoat, the motto,

"Hay, hay, the wythe swan,  
By Gode's soul I am thy man."

*mariscalco* in Italian and Spanish, have an analogous origin from the old High German "*marah scale*, caballarius." *Godsall*, therefore, has the same meaning as the common Arabic name *Abd-Allah*, servant of God. Among the followers of the Prophet, the word *Abd*, or servant, is thus used in names, not only in composition with *Allah*, but in composition with any of the adjectives which express the special attributes of the Deity. Thus we have *Abd-el-Kader*, servant of the Almighty, *Abd-el-Medschid*, servant of the worthy of glory.

Such a compound name is also common among the Hindoos. *Durga-dâsa*, (servant of Durga), *Kali-dâsa*, *Ganga-dâsa*, *Nanda-dâsa*, *Râma-dâsa*, &c. Sometimes the very names of *Krishna*, *Rama*, *Siva*, &c., are bestowed on Hindoo children, from a belief that a repetition of the names of the gods is meritorious, "and operates like fire in consuming sin." The established epithets of the different deities of the Hindoo mythology are bestowed with equal liberality as names: for instance, *Gadâdhara*, "the mace-holder," an epithet of Krishna; *Gangâdhara*, "the holder of Ganga," an epithet of Siva. "The Ganges in its descent first alighted on the head of Siva, and continued for some time entangled in his hair."

One of the days of the week, *Wednesday*, is named from the old god *Odin* or *Woden*, and his name is still found in that of many places in England; one of them, *Wôdneseberg*, became *Wanborough*. A corresponding existing surname is *Wansbrough*. *Wish* is the English form of one of the names of *Odin* (Kemble, *Anglo-Saxons*, i. 345), and several names of places in England appear to be compounded with this name. The surname *Wishart* may also have been formed from it.

*Thor*, from whom we have *Thursday*, is found plainly enough in many existing surnames derived from localities. To compare with the Scandinavian *Thorwaldsen*, we have our surnames *Thoresby*, *Thurlow*, *Thursby*, *Homerton*, and *Hamerton*.\*

The ancient proper name *Frewin*, still preserved as a surname, is manifestly as old as the worship of *Fréa*. *Frewin* corresponds entirely in form with *Godwin* and *Oswin*. We have obtained from the same worship not only the name of our *Friday*, but that of *Fridaythorpe*, a place

in Yorkshire. Two other places named from *Fréa* are found in Anglo-Saxon charters of the tenth century.

Saturday is so called from the god *Satere*, whose name is retained by several localities in England. An English surname derived from one of such localities, is *Satherthwaite*, sometimes spelt *Satterthwaite*.

Although, as we have seen, *Godsall* does not involve any oath, yet the ancient name *Bigod*, appears to have arisen from the receiver's habit of taking God's name in vain, "for so (*Bigod*) the Frenchmen called the Normans,\* because at every other word they would swear by God." (Camden.) So in modern times Frenchmen have sometimes replaced the ordinary generic name of "*Jean Bull*" by "*Jean Gottam*."

Some other old English, and at least analogous names, may have had a like origin with *Bigod*. *Padew* and *Pardoe*, *Godbody*, *Olyfader*, *Bodkin*,† *Blood* and *Death*.‡ Among surnames of the class now under consideration, we have in England *St. John* and *St. Ledger*, which, as if ashamed of so using such names, we corrupt in pronunciation into *Sinjohn* and *Silleger*. When the old surname had the prefix *de*, as in *de Saint Pierre* or *de Sainte Pelaye*, it denoted a mere locality, and was not more profane than such local names as *St. James' Park* or *St. John's Wood*.

VIII. The above classes contain the bulk of the names now in use in England; there remains only one considerable class on which we have not touched. It is the class of different foreign names which, at various epochs since the Conquest, have been imported into England by immigrants, not only from Scotland and Ireland, but from most of the countries of Europe. It would be easy to point out different epochs at each of which the greatest influx of such foreigners into England has taken place. The first of such epochs was under the Plantagenet dynasty, when the intercourse between the inhabitants of England and those of the continental possessions of the English monarchs, was so considerable. Most places in Normandy had given rise to surnames in England from the time of the Conquest. From other

\* Compare Wace, *Roman de Rou*, vol. ii. p. 71. Mult ont Franceis "Normanz laidiz, E de mefais e de mediz. Sovent lor dient reproviens, E claiment bigoz et draschiers."

† Contracted from the second word in the oath *Odo-bodikin*.

‡ From the oaths *S'blood*, (God's blood), and *S' death* (God's death.)

\* *Hamer* is one of the names by which *Thor* was known in Germany. J. Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 160.

places were received, in the course of centuries, not only innumerable individual names, but national ones, such as *Alman*, *Almayne*, *Dalmaine*, *Janeway* (Genoa), *Bret*, *Britain*, *Burgin*, *Burgoyne*, *Dane*, *Flanders*, *Fleming*, *Franceis*, *Gaskin*, *Gascayne*, *Hanway* (Hainault), *Norman*, *Pickard* (Picard),\* *Lambert*, *Lombard*, *Loring* (Lothringer), *Poitebin*, *Sterling* (Easterling), *Wallis*, *Walsh*, *Wales*, *Scot*, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, *Baden*, *Holland*, *Schweitzer*, *France*, *Spain*, *Poland*, *Polack*, *Finn*, *Phinn*. Such words plainly indicate the countries from which the nominal founders of the families came.

Of the above names a few occur in the Domesday survey, more are found under the princes of the house of Plantagenet, and some are of comparatively recent importation. Thus, to bestow upon the foreigner the mere name of his nation, was not perhaps at any time very complimentary on the part of the proud islanders who received him among them. It is thus that the Greeks and Romans used commonly to designate their slaves. *Davus* or *Syrus*, *Thraz* or *Geta*, *Phryz* or *Lydus*. Sometimes each was called by a name very common in his own country; a Phrygian, *Manes* or *Midas*, a Paphlagonian, *Tibius*, a Syrian, *Dama*.

German names of recent importation are quite numerous enough, in London alone, to admit of a classification similar to that which we have made of English surnames. Of such German names, derived from localities only, a long catalogue might be made. The termination in *er* denotes sometimes locality, as in *Hamberger*, *Bamburger*, *Ehrenzeller*, and *Schneeberger*; sometimes an occupation, as in *Bauer*, *Cramer*, *Kochler*, *Kocher*, *Schleiermacher*.

The directories of Manchester and Liverpool show how large a proportion of the surnames found in both those places have an Irish, or Scottish, or, at the latter place a Welsh origin. At the former place are many recently imported from Germany. The names of shopkeepers in some streets in London, prove how large are the additions which the London "Onomasticon" is now receiving from different continental sources.†

\* "Edward IV., as I have heard," says Camden, "loving some whose name was *Picard*, would often tell them that he loved them well, but not their names, whereupon some of them changed their names."

† In Regent street alone there is an enormous proportion of foreign names nearly all very recently imported into England. *Maurigy*, *Rouz*, *Ferraro*, *Du Barry*, *Arias*, *Norra*, *Mirza*, *Claudet*,

Occasionally the foreign name is dropped altogether. Thus the German *Klien* has been known to become the stem from which English *Littles* have sprung. Sometimes the Anglicising process is effected by corruption of the original name into an English word of similar sound; thus *Tolner* became *Turner* in the case of an organ maker, who at his death was described as "Henry Tolner, alias Turner, buried Sept. 9, 1730," and whose son, called *Turner* only, was afterwards organist at St. John's College, Cambridge. A Dutchman, *Groenvelt*, for many years university printer at Cambridge, Anglicised his name to *Crownfield*, which was afterwards borne by his son, vice-president of Queen's College in that university. An ingenious whitesmith, a native of Lausanne, called *Gracon*, and who hardly spoke English, "translated his uncouth French name, which few could pronounce," into *Jackson*, which name alone was used by his descendants.

It is mainly in London and in a few large commercial places, that this great recent influx of foreigners is found. The family nomenclature of country districts has but slightly changed since the revolution of 1688. The sources of personal surnames throughout all England, town and country, are, however, as we have seen, numerous and varied; and the multifarious origin of such surnames corresponds in some degree with that of the English people. Many centuries have passed since the ancient Norman, and the more recent Saxon surnames, had equally become hereditary; and although existing surnames may still indicate, to the intelligent, a diversity of station and origin among their first bearers, yet that diversity has long ceased to be of any practical importance.

We regret that neither time nor space will allow us now to compare the history of surnames in Ireland and in the Scottish highlands, with that of surnames in England; possibly we may recur to the subject at some future time. In the meanwhile, in closing our survey of the main divisions of the English family nomenclature, we cannot help feeling

*Grosjean*, "*Vieyres* and *Ropingon*," *Defries*, "*Aubert* and *Klaftenberger*," "*Schott & Co.*," *Duvelleroy*, *Akerman*, *Euders*, *Gautier*, *Isidore*, *Baillière*, *Baumgart*, *Nevers*, *Leprince*, *Helbronner*, *Duclos*, *Causse*, *Lecomte*, *Losada*, *Azur*, *Verey*, *Baum*, *Emery*, *Armand*, *Sanguinetti*, *Driou*, *Barbe*, *Norchi*, *Thierry*, "*Fosset* and *Wenkheim*," *Jugla*, *Le Roy*, *Henneman*, *Petit*, *Debacker*, *Forrer*, *Lhocq*, *Marion*, *Futvoye*, "*Piver* and *Lawergnat*," *Julien*, *Houbigant*, *Castrique*, *Rossi*, *Viault*, *Beyer*, *Hubert*, *Lero*."



that we have been, to some extent, noting the various sources from which the Anglo-Saxon race has received its full and mature growth, and has been enabled to go forth conquering and to conquer a new hemisphere and a southern world. In the course of another century that great race, extending the blessings of civilization and laying sure foundations of free institutions in new worlds, will have planted there every class of surnames that took root in England between the conquest of 1066 and the revolution of 1688.

Such names have already spread with the growth of the United States of North America, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; and they will soon be diffused throughout the Australian continent. We hardly need apologize to our readers for inviting them, as we have done, to survey in some detail the varied sources of that English family nomenclature which is destined to spread over so large a part of the whole world.

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Dickens' Household Words.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE CZAR.

A BOOK, written by Ivan Tourghenief, was published at Moskow in eighteen hundred and fifty-two, of course in Russian, and has since been translated into English as *Russian Life in the Interior, or the Experiences of a Sportsman*; and into French under the modified title of *Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe*. We have just laid down the latter version, and are so impressed with the truthfulness of its delineations, that an irresistible temptation arises to scatter broadcast, by means of our columns, a few of the sketches which it gives of Russian life. Some of these are touching groups, making us conscious, after all, of the bond of common brotherhood which urges us individually to fraternize with individual members even of a hostile nation. Other scenes are simply astounding, compelling us to lift our hands and eyes in wonder that such monstrous things should be possible in a land which protests that it is eminently a member of true Christendom. But the whole series of pictures, great and small, confirm the accounts previously current of the barbaric civilization, the feudal tyranny, and the many instances of personal merit which characterize the multitudinous nation that bows itself down and is irresponsibly driven before him by the world's arch-enemy, the Emperor Nicholas.

Although the volume is written in a form that might seem to denote a highly artificial mode of composition (for it consists of twen-

ty-two chapters, each complete in itself, like articles that might appear in the pages of this journal, and sometimes contains minute descriptions that remind us of Balzac's most finished pictures), on reading it, the effect produced is rather that of listening to an eloquent improvisatore, or Red Indian orator, than of perusing the work of a practiced writer. M. Tourghenief is familiar with nature, loves her, courts her in her coyest moments, and often betrays the secret charm of out-door life with a passionate warmth that would do honor to Audubon himself; while his social position as a *barine*, or territorial lord, enables him to give us traits of Russian high life with the same readiness that his sportmanship introduces him to the interior of rustic huts. The writer is unpracticed, inexperienced, new: and his random leaves, thrown out from time to time in a Moscovian literary periodical, excited attention by their truth and freshness. United, they prove to constitute one of those bold, popular volumes, which reflect the tone of public feeling, and which succeed, making their way to the hearts of all, because the national mind volunteers itself as their instigator, accomplice, and judge. M. Tourghenief shall speak for himself in an eminently suggestive visit to a neighbor.

About twenty *vershs* from my estate, he writes, there resides an ex-officer of the Guards, a handsome young gentleman, with

whom I am acquainted. His name is Arcadi Pavlytch Péenotchkine. His domain has the advantage over mine, in being, amongst other things, well stocked with game. The house in which my friend Péenotchkine resides was built after the plans of a French architect; his people, from the first to the last, are clad in liveries according to the English style. He gives excellent dinners. He receives you in the most amiable manner—and with all that, you do not visit him with hearty goodwill. He is fond of the prudent and the positive: he has received a perfect education, has served in the army, has received the polish of high society, and at present devotes his attention, with marked success, to matters of rural economy. Arcadi Pavlytch, according to his own proper statement, is severe, but just; he watches closely over the welfare of his vassals, and if he chastises them, it is the best proof of his affection for them. "They are creatures whom you must treat exactly like children," he says on such occasions; "for in fact they are grown-up children, my dear fellow, and we must not forget to bear that in mind." As to himself, when he happens to be placed in what he calls the sad necessity of acting rigorously, he abstains from any abrupt or angry movement, or even from raising his voice: he simply extends his forefinger, and says coldly to the culprit, "I begged you, my dear man, to do so and so," or, "What is the matter with you, my friend? Recollect yourself." His teeth are slightly clenched; his mouth contracts imperceptibly, and that is all.

He is above the middle height, well-made and very good looking; he takes the greatest care of his hands and nails; his cheeks and lips are resplendent with health. He laughs frankly and heartily. He dresses with infinite taste. He procures a great quantity of French books and publications of all kinds, without being a great reader the more for that, and it is as much as he has done if he has got to the end of the *Wandering Jew*. He is an excellent partner at cards. In short, Arcadi Pavlytch passes for a highly civilized gentleman, and, with mothers who have daughters to marry, for one of the most desirable matches in our whole "government." The ladies are mad after him, and, above all things, extol his manners. He is admirably reserved, and has the wisdom of the serpent; never has he been mixed up in any current bit of gossip. He spends his winters at St. Petersburg. His house is marvellously well managed; the very coachmen have felt his influence so completely,

that they not only clean their harness and dust their armiaks, but they carry their refinement so far as to wash their faces every day, including the back of their ears and neck. Arcadi Pavlytch's people have a somewhat downcast look; but in our darling Russia it is not very easy to distinguish moroseness from mere sleepyheadedness.

Arcadi Pavlytch has a soft and unctuous way of speaking; he cuts up his phrases with frequent pauses, and voluptuously strains every word, curling it between his puffed-up moustachios. He is fond of seasoning his dialogue with French expressions, such as "*Mais c'est impayable! Mais comment done!*" In spite of all that, he has no attractions for me; and were it not for the game of his woods and heaths, and fields, the probability is that we should forget each other.

Notwithstanding the slight sympathy which I entertain for Arcadi Pavlytch, I once happened to pass the night at his house. Early the next morning I had the horses put to my calèche, but he would not allow me to leave till I had breakfast in the English style, and he dragged me into his cabinet. We had tea, cutlets, poached eggs, butter, honey, Swiss cheese, and so on. Two white-gloved valets, silently, and with the greatest promptness, anticipated our slightest wishes. We were seated upon a Persian divan,—Arcadi Pavlytch, in a heterogeneous Oriental costume, sipped his tea, nibbled a bit of something, smiled, looked at his nails, smoked, tucked a cushion under his arm, and appeared in the main to be in excellent good temper. He soon made a serious attack upon the cutlets and the cheese; and, after having worked away at them like a man, he poured himself out a glass of red wine, raised it to his lips, and knitted his brows.

"Why has this wine not been warmed?" he drily asked of one of the valets, who became confused, turned pale, and stood like a statue. "I just ask you that question, my dear fellow," continued the young Seigneur, staring at the poor man with wide-open eyes. The only motion the culprit made was a slight twisting of the napkin which he held in his hand. Under the weight of fascination, he was unable to utter a syllable. Arcadi Pavlytch lowered his forehead, and continued to gaze thoughtfully, but covertly, at his victim.

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir," he said to me with an amiable smile, laying his hand familiarly on my knee. He again gave the valet a silent stare.

"Well! go!" he said at last, raising his eyebrows, and touching the spring of a small alarm bell, which was followed by the entrance of a stout, brown-faced man, with a low forehead and bloodshot eyes.

"Get matters ready for Fedor," said Arcadi Pavlytch, with increasing laconism, and in a state of perfect self-command.

The thickset man bowed, and left the room. No doubt the correction for which he had received the order was duly administered to the delinquent servant-man.

"This is one of the annoyances of country life," said Arcadi, in laughing mood. "But where are you going to? Stop, stop! sit down here."

"No, indeed; I am obliged to leave you. It is getting late."

"To go shooting? Always shooting! 'Tis quite a passion with you. In which direction do you propose to start?"

"Forty versts off; to Reabovo."

"To Reabovo! But then I will accompany you. Reabovo is only five versts from my estate of Chipilovka, and I have been intending to go there for some time past. Till to-day, I have not had a moment at liberty. It is a lucky accident. You can shoot at your heart's content at Reabovo, if such is your wish, and in the evening you will be my guest. We will have a good supper, for I will take the cook with me. I want to show you Chipilovka; my moujika (peasants) there, pay their taxes punctually. I can't understand how they make two ends meet; but that's their affair. I must own that I have a hard-headed bourmister (steward) over them; quite a little statesman, on my word of honor. You will see what a lucky mortal I am."

It was impossible to refuse; but instead of leaving at nine o'clock in the morning, it was two in the afternoon before we started. A sportsman will understand my impatience. Arcadi Pavlytch took with him such a stock of linen, provisions, clothes, cushions, perfumes, and divers "necessaries," as would have sufficed an economical German for a whole twelvemonth, supplying him stylishly and pleasantly too. At last we arrived, not at Reabovo, where I wanted to go, but at Chipilovka. It was too late to think seriously of shooting, so I consoled myself with the reflection that what can't be cured must be endured.

The cook had preceded us by several minutes. I thought I could observe that he had already completed sundry arrangements, and especially that he had given notice of our

coming to the person who had the greatest interest in being informed of it. At the gate of the village we were met by the staroste (elder), the son of the bourmister, a vigorous red-headed peasant, six feet high, on horseback, without a hat, dressed in his best armiak, which hung unfastened and danced in the air.

"And where is Sophron?" asked Arcadi Pavlytch.

The elder first of all dismounted, bowed very low, and muttered, "Health, father, Seigneur Arcadi Pavlytch." Then he raised his head, shaking his locks to make them stand upright, and said that Sophron was at Perof, but that he had already been sent for to return immediately.

"Very well! Go behind the calèche, and follow us."

The elder, by way of politeness, led his horse ten paces away from us to the border of the road, remounted, and trotted after us, cap in hand. We made our entry into the village.

The bourmister's cottage was situated apart from the others, in the midst of a green and fertile hempfield. We halted at the entrance of the courtyard. M. Péenotchkin rose, picturesquely threw aside his cloak, and stepped out of the calèche, serenely gazing around him. The bourmister's wife advanced, bowing very low in front, and making a dead set at the hand of the master, who graciously allowed the good woman to kiss it as long as she pleased, and then mounted the three steps that led to the front door. The elder's wife was waiting in a dark corner of the entrance, bowing also very low, but without daring for a moment to aspire to the honor of kissing the hand. In what is called "the cold chamber," to the right of the entrance hall, two other women were busily engaged in carrying off all sorts of objects—empty jugs, old clothes, butter-pots, and a cradle wherein, amidst a heap of rags, an infant reposed, it seemed to me. Their work ended, Arcadi Pavlytch drove them out in a hurry, to seat himself on the bench exactly under the holy pictures, which the common people never fail to salute, crossing themselves at the same time, whenever they enter any room whatsoever. The drivers then brought in the large chests, the middle-sized trunks, and the little boxes. It is needless to mention that they took infinite pains to muffle the sound of their footsteps. Once when they stood a little on one side, I saw the bourmister's wife noiselessly pinch and beat some other woman, who did not dare to cry out. Sud-

denly, we heard the rapid rolling, as rapidly checked, of a "telegue" which stopped before the door, and the bourmister made his entrance.

The "statesman," of whom Arcadi Pavlytch had boasted was short, thickset, with broad shoulders, grisly hair, a red nose, small blue eyes, and a beard shaped like a reversed fan. Note, by the way, that ever since Russia has been in existence there has not been a single instance of a man's growing rich, without his beard at the same time becoming proportionally broader and broader. We may suppose that the Bourmister had copiously washed down his dinner at Perof. His face streamed with perspiration, and he smelt of wine at ten paces' distance.

"Ah, you! our fathers! You, our benefactors!" said the cunning fellow, in a droll sort of chant, using the plural form to show his greater respect, and speaking in such a tone of emotion, that I expected every moment to see him burst into tears. "You have come to us at last! Your hand, father, your hand!" he added, protruding his thick lips to their utmost stretch.

Arcadi Pavlytch allowed his hand to be kissed, and said quite caressingly: "Well, brother Sophron, how do our affairs go on?"

"Ah, you, our fathers!" Sophron replied. "And how should they go on otherwise than well, when you, our fathers, our benefactors, deign by your presence to enlighten our poor little village? Oh! I am happy to my dying day. Thanks to God, Arcadi Pavlytch, all goes well. All goes well that belongs to your grace."

After a minute's silence devoted to mute contemplation, the "statesman" sighed enthusiastically, and, as if carried away by sudden inspiration (with which a strong dose of ardent spirits might have something to do), he again solicited the lordly hand, and chanted with greater vehemence than before: "Ah, you! our fathers and benefactors! I am mad with delight! I can scarcely believe my eyes that it is you, our fathers, our—"

The scene was well acted. Arcadi Pavlytch looked at me, smiled slightly, and asked me in French, "Is it not touching?"

"Ah, Arcadi Pavlytch," resumed the bourmister, "what will become of you here? Just now, I think, you thoroughly vex me; you did not let me know that you were coming. How will you contrive to pass the night, gracious Heaven? This is a dusty, dirty hole—"

"No matter, Sophron; no matter," replied

Arcadi Pavlytch with a smile. "We are well enough here."

"Well! our cherished fathers; well! yes; but for whom? For us clod-hoppers, well enough, but for you! Ah! our fathers—ah! our benefactors, excuse a poor imbecile. Yes; my brain is turned inside out—Father of Heaven! inside out—I am crazy with excess of joy."

Supper was served; Arcadi Pavlytch sat down to supper. The old man soon turned his son out of the room, because he exhaled too potent a rustic odor, according to the remark of the father himself, who stood like an automaton three or four paces away from the table.

"Well, old fellow! have you settled with the neighbors about the boundary?" asked M. Péenotchkine.

"Settled, bérine, settled—thanks to thee, to thy name. The day before yesterday we signed the agreement. The khlynovski, at first, made a great many objections: they demanded this, and that, and something besides, and Heaven knows what. Dogs, poor people, fools as they are! But we, father, thanks to thy generosity, we have—satisfied Nicolas Nicolaévitch. We acted according to thy instructions, bérine—as thou hast said, we have done—yes: we have arranged and finished all, according to thy will, as reported by Egor Dmitritch."

"Egor delivered in his report," said Arcadi Pavlytch, majestically; "and now are you satisfied?"

Sophron only waited for such a word to intone afresh his "Ah! you, our fathers, our saviours and benefactors! ah! we pray the Lord God for you night and day. Doubtless we have but little land here."

"Good, good, Sophron," said Péenotchkine, "I know you are a devoted servant, and—what does this year's threshing produce?"

"The threshing? it is not altogether satisfactory. But allow me, our good fathers, Arcadi Pavlytch, to announce to you a little matter which has befallen us unexpectedly." Here he drew near to M. Péenotchkine, leaned forward obliquely, and, winking his eye, said, "A dead body has been found upon our land."

"How did that happen?"

"Ah! our fathers, I ask the same question; it must have been done by some enemy. It is fortunate that it lay upon the very verge of our estate, near a field which belongs to other people. I cleverly caused the corpse to



be transported to the neighbor's land. I posted a sentinel a little way off, and enjoined him to keep the strictest silence. I then went to the head of the police, gave information in my own way, and left him with a slight token of gratitude for the injury which he does not do us. By Our Lady, *bérine*, my plan answered; the corpse remained hanging round our neighbor's neck. You know that on such an occasion as this two hundred roubles (more than thirty pounds) have no more effect than a penny roll of the finest flour has on the appetite of a starving man."

M. Péenotchkine laughed at his *bourmister's* exploit, and said to me in French several times, pointing to him with a motion of the head, "What a jolly fellow! isn't he?"

The night came, the table was removed, and some hay brought in. The valet de chambre arranged two beds, covering them properly with sheets and pillows. Arcadi, before going to sleep, enumerated the admirable qualities of the Russian peasantry, adding that ever since Sophron had been manager he had never lost a farthing of income from this estate.

Next morning we rose early. I had intended to go to Reabovo; but Arcadi Pavlytch testified a great desire to show me his property, and induced me to remain. I confess I was curious to witness with my own eyes the proofs of the great talents of the statesman whose name was Sophron the *bourmister*. He soon appeared before us. He was still dressed in a blue *armiak* with a red girdle. He was less talkative than the day before: he watched his master with piercing attention; he answered cleverly, and in proper terms. We inspected the barns, the sheepfold, the outhouses, the windmill, the stables, the kitchen-garden, and the hemp-fields; all was really in excellent order. The wan countenances of the *moujiks* were in truth the only thing with which I could as yet find fault. Arcadi Pavlytch was delighted; he explained to me in French the advantages of the system of "*obroc*" (personal tax), and gave advice to the *bourmister* as to the best way of planting potatoes and physicking cattle. Sophron listened attentively, and sometimes even ventured to differ, for he had discarded yesterday's devoted adulation, and stuck to the text that the estate must be increased, because the soil was bad. "Buy more land, then,—in my name," answered Arcadi Pavlytch; "I have no objection." To which Sophron made no other

answer than to close his eyes in silence, and stroke his beard. With regard to sylviculture, M. Péenotchkine followed Russian notions. He told me an anecdote, which he thought very amusing,—of a facetious country gentleman, who, in order to make his head forester understand that it is not true that the more you strip a wood, the better it will sprout again,—robbed him, at a single pluck, of half the beard that grew on his chin.

In other respects, I cannot say that either Arcadi Pavlytch or Sophron were opposed to all innovation and improvement. They took me to see a winnowing-machine, which they had recently procured from Moscow; but if Sophron could have foreseen the untoward event which awaited us there, he would certainly have deprived us of this latter spectacle.

A few paces from the door of the barn where the machine was at work, stood two peasants,—one an old man of seventy, the other a lad of twenty, both dressed in shirts made of odd scraps of cloth, both wearing a girdle of rope, and with naked feet. The elder, with gaping mouth, and convulsively clenched fists, was trying to drive them away, and would probably have succeeded if we had remained much longer in the barn. Arcadi Pavlytch knit his brows, bit his lip, and walked straight to the group. The two peasants cast themselves at his feet.

"What do you want? Speak!" he said, in a severe and somewhat nasal voice.

The poor creatures exchanged looks, and could not utter a word; their eyes winked as if they were dazzled, and their respiration was accelerated.

"Well, what is the matter?" resumed Arcadi Pavlytch, immediately turning round to Sophron. "To what family do they belong?"

"To the Tobolëïf family," answered the *bourmister* slowly.

"What do you want, then? Have you no tongue? Speak, old man; what would you have?" He added: "You have nothing to be frightened at, imbecile."

The old man stretched forward his bronzed and wrinkled neck, moved his thick blue lips, and said, in a bleating voice: "Come to our aid, my *Seigneur*!"

And again he fell with his forehead to the ground; the young man acted nearly in the same way. Arcadi Pavlytch gravely regarded their bended necks; then changing the position of his legs and his head, he said, "What is the matter? Of whom do you complain? Let us see all about it."

"Pity, my Seigneur; a moment's breathing-time. We are tortured; we are——"

"Who tortures you?"

"Sophron Jakovlitch, the bourmister."

"Your name?" said my companion, after a moment's silence.

"Anthippe, my Seigneur."

"And the other?"

"He is my son, Seigneur."

Arcadi Pavlytch was again silent, twisting his moustache. At last he added, "Well, and in what way has he tortured you so cruelly?" And he haughtily regarded the wretched man, looking down between the tufts of his moustache.

"My Seigneur, he has completely stripped and ruined us. Contrary to every regulation, he has compelled two of my sons to enlist out of their turn, and now he is going to rob me of the third. No later than yesterday he carried off my last cow; and his grace, the elder, who is indeed his son, has beaten my housewife. Ah! good Seigneur! Do not permit him to make an end of us."

M. Péenotchkine was extremely embarrassed; he coughed three or four times, and then, with a discontented air, inquired of the bourmister, in an under tone, what he ought to think of such an allegation.

"He is a drunkard, sir," replied the bourmister, with insolent assurance; "a drunkard and an idler. He does nothing. For the last five years he has not been able to pay his back reckoning."

"Sophron Jakovlitch has paid for me, my Seigneur," replied the old man. "This is the fifth year in which he has paid instead of me; and, as he pays for me, he has treated me as his pledge, his own proper slave, my good Seigneur, and——"

"But all that does not explain the reason of the deficit," said M. Péenotchkine, with animation. The old man bowed his head. "You drink, don't you? You haunt the public-houses?" The old man opened his lips to justify himself—"I know you," continued Arcadi Pavlytch. "You pass your time in drinking and in sleeping on the stove; and the industrious peasant has to answer for you to——"

"And, besides, he is ill-behaved," added the bourmister, without scrupling to behave ill himself by presuming to interrupt his master.

"Ill-behaved, of course! it is always so; I have often made the same observation. The lazy fellow indulges in dissipation and bad language the whole year through, and then,

one day, he throws himself at his Seigneur's feet."

"My good Seigneur," said the old man, with an accent of fearful despair, "in the name of God, rescue us from this man. And he calls me ill-behaved, besides! I tell you before Heaven that I cannot exist any longer. Sophron Jakovlitch has taken a spite against me. Why? Who can say? He has ruined, crushed, and utterly destroyed me. This is my last child. Well?"—A tear ran down the old man's yellow and wrinkled cheeks. "In the name of Heaven, my good Seigneur, come to our aid."

"And we are not the only people whom he persecutes," said the younger peasant.

Arcadi Pavlytch took fire at this word from the poor lad, who had hitherto kept so quiet.

"And who asked you any questions? Tell me that. How dare you speak before you are spoken to? What does all this mean? Hold your tongue; hold your tongue! Good God! this is a regular revolt. But it will not answer to revolt against me. I will——"

Arcadi Pavlytch was about to make some hasty movement of which he would have repented afterwards, but he probably remembered that I was present, for he restrained himself, and stuck his hands in his pockets. He said to me in French, "I beg your pardon, my dear fellow," with a forced smile and in an undertone. "It is the wrong side of the tapestry, the reverse of the medal." He continued in Russian, addressing the serfs, but without looking at them, "Very well; very well. I shall take my measures. Very well, go!" (The peasants did not stir.) "Very well, I tell you. Take yourselves off. I tell you I shall give my orders. Be-gone."

Arcadi turned his back, muttering the words, "Nothing but unpleasantnesses," and strode off to the bourmister's house, who followed him.

A couple of hours after this scene, I was at Reabovo; and there, taking for my companion one Anpadiste, a peasant, whom I knew, I promised to devote myself entirely to sport. Up to the moment of my departure, M. Péenotchkine appeared to be sulky with Sophron. I could not help thinking that I had yielded extremely *mal à propos* to the invitation to stop and inspect, that morning. Whether I would or not, the thought was so completely uppermost in my mind, that while journeying with Anpadiste I said to him a few words on the subject of M. Péenotchkine

and the Chipilovka serfs, and asked him if he knew the bourmister of the estate.

"Sophron Jacovlitch, you mean?"

"Yes; what sort of a man is he?"

"He is not a man, he is a dog, and so bad a dog that from here to Koursk you would not find his equal."

"Really?"

"Ah, sir, Chipilovka has only the appearance of belonging to—to this—never mind his Christian names"—(in Russia, a person's Christian name and that of his father are used together, whenever it is wished to speak respectfully to, or of, any person: their suppression is equivalent to an insult)—"to this M. Péenotchkin. He is not the owner; the real owner is Sophron only."

"Do you think so?"

"He has converted Chipilovka into a life-estate of his own. Fancy that there is not a single peasant there who is not in debt to him up to the neck. He, therefore, has them all under his thumb. He employs them as he will, does what he chooses with them, and makes them his tools and drudges."

"I am told they are pinched for room,—that the estate is not large enough."

"Are we ever short of land or room in these districts? Sophron traffics in land, in horses, in cattle, pitch, rosin, butter, hemp, and a hundred other articles. He is clever,

very clever; and isn't he rich, the brute? But he is mad about threshing. He is a dog, a mad dog, and not a man. I tell you again, he is a ferocious brute."

"But why do not the peasants make a complaint to their real Seigneur?"

"Ah, sir, the Seigneur pockets his revenue,—the payment is exact, and he is satisfied. In case of complaint, what will he do? He will say to the complainant, 'Take yourself off,—begone! If not, Sophron will know the reason why. Make yourself scarce; otherwise, he will settle your business, as he has settled So-and-so's and So-and-so's.'"

I briefly told him what I had seen that morning respecting Anthippe and his son.

"Well," said Anpadiste, "Sophron will now devour the old man. He will suck the marrow out of his bones. The elder will address him in no better language than blows of the fist. Poor man! five or six years ago, he resisted Sophron about some trifle in the presence of others, and some words passed between them which rankled in the bourmister's heart. That was quite enough. He began by annoying him; afterwards he pressed him closer; and now he is gnawing him to the very bone, execrable scoundrel that he is!"

From the North British Review.

## LITERARY COTERIES.\*

THERE is nothing about which critics are wont to blunder more than about what they call "book-making." It is no small thing to make a book. Many who can write books cannot make them. A skilful "book-maker," indeed, is a person to be encouraged and extolled. The nomenclature is not rightly that of reprobation and contempt. And yet when a man has failed to make a book, it is the fashion to stigmatize him as a "book-

maker," as though book-making were the easiest thing in the world, success in which is to be accounted a reproach.

In truth, it may be said of book-making, as Mr. Carlyle said of needle-work, that the saddest thing of all is that, whilst of distracted puckering and blotching there is more than enough, of genuine work worthy to be so called there is scarcely any to be had. There is paper and there is print; an editor's name on the title-page—a lord's perhaps or a cabinet minister's—and there is much readable matter within the covers; but the gross result, with all its distracted

\* *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.* By R. R. MADDEN, M. R. I. A. Author of "Travels in the East," "Infirmities of Genius," &c., &c. 3 Vols. London, 1855.

puckering and botching, is not a book. It is a thing of some sort, but not to be called a book. A book has been required, perhaps intended; but it has not been produced. A house is not made by throwing down so many thousands of bricks higgledy-piggledy, upon a grass-plot; nor is a garden to be made by emptying out so many drawersful of seeds and cuttings, with promiscuous liberality. In either case the result, doubtless, is something. But that something is not a house or a garden; and the same process cannot make a book.

Many qualities, not very common in themselves among literary men, and very rare in combination, are required to make an expert book-maker. Many chestsful of papers are placed before him, and he is required to convert them into a certain number of volumes. The materials of a book—of a good book—are there. But to convert these materials into a book, it is necessary the maker should possess himself much more than the chests contain. He must have patience to peruse all the papers submitted to him; judgment to select; method to arrange them. He must have a thorough knowledge of the subject to be treated of, or he will not know how to peruse, how to select, or how to arrange. He must possess, too, certain antagonistic qualities—qualities to hold each other in check. He must be genial and yet severe. He must have a warm heart, and yet a cool head. He must be appreciative and yet exclusive—sympathetical and yet obdurate—prodigal and yet chary. If he be not thus diversely gifted, he will accept or he will reject in excess. His book will have too much in it or too little. It will be clumsily obese, or weakly attenuated. Even of order—Heaven's and the book-maker's "first law"—there may be too much. Method must sometimes be jogged by impulse, and arrangement stimulated into occasional errors of discursiveness. The book-maker must know, indeed, like the Apostle, how to want and how to abound. The very qualities which contribute most to fit him for his office, will essentially unfit him for it, if not held in just control.

The besetting infirmity of authors is egotism. It is necessary above all things that a book-maker should not be an egotist. We do not mean by this that he should not talk about himself. There is egotism, in its utmost intensification, where the personal pronoun is never used. We mean, that he must not shape his work in the mould of his own personal feelings and predilections.

He must continually bear in mind that the audience to which he addresses himself is not composed of so many copies of himself—that the passages in letters or journals which make the strongest impression on his own mind may not make the same impression on others—that their interest may be derived rather from certain idiosyncrasies or associations of his own than from any general attractiveness inherent in the selections themselves. It would be curious and instructive to give copies of precisely the same papers to two or more workmen, with instructions to each to select from them materials for certain volumes of biography, for example, and to shape the materials so selected into a book. That from the hands of these different craftsmen would come books so unlike each other as scarcely to seem to have been constructed from the same materials—hardly, perhaps, to relate to the same subject, is not to be doubted. Each writer would probably have been thinking more about himself than about his audience, and have colored his subject from the prevailing hues of his own mind. When a literary workman deals with the writings of others—when it is his vocation to construct from pre-existing materials, in which he has none other than acquired property, the temptation to egotism comes upon him in its most subtle, insidious, and unsuspected shape, and is proportionately irresistible.

For these and other reasons, into which the requirements of time and space forbid us to enter, we hold that the vocation of a book-maker, rightly considered, is one by no means to be lightly regarded or contemptuously described. To make a book, as we have said, is no small thing. The evil is, that so many workmen attempt to make books and fail. In this category we are afraid that we must include the Editor of the "Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington." It is a mistake to call it a "book-making affair." There is no book-making in it. Dr. Madden has given us three amusing volumes about almost everybody under the sun. The work is a mixture of the Magazine and the Biographical Dictionary. It would be almost impossible to read it through from beginning to end. And yet, doubtless it has been read, and will be read by a vast number of people—and many parts twice over. You may begin your studies where you like. There is no particular reason why any part of the book is in any particular place. You never know what volume you are reading—whether



you are at the beginning or the end of the work. Wherever you may chance to be, the book may as well end in the next chapter as in any other; and when you do come to the end, you feel that such is the plan, or the no-plan of the work, that you may just as well be carried on through three, or even six more volumes. Until you are accustomed to the mode of treatment, you are startled at times—but you soon cease to be surprised at meeting anything in any place; and you dip into it, as you would into a scrap-book.

MARGARET POWER, afterwards Countess of Blessington, was born on the 1st of September, 1790. Her father, Edmund Power, was a small Irish gentleman, who farmed and hunted in Tipperary, and left his family to take care of itself. The children were of a healthy and a handsome stock, and they grew up in their beauty and strength, as wildly as might be, with the single exception of little Margaret, who is said to have been both plain and sickly in her childhood. She, however, evinced early signs of the possession of a reflective and inquiring mind, which being something strange and unappreciable in her Tipperary home, was construed into another foreshadowing of a premature grave.

When Margaret was about seven years old, her father removed from Knockbrit, the place of her birth, and settled himself in his own unsettled way in the town of Clonmel. There he became a magistrate; and, being naturally addicted to the chase, he took to rebel-hunting, and became, in that especial field, one of the mightiest Nimrods of the day. He clothed himself in apostasy, rode out with packs of dragons; and was rewarded for his trouble, on one hand by the slaying of his cattle, the burning of his store-houses, and the destruction of his plantations; and on the other by lying promises from Protestant lords and invitations to Dublin Castle.

An Irish gentleman is not easily ruined. But Edmund Power's characteristic boldness now moved him to rush upon a danger, against which no strength or elasticity is proof. He started a newspaper. His enemies had now no longer any need to exercise their active malignity. They might wait in patience, sure of the result. The inevitable ruin came rapidly enough, and with it, as the growth of disappointment, an increased violence of temper and recklessness of conduct. In one of his *raids* after his misguided countrymen he shot a poor boy with his own hand, and hung up his body as a public spectacle. For this exploit he was tried for

life, but escaped to commit other fatal errors, and to sow, broad-cast, other misery in the world.

When his daughter Margaret was little more than fourteen years of age, the 47th Regiment was stationed at Clonmel. Among its officers was a Captain Farmer—young, good-looking, rich; of agreeable manners, it is said, but of ungovernable temper, and suspected to be slightly insane. Margaret, child as she was, had been launched into the gaieties of the country town; and, as by this time she had improved greatly both in health and beauty, she attracted the attention of more than one of the officers of the regiment. Foremost of these in his assiduities was Captain Farmer. But Margaret Power hated him. Her father, however, looked with different eyes upon the suitor; and readily accepted his tenders for the poor child's hand. In her budding beauty and her dawning genius she was sold to the highest bidder—a man in every way unfit to have the charge of such a child-wife. They were married in Clonmel in 1804. The world is everywhere full of strange juxtapositions. Lord Hardinge, one of the best and kindest of men, was Captain Farmer's groom's-man on this melancholy occasion.\*

Such an union bore in abundance the accustomed fruit—strife, violence, jealousy, terror, hatred; finally, separation. After three miserable years, Mrs. Farmer left her husband to dwell for a time under the paternal roof. But neither repose, nor happiness, nor innocence were to be enjoyed there. Everything was against her.

Young, inexperienced, tempted  
By most insufferable misery,

she fell a prey to the evil circumstances by which she was surrounded. Among the visitors at her father's house, was a Captain Jenkins—an officer of dragons—whose agreeable manners and many fine qualities made a strong and lasting impression on her heart. From the period of her separation from Captain Farmer to the date of that gentleman's death, there is an ugly and somewhat obscure interval of ten years. We are not sure that such studied obscurity on the part of friendly biographers often answers the kindly end for which it is designed. Unfortunately the world is an uncharitable one; and the hiatus is commonly filled up by the hypothesis of the reader in a manner more prejudicial to

\* Dr. Madden says that Captain Hardinge was Farmer's "bridegroom."

their object than the facts which the writer has hesitated to supply.

And in this particular case, we do not scruple to express our belief, that Lady Blessington's memory would suffer less by a plain statement of the fact than by any shadowy hints or obscure inuendoes. Margaret Farmer, separated from a brutal husband, to whom she had been in utter helplessness given over like a bale of merchandise, and having no asylum to which she could betake herself, accepted the protection of a man to whom she was sincerely attached. We shall not characterize the offence. Any inquiry into its magnitude would involve the consideration of larger questions than can be thus incidentally discussed. The reader has been made acquainted with the antecedents of the crime. It may foster his toleration to learn—if Mr. Landor's declaration has not already made him acquainted with the fact—that on the death of her husband, Mrs. Farmer, disregarding for a time the offer of a more splendid alliance, was eager to be united in marriage with the man who had so long been her companion, fallen as were then his fortunes and poor as was his estate; and that it was only when this privilege was denied to her, that she consented to become Countess of Blessington.

Captain Farmer died towards the close of 1817, and four months afterwards, in February 1818, Mrs. Farmer, now a widow by law, as she had long been by nature, married the Irish Earl. He was then a widower at the suitable age of thirty-five—a kind-hearted, extravagant, weak man, with all sorts of eccentricities about him. He had a taste for fine clothes, fine furniture, and fine women; and as an auxiliary to all these propensities, an additional one for theatricals. His besetting infirmity was vanity. He did foolish things that he might be talked about by foolish people. In this at least he was not disappointed. People talked, but they soon ceased to marvel. It was nothing strange that Lord Blessington, having a few years before married his own mistress, should now marry his friend's. There would have been something heroic in this contempt of conventionality, if he had not been an Earl with £30,000 a year. But a coronet and such a rent roll will gloss over even greater eccentricities than this.

And so, says Dr. Madden, "the Blessingtons' splendid mansion in St. James' Square in a short time became the rendezvous of the élite of London celebrities of all kinds of distinction; the first literati, statesmen, artists,

eminent men of all professions, in a short time became habitual visitors at the abode of the new married Lord and Lady."

We take the truth of this for granted, desiring that it should be true. If it were our design to deduce from the work before us illustrations of important questions of social morality, we should dwell upon the error committed by those who, not content with the certainty of a decorous or even a virtuous present, must exact as a condition of admission to their acquaintance, the further certainty of a decorous and a virtuous past. If a woman, from a condition almost invariably followed by a further descent, rises into the respectability of a virtuous wife, ought we not to drop a tear of pity upon the record of the past, and blot it out from our memories forever? We are forever talking about Reformatories and Penitentiaries and such like asylums for the erring. Would it not be better to begin by opening an asylum for the penitent and the reformed in our own hearts, and then to subscribe for the brick and mortar? Charitable buildings are excellent things, but charitable thoughts are better. Are we never to wipe out the plague-marks from the door, though the inmate has been restored to health, and the taint of the pestilence has departed?

Dr. Madden tells us that Lord and Lady Blessington were visited by the great and gifted of the land. Whether this brilliant society was composed wholly or chiefly of one sex does not appear. We suspect that it was; we hope, for the credit of society, that it was not. The position of a beautiful and gifted woman, as the centre of a brilliant circle of men, is not a fortunate one. A something which no single word accurately describes, is sure to be contracted there. What at this epoch of her career Margaret Blessington most needed to render her, in all the relations of life, a noble specimen of womanhood, was, next to a judicious husband, which she had not, the countenance and the friendship of some honored members of her own sex. But with a husband lacking every solid quality, the chief desire of whose life was that everything belonging to him should be admired; and with a circle of male friends ever exhaling the incense of that particular kind of flattery which clever and pretty women of no very defined social position attract to themselves; everything seems to have been against her at the turning-point of her career. That surrounded by circumstances so little formed to develop the better part of her nature, so many good quali-

ties still struggled successfully to assert themselves—that amidst so many corrupting influences she was so little corrupted—is, let us hope, a proof that her tendencies were towards the good and the pure; that there was a will to resist evil, which amidst happier environments might have made her as much a pattern to one sex as she was the admiration of the other;—

"What's done ye partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted."

After three years of this spendid London life, Lord Blessington grew thoroughly weary of its excitements. The salons of St. James' which called him master, and the brilliant gatherings of fashion and talent which called him host, had ceased to have any attraction for him. He yearned after something new; and bethought himself of trying the effect of foreign travel in recruiting his exhausted powers of enjoyment. So he broke up his London establishment and started for the continent, travelling of course *en prince*, and seeking not only a sensation for himself, but to be the cause of sensation in others. In August 1822, the Blessingtons, accompanied by Miss Mary Anne Power, the youngest sister of Lady Blessington, and Mr. Charles James Matthews, the only son of the celebrated comedian, set out on a Continental tour, and made their arrangements for an intended sojourn of some years in the South of Europe.

The literary fruit of this journey was the "Idler in Italy"—the best perhaps, because the most genuine of Lady Blessington's works—and the "Conversations with Lord Byron." It is natural that the poet should have excited a lively interest in the lady's mind, no less by the force of his genius than by the circumstances of his life. On reaching Genoa, where Byron was residing, on the last day of March 1823, Lady Blessington wrote in her journal, "And am I, indeed, in the same town with Byron! And tomorrow I may perchance behold him!" The morrow—not an auspicious day—came, and the heart's desire of the lady was gratified. She saw the poet; but seeing him, she was disappointed. It is said that she obtained admittance to him, in the first instance by a ruse, when her husband and a friend were paying him a morning visit. Jealous of all such intrusions, seeking ever to avoid the impertinent curiosity of English tourists, and having a wholesome horror of "blue-stockings" of every grade, Byron seems at first

to have taken refuge in flippancy, and to have rendered himself purposely uninteresting in the lady's eyes. But subsequent intercourse—the necessity of attack and defence being over—made them think better of each other. Something of friendship grew up between them—a friendship beneficial in its effects upon the minds of them both. We have it on Mr. Moore's authority, "that one of the most important services conferred upon Lord Byron by Lady Blessington during this intimacy, was that half-reviving of his old regard for his wife, and the check which she contrived to place upon the composition of Don Juan, and upon the continuation of its most glaring immoralities." "He spoke of Ada," continues the biographer of Lord Byron; "'her mother,' he said, 'has feasted on the smiles of her infancy and growth, but the tears of her maturity shall be mine.'" Lady Blessington told him that if he so loved his child, he should never write a line that could bring a blush of shame to her cheek, or a sorrowing tear to her eye; and he said 'you are right. I never remembered this. I am jealously tenacious of the undivided sympathy of my daughter; and that work, (Don Juan,) written to beguile hours of tristesse and wretchedness, is well calculated to loosen my hold upon her affections. I will write no more of it. Would that I had never written a line.' In this gentler mood, with old love, old times, and the tenderest love that human heart can know, all conducing to soothe his pride and his dislike of Lady Byron, he learnt that a near friend of her Ladyship was in Genoa, and he requested Lady Blessington to procure for him, through this friend, a portrait of his wife." There is more of the same kind in the life of Lord Byron to show that the intercourse between these two unfortunate and much-censured persons generated the best emotions of the human heart, and that its salutary influences, not only upon the feelings, but upon the conduct of the misguided poet, were not of an evanescent character.

The Blessingtons sojourned for some years in Italy, and then betook themselves to France. In both countries, the lady made many friends. Her beauty, her vivacity, her kindness of heart, and her literary enthusiasm, rendered her an object of strong personal regard to the many distinguished men of all nations who were attracted, in the first instance, by the splendid hospitality of the Irish earl. A new state of things, however, was now approaching. On the 23d of

May, 1820, Lord Blessington, whilst riding out in the Champs Elysées, was suddenly stricken down by apoplexy, and was carried home only to die.

By the will of the deceased earl, Lady Blessington was left an annuity of £2000. The will was an eccentric and an unprincipled one. But to render it intelligible to the reader, something more must be said about the Blessington family circle than we have yet mentioned. By his first marriage, Lord Blessington had a son and a daughter. The son, Lord Mountjoy, died in infancy during his father's lifetime; and it was upon the occasion of his death that the earl made that extraordinary distribution of his fortune which was attended in the sequel with so much misery and so much crime.

Ever since the year 1822, there had been attached to the suite of the Blessingtons a young French count named Alfred D'Orsay. He was just of age at that date, with a face and figure worthy of Apollo, and the lustre of many graces and accomplishments upon him. The son of one of Napoleon's generals, he had been early trained to arms; and, but for the downfall of the empire, would, doubtless, have become a distinguished soldier. Brave, chivalrous, of a commanding presence, adroit in all athletic exercises, and a noble horseman, he seemed destined to win his spurs upon the battle-fields of Europe. But he was a boy when the fall of Napoleon dispelled his dreams of military renown, and opened out another future before him. Instead of a leader of legions, he became a leader of fashion; instead of a soldier, an artist. In society, his success was great; but he was not a *spoilable* person. Admired as he was by women, he was even more popular among men. He was emphatically "a good fellow." Frank, open, cheerful, good-tempered, he was a man whom everybody liked; and liking soon ripened into love. For, beneath all these outward graces, there was much of kindness, generosity, sympathy—impulses of a warm and a gentle heart. His talents, too, were such as to attract attention even in the most brilliant salons of the English and French capitals; and people said that, in the regions of art, D'Orsay with proper cultivation might, either as a painter or a sculptor, have taken a foremost place among the celebrities of Europe.

With this accomplished young Frenchman it would seem that the Blessingtons first formed an acquaintance in 1822, before their departure from England, and that he was invited to accompany them on their travels

through France and Italy. "During their journey and prolonged sojourn in the latter country," says Dr. Madden, "the companionable qualities, and that peculiar power of making himself agreeable, which he possessed to a degree almost unequalled, so endeared him to his English friends that a union was *at length* proposed by Lord Blessington between the Count and one of his daughters, both of whom were in Ireland with Lady Harriet Gardiner, the sister of Lord Blessington." But the little words which we have italicised hardly represent the real state of the case. The Blessingtons started on their Continental tour in September 1822; but before the month of June 1823 Lord Blessington had obtained not only the consent of the Count D'Orsay to the proposed marriage, but the sanction also of Count D'Orsay's father. On the 2d of June\* he added a codicil to his will, bequeathing the whole of his estates (with certain reservations) to Count D'Orsay, on condition of his marrying one of the Earl's daughters. There were two,—the elder illegitimate, the younger legitimate,—and the latter, Lady Harriet Gardiner, then scarcely eleven years of age, was selected as the instrument and the victim of this cruel arrangement,—“an arrangement,” says Dr. Madden, “at once imprudent, unnatural, and wanting in all the consideration that ought to have been expected at the hand of a father for the children of a deceased wife.” “Partial insanity,” adds the biographer, “might explain the anomalies that present themselves in the course taken by Lord Blessington in regard to these children; and my firm conviction, the result of my own observation, is, that at the period in question, when this will was made, Lord Blessington could not be said to be in a state of perfect sanity of mind, but on the contrary was laboring under a particular kind of insanity, manifested by an infatuation and infirmity of mind in his conduct with respect to his family affairs, though quite sane on every other subject, which unfitted him to dispose of his children at that juncture, and had assumed a more decided appearance of monomania after that disposal was made.”

The precise meaning of these words we are unable to fathom. The presumption is that Lord Blessington was anxious to render existing family arrangements as little harmless in themselves, and as little destructive

\* This is the date prefixed to the document, at page 120, vol. 1; but in the same page Dr. Madden says, “On the 22d of June, 1823, Lord Blessington made a codicil to his will,” &c., &c.



of his own peace of mind as possible; and that he thought the sacrifice of a child for whom he cared little was not too high a price to pay for the desired *barrier*. In the absence of any other solution of what appears such unnatural conduct on the part of the Earl, the majority of readers, rightly or wrongly, will yield to the above presumption. But whether it was fear of D'Orsay, or love of D'Orsay, or neither, the poor child, Lady Harriet, was to be sacrificed. If the Frenchman chose her sister, she was to lose her fortune; if herself, she was to be married to him with or without her consent. She was married to him in December 1827,\* when she was little more than fifteen years old. And the result, as far as the poor child was concerned, was more than twenty years of "Clouded Happiness." The D'Orsays, it would appear, lived together during Lord Blessington's lifetime, as a part of his family, and for a short time after his decease. But they separated in 1831, and in Lady Harriet D'Orsay's own touching words, she was "left alone in the wide world, at twenty years of age, without the blessings of a family, and without any direct object to which her affections might be legitimately attached."†

It would be an injustice to Dr. Madden not to cite in this place his own account of this painful affair; more especially, as in respect of literary merit, the following passage is one of the best in his work:—

"It was an unhappy marriage, and nothing useful can be said of it, except that Lord Blessington sacrificed his child's happiness, by causing her to marry, without consulting her inclinations or her interests. Taken from school without any knowledge of the world, acquaintance with society or its usages and forms, and wholly inexperienced, transferred to the care of strangers, and naturally indisposed to any exertion that might lead to efforts to conciliate them; she was brought from her own country to a distant land, to wed a man she had never seen up to the period of her arrival in Italy, where, within a few weeks of her first meeting with that foreign gentleman, who had been on terms of intimacy with her father, she was destined to become his bride. Lady Harriet was exceedingly girlish-looking, pale and rather inanimate in expression, silent and reserved; there was no appearance of familiarity with any one around her; no air or look of womanhood, no semblance of satisfaction in her new position, were

to be observed in her demeanor or deportment. She seldom or never spoke, she was little noticed, she was looked on as a mere school-girl; I think her feelings were crushed, repressed, and her emotions driven inwards by the sense of slight and indifference, and by the strangeness and coldness of everything around her; and she became indifferent and strange and cold, and apparently devoid of all vivacity and interest in society, or in the company of any person in it. People were mistaken in her, and she perhaps was also mistaken in others. The father's act had led to all these misconceptions and misconstructions, ending in suspicions, animosities, aversions, and total estrangements. In the course of a few years, the girl of childish mien and listless looks, who was so silent and apparently inanimate, became a person of remarkable beauty, spirituelle and intelligent, the reverse in all respects of what she was considered when she was misplaced and misunderstood."—*Vol. I. p. 126.*

In another part of the work, Dr. Madden truly says that "the marriage was not only a great misfortune for those who were married, but a great crime on the part of those who promoted that marriage, and were consenting to it." And he censures Mr. Patmore, who in the book to which we have already incidentally alluded, insulted his readers by an outrageous attempt, as false in fact\* as it was in morals, to palliate the cruel act.

We are glad to quit this most painful subject. It has been said that Lord Blessington died suddenly in May 1829. In November 1831, the widow returned to London, and in the latter part of 1831, took up her abode in Seamore Place, May Fair.† "There," says the biographer, "her salons were opened nightly to men of genius and learning, and persons of celebrity of all climes; to travellers of every European city of distinction. Her abode became a centre of attraction for the *beau monde* of the intellectual classes, a place of reunion for remarkable persons of talent or eminence of some sort or another; and certainly the most agreeable resort of men of literature, art, science, of strangers of

\* Mr. Patmore says, that "Count D'Orsay, whilst a mere boy, made the fatal mistake of marrying one beautiful woman whilst he was, without daring to confess it even to herself, madly in love with another still more beautiful, whom he could not marry; and discovering his fatal error when too late, separated himself from his wife almost at the church door." Count D'Orsay was seven and twenty at the time of his marriage; and he separated himself from his wife four years afterwards.

† Dr. Madden says, "Here, in the month of March, 1832, I found her Ladyship established. The Count and Countess D'Orsay were then residing with her."

\* See Madden, vol. i. page 125; and again, page 325, where the date of the marriage is thus correctly given; but at page 54 of the same volume it is stated that Lady Harriet Gardiner "married Count Alfred D'Orsay on the 1st of December 1829."

† Preface to English Edition of "Clouded Happiness."

distinction, travellers and public characters of various pursuits; the most agreeable that ever existed in this country."

Under the will of the deceased Earl, Lady Blessington had, as we have said, a jointure of £2000 per annum. But this to one so habituated to luxury, and so addicted to society, was but a state of splendid poverty. So she bethought herself of writing for what can only be metaphorically called "bread"—that is, for the gratification of all those elegant tastes which had become a part of herself; for those *agrémens* which were, indeed, the very aliment of her existence. She became a professional littérateur. And then the reception of literary people in her luxurious salons became part and parcel of her business. The hospitality of Seamore Place, and afterwards of Gore House, was, indeed, her stock in trade. She was, undoubtedly, a clever woman. There was a good deal of smartness in her writings, and some knowledge of the world; but they never rose above mediocrity. Even her biographer does not claim for them any very high place as intellectual performances. But she was a beautiful woman, and a countess; and she gave the most agreeable soirées in the world. Of course, she was successful in her literary enterprises. Publishers struggled for her name, and critics were prostrate at her feet. So she made more money, and was more praised, than scores of men and women with twice the genius and twice the industry. In those days there was a class of publications, now almost extinct, greatly in vogue with the aristocracy of the land. Every Christmas saw the counters of our booksellers covered with splendid "Annuals," which found their way, as soon as they appeared, to the tables in our drawing-rooms and boudoirs. They were very elegant gift-books; gorgeously bound; prettily illustrated; variously written. The contributors to these yearly volumes were for the most part people of quality. Sometimes an author of established reputation, especially if he were a baronet or a member of Parliament, was induced to send a trifle, under strong compulsion, to a clamorous editor, and succeeded, with wonderful address, in writing down to the level of his associates. The formula of solicitation was, "anything with your name to it;" and sometimes the anything was so irredeemably bad, as to suggest a suspicion that the name must have belonged to one person and the lines to another. Every now and then a few stanzas of rare merit found their way, as if by accident, into

these gift-books; but on the whole, it must be acknowledged, that the literature of the annuals reflected little credit on the nation. There is more good writing in three twopenny numbers of the "Household Words" than in any year's growth of these guinea volumes in the palmiest days of Lady Blessington and the Annuals.\*

For Lady Blessington reigned supreme in the regions of annual literature. We know not how many volumes of "Keepsakes" and "Books of Beauty" she edited. Dr. Madden has taken the trouble, and his publishers have gone to the expense, of printing in *extenso* the contents of some of these gorgeous volumes. This was no kindness to Lady Blessington's contributors or to his own readers. What he says, however, about the results of her Ladyship's editorial labors is worthy to be recorded. "For several years," he writes, "Lady Blessington continued to edit both periodicals, the 'Keepsake' and the 'Book of Beauty.' This occupation brought her into contact with almost every literary man of eminence in the kingdom, or of any foreign country who visited England. It involved her in enormous expense far beyond any amount of remuneration derived from the labor of editing these works. It made a necessity for entertaining continually persons to whom she looked for contributions, or from whom she had received assistance of that kind. It involved her, moreover, in all the drudgery of authorship, in all the turmoil of contentions with publishers, communications with artists, and never-ending correspondence with contributors. *In a word, it made her life miserable.*"

The greatest misery of all was that the success of these pretty gift-books soon began to decline. Like forced flowers they had only a brief and sickly vitality. Nothing that is not intrinsically good in literature will be permanently successful. "The public," as Dr. Madden honestly and pointedly remarks, "were surfeited with illustrated annuals. The taste for that species of literature had died out. The perpetual glorification even of beauty had become a bore. The periodical poems sung in honor of the children of the nobility ceased to be amusing. Lords and ladies and right honorable gentlemen,

\* Some of the worst, because the most commonplace lines we ever read even in an annual, may be seen, with Mr. Hallam's name attached to them, in the *Book of Beauty* for 1844. On the other hand, we may refer to one or two short poems, of rare power and beauty, by Barry Cornwall (Mr. Proctor), published in the *Keepsake*, a few years later.

ready to write on any subject at the command of fashionable editors and editresses, there was no dearth of, but readers were not to be had at length for love or money." Nor was the success of Lady Blessington's novels more enduring. "Of late years," says the biographer, "it was with the utmost difficulty she could get a publisher to undertake, at his own risk, the publication of a work of hers." This, as we have said, was the greatest misery of all. Any labor, any trouble, is borne cheerfully so long as there is success to gild it—but when there is no success, and yet an appearance of success must be maintained, the struggle is very bitter.

Dr. Madden, very sensible of this, frequently tells us that Lady Blessington was in a false position. She was in a very false position. Her life, indeed, was made up of shams. She had to appear rich—which she was not; successful—which she was not; happy—which she was not. Her beauty only was real; and even that was yielding to the assaults of time. She had to sustain, on an insufficient income, "the enormous expenditure of her magnificent establishments, first in Seymour (*Seamore*) Place, next in Kensington Gore." She "lived for distinction on the stage of literary society before the footlights, and always *en scène*." "She had become," continues her biographer, "accustomed to an atmosphere of adulation, and the plaudits of those friends which were never out of her ears. . . . The swinging of the censor before her fair face never ceased in those salons, and soft accents of homage to her beauty and her talents seldom failed to be whispered in her ear, while she sat enthroned in that well-known *fauteuil* of hers, holding high court in queenly state—"the most gorgeous Lady Blessington." But all this was mere emptiness and falsehood. She had, in reality, few friends. Among the many who were eager to gain admittance to her *salons* there were not half-a-dozen true-hearted men who did not sneer at her pretensions behind her back. Even the critics of the periodical press, whom she corrupted with her soft words and her radiant smiles, spoke significantly of "Poor Lady Blessington," as they praised her last fashionable novel, and felt ashamed when they read in print what they had written, of such prostitution of their high calling, and perversion of their literary skill.

But most true is it that every sham has "sentence of death written down against it from its birth." It was not in the power of all the critics that ever fluttered at Gore

House to make a great literary reputation for its beautiful inmate; any more than it was in her ladyship's power to support a splendid establishment on a slender income. The Public and the Duns would have their way. There was gorgeous misery in Gore House. The difficulties of Count D'Orsay contributed to the derangement of Lady Blessington's affairs. When she first took up her abode in Gore House the Count occupied a small dwelling in the immediate neighborhood. But this arrangement was soon abandoned, and he became a permanent inmate of the lady's mansion—that mansion which had once been the residence of William Wilberforce! What amount of money D'Orsay contrived to spend under the provisions of Lord Blessington's will, can only be conjectured.\* It is stated that his difficulties commenced "at a very early period of his career in London"—that "he was arrested soon after his arrival in England for a debt of £300 to his boot-maker in Paris." This was only two years after the death of Lord Blessington. The Mountjoy estates were so embarrassed that the price of the fatal marriage was not forthcoming until just before his death. D'Orsay said of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* that it was the greatest political swindle the world has ever seen. Perhaps it might be said of this matter of Lord Blessington's will, that it was the greatest domestic swindle the world has ever seen. The promised inheritor of the immense Mountjoy estates seems to have been left without the means of paying his boot-maker's bill, and was driven in the course of a year or two to sponge upon the widow's jointure.

But this state of things could not last forever. The wonder is that it lasted so long. The avalanche of debt and difficulty had been accumulating for years, and it fell at last upon Gore House, and crushed it. There came the most signal ruin of an establishment of a person of rank ever witnessed. The "break-up" took place in the spring of 1849. Creditors, bill-discounters, money-lenders, jewellers, lace-vendors, tax-collectors, gas-company's agents, all persons having claims to urge, pressed them simultaneously. Howell and James put in an execution for a debt of £1000. This was the long-delayed but inevitable crisis. It had been warded off by all sorts of petty shifts and cunning expedients. The shadow of the bailiff had for

\* It seems that from first to last *his creditors* received from the estate £103,500—the greater part only a year before his death.

some years been darkening the doors of that elegant emporium of luxury and refinement. Every ring at the bell, every appearance of a stranger, had struck terror into the hearts of at least one of the inmates of Gore House. Men may become used to this sort of thing—women never. Lady Blessington could not meet her difficulties with an incredulous shrug, and a light-hearted *bah*! She was, indeed, supremely miserable; so miserable, that when it was no longer possible to avoid a public exposure of her situation, she must have felt that the crowning catastrophe could bring her only relief.

The costly contents of Gore House were sold by public auction. "Several of the friends of Lady Blessington," we are told, "urged on her pecuniary assistance, which would have prevented the necessity of breaking up the establishment. But she declined all offers of this kind." This is creditable, if true, to Lady Blessington's friends and to herself;\* but it was sorry kindness, after all, in the former, to think of restoring her to that "false position" which had so long been nothing but splendid misery at best. To help Lady Blessington to keep Gore House going was one thing, to keep her in comfortable independence out of Gore House, was another. The latter was what she needed. But any offer of assistance at such a time was honorable to the friends who made it; and we hope, therefore, that the story is true. It was better that everything should go, as it did, to the hammer. It was a painful, but, in some respects, a profitable sight, which was presented to the public when, on a May morning, the doors of Gore House were thrown open to the *profanum vulgus*; and people of fashion, men of intellect, and Jew-brokers, jostled each other in its spacious salons. "Every room," says Dr. Madden, who was in the crowd, "was thronged; the well-known library-saloon, in which the conversations took place, was crowded, but not with guests. The arm-chair, in which the lady of the mansion was wont to sit, was occupied by a stout coarse gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, busily engaged in examining a marble hand extended on a book, the

fingers of which were modelled from a cast of those of the absent mistress of the establishment. People, as they passed through the room, poked the furniture, pulled about the precious objects of art and ornaments of various kinds that lay upon the table. And some made jests and ribald jokes on the scene they witnessed." This was a matter of course. The people behaved as people always do upon such occasions. They went to expend their curiosity or their money, not their fine feelings. It was, as Dr. Madden says, rather emphatically than elegantly, "a total smash; a crash on a grand scale of ruin; a compulsory sale in the house of a noble lady; a sweeping clearance of all its treasures." And, of course, there were many present who thought this a fine joke. Lady Blessington's French valet wrote her that the only person who seemed really affected was the author of "*Vanity Fair*." "*M. Thackeray est venu aussi, et avait les larmes aux yeux en partant. C'est peut-être la seule personne que j'ai vu réellement affecté à votre départ.*"

The sale of Gore House realized upwards of £13,000. The prices, when we consider what sums in later days have been paid for rare nothings, will not appear to have ranged high. Lawrence's famous portrait of Lady Blessington fell to the Marquis of Hertford for £336—more than four times its original price; but few other articles were sold at anything like a profit. Was it not our worthy friend Captain Dobbin, who purchased Amelia's pianoforte, at the sale of her father's effects, and placed it in the little parlor of the humble tenement to which the Sedleys were constrained to betake themselves? Or have we read of that incident elsewhere? We should like to know how many of Lady Blessington's "friends" purchased any of the cherished objects of Gore House for the gratification of restoring them to the hands of their old owner.

Lady Blessington went to Paris. Luxury seems to have become with her a chronic disease. She could not divest herself of the habit of surrounding herself with things beautiful and costly. No sooner had she reached the French capital, than she began to busy herself with the work of adorning a noble apartment near the Champs Elysées in the old style of Gore House. She could not settle down into a simple unostentatious way of life. Her thoughts were evidently turning towards a new and splendid career upon another theatre of action. Perhaps her ambition was stimulated by a constant recollection

\* We could have wished that the assertion had been made less vaguely and generally. We can find nothing in these volumes to support it. From the context, indeed, it is rather to be gathered that Lady Blessington's friends were not true to her in her misfortunes. The moral of the story hinges so much upon this question, that we appeal to Dr. Madden for some better solution of our doubts than he has afforded in the present edition of his memoirs.



tion of the fact that one of the old habitués of Gore House—one whom in his adversity she had succored—was now the foremost man in France. But this also was vanity. She put her trust in princes and was deceived. Louis Napoleon received her and his old friend D'Orsay with frigid courtesy. The fugitive prisoner of Ham was one person; the Prince-President of France another. The ingratitude of the prosperous man stung the quondam hosts of Gore House to the heart. They ought to have known better than to be disappointed; but these lessons are not easily learnt. It was, however, a matter of little moment to one whose career was then nearly run. Neither the friendship nor the neglect of princes was permitted to touch her heart, for good or evil, much longer. On the 3d of June, she moved into the new apartments, which she had fitted up in the old luxurious style "for the reception of the beau monde." She seemed then to be in good health and good spirits. But on the following day—just twenty years after Lord Blessington had fallen suddenly into the arms of death near the same spot of the same city—she was stricken down with no more warning by a malady at least outwardly the same. It was an apoplectic seizure, complicated with disease of the heart. The violence of the symptoms passed over before she expired; and she died at last so easily, so tranquilly, that one who attended her death-bed—a faithful friend and a real mourner—has recorded "that it was impossible to perceive the moment when her spirit passed away."

Count D'Orsay survived his friend more than three years. He fitted up a spacious studio in Paris; and, with a lacerated and a humbled heart, devoted himself to the cultivation of the fine arts. His health soon began to fail. He had looked for office under Louis Napoleon; and when a tardy recognition of his services came in the shape of an appointment to the nominal post of Director of the Fine Arts, it was too late to do him any good. The hand of death was upon him. He was suffering from a spinal malady, the painful affliction of which he is said to have borne with "fortitude, patience, uncomplaining gentleness, a manifest absence of all selfishness, and consideration for those attending upon him, which none but those whose painful task it was to watch by his couch," could rightly estimate. In the month of July 1852, he was removed to Dieppe, as a last resource. Lady Blessington's nieces attended him. But the sea air did not re-

store him; and, at the end of the month, he was carried back to Paris to die.

We shall say nothing to disturb the effect of all this. The story which we have thus hurriedly told, is a strange—we believe a singular one. There is nothing, indeed, resembling it in the social annals of our country. It is not, however, in its moral aspects that we desire to regard this picture of fashionable life in the nineteenth century; but rather, in connection with the literature of the times, Lady Blessington's soirées will be remembered long after her works are forgotten. She was a remarkable woman, not because she wrote remarkable books or said remarkable things, but because she gathered around her many remarkable people. She was one of the few persons who, in our own or in past times, have made an effort to collect in their salons the literary celebrities of the day. It was Lady Blessington's great ambition to be esteemed the "Queen of Literature." She sacrificed everything to it. And she became, outwardly at least—the idol of a set.

At best her success was but partial. She was a kind hearted woman, and, doubtless, she delighted to see happy faces around her. But she thought more of feeding her own vanity than of anything else. And literature is not beholden to her for any genuine service that she rendered to it. Our own opinion is that, with really good intentions, she did a great deal of harm. Such reunions as she intended might be beneficial to the literary and artistic world. But those of Gore House were not. Even Dr. Madden, who says that they were the pleasantest parties in the world, and compares them, in other respects, with those of Holland House, seems to have discerned something wrong about them.\* Gore

\* We had purposed to have said something more in this place about the Holland House coterie, but the announcement of the forthcoming *Memoirs* of the Rev. Sydney Smith, by Lady Holland, suggests that the consideration of this subject may be more expediently deferred. We need not say how very different, in our estimation, were the Gore House and the Holland House gatherings. The latter, like the former, are now tradition; but how affectionately are they remembered! How truly has been said by one of the most distinguished ornaments of that coterie, that all the guests of Holland House will long recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze and canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the peculiar character which belonged to these circles, in

House was a great Exchange or Mart of Flattery, where Lady Blessington was continually sitting at the receipt of custom. Everybody who went there was expected to render back something in return for "value received." There must have been a prevailing sense of the hollowness of the whole affair on the minds of all who assisted at the oblation.

It is right, however, that what was good about it should not be concealed. Lady Blessington, as we have said, had good feelings and good intentions; and it does not follow that she did not think about others because she thought much about herself. We are all swayed by mixed motives in this world. "In Gore House society," says Dr. Madden, "Lady Blessington had given herself a mission, in which she labored, certainly, with great assiduity and wonderful success—that of bringing together people of the same pursuits who were rivals in them for professional distinction, and inclining competitors for fame in politics, art, and literature. This, most assuredly, was a very good and noble object. . . . The party warfare that is waged in literature, art, and politics, it seemed to be the main object of the mistress of Gore House, in the high sphere in which she moved, to assuage and put an end to, and, when interrupted, to prevent the recurrence of. It was astonishing with what tact this was pursued; and those only who have seen much of the correspondence of Lady Blessington, can form any idea of the labor she imposed on herself in removing unfavorable impressions, explaining away differences, inducing estranged people to make approaches to an accommodation, to meet and to be reconciled." Now we are willing to give Lady Blessington credit for having wished to bring about these good results; but if the fact of her success is demonstrated in her ladyship's correspondence, we cannot help thinking it a great pity that some examples of it are not given in Dr. Madden's work.

which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; whilst Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Barette; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversation with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace, and the kindness—far more admirable than grace—with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed. They will remember the venerable and benignant countenance, and the cordial voice of her who bade them welcome.

It was certainly "a good and noble object" to which she addressed herself. That a rallying-point, a centre of attraction, is much needed by literary men in the present day, is not to be denied. Simply for want of opportunities of fusion, men of genius and learning who would admire and love, support and encourage one another, and from whose association and co-operation much would be gained to the world, go through life as strangers and foreigners, never exchanging a kindly greeting, or saying God-speed, as they go upon their journey. In England, indeed, "literary society" exists only in a scattered, fragmentary state. There is no cohesiveness about it. In other words, it is split up into coteries or cliques. Dr. Madden says, that Lady Blessington's great object was to counteract this tendency to cliquism; and he adds that she succeeded. We are at issue with him on this point. The Gore House clique may have been an extensive one; but it was only a clique after all.

It was hardly possible, indeed, that anything more than a partial success should attend Lady Blessington's efforts. Neither socially nor intellectually was she fitted to occupy so high a position as that to which she aspired. Rightly or wrongly, charitably or uncharitably, many very excellent people believed that the atmosphere of Gore House was a tainted one, and were unwilling, therefore, to breathe it. It was unfortunate that there should have been anything equivocal in the moral status of one aiming to attain such a social eminence. There should have been nothing to alarm, to deter, to repel; nothing that could, by any implication, be considered to reflect disadvantageously upon the general character of literary men, by conveying an impression of the existence among them of a laxity peculiar to themselves. We say nothing about the propriety or the impropriety of such an inference; we simply allude to what we believe to have been a fact. The popularity of Gore House did not raise the literary character in the estimation of the outside world. Mediocrity is ever on the alert to find holes in the coat of Genius. If you are compelled to acknowledge that your neighbor is intellectually above you, it is a consolation to be able to flatter yourself that he is morally your inferior. It is pleasant to be able to declare that authors are a loose set; and to give a reason for such a declaration. If you cannot climb the heights of Parnassus, it is something to be able to thank God that you have not descended to the abysmal depths of Aspasia House.

Viewing the matter in this light, it may be doubted whether Lady Blessington, with perhaps the best intentions, was not in reality responsible for results the very reverse of what she desired and expected. But this was not all the harm that was done. We have said that her literary position did not fit her for the duties she had undertaken, any more than did her social standing. The part which she had assumed could only be adequately performed by one above all suspicion of desiring to gain anything for herself. But Dr. Madden does not shrink from expressing his opinion, or rather declaring the notorious truth, that the hospitalities of Gore House were necessary to the maintenance of her own literary position. She was a fashionable authoress, without a sufficiency of the pure ore of talent and learning to dispense with the gilding of the *claqueurs*. It was impossible to visit Gore House and not to praise her Ladyship's writings. As we have already said, this was, doubtless, corruption; but it was a comely kind of corruption, and one the influence of which it was very difficult to resist. The critics who praised Lady Blessington's writings beyond their deserts, were not venal, were not servile—they were simply fascinated—charmed into chivalrous good nature—into unresisting obedience to the spell. It was not that they deliberately trode down their sober judgment and refused to listen to the voice of truth; but that for the time they believed that what they wrote was just and true. They saw everything relating to her Ladyship through a rose-tinted medium, and stamped the fleeting impression of the moment forever on the printed page. This could not be good for literature. And so far from such a state of things having a tendency to check the progress of cliqueism, it could do nothing but promote it. While there were such objects to be gained—such an undercurrent of motive—the society of Gore House could be nothing but a clique.

Indeed, it would be easy to indicate the peculiar constitution of the Gore House clique—to name the authors, critics, painters, and actors who were the especial stars of that cerulean firmament. A glimpse of the real state of the case is afforded by one of Count D'Orsay's letters printed (we need not name the page) in these Memoirs. We see no reason why Lady Blessington or Count d'Orsay should not choose their friends as well as any one else; and we have nothing to say against their taste. But we repeat that we can discern no proofs in Dr. Madden's volume of the catholicity which he claims for his

heroine, not only in respect of the desire, (which we do not question,) but of the actual result. It was not possible, indeed, that she should have achieved any greater success. The "great and noble object" could only be accomplished by one above all reproach and beyond all suspicion. And we cannot say that we think it will be any great improvement when such circumstances as those which environed Lady Blessington do not present any obstacle to social success.

If she had succeeded in doing what her biographer says was the cherished object of her heart, she would have done a great thing. We look in vain for anything like a systematic attempt to bring about that fusion of literary men which all acknowledge to be desirable, but which seems, with every new year, only to become more remote and seemingly more impracticable. We do not get beyond a respectable coterie. Whether this is better, or worse than nothing, it is hard to say. Coterieism is to a certain extent unavoidable. Men will choose their companions according to the bent of their tastes and dispositions, and if they stand by those whom they have chosen it is not otherwise than creditable to them. Catholic sympathies are rare. There is a certain kind of book—a certain kind of picture—a certain kind of dramatic performance—that is pleasing to a certain critic. He has his own canons of criticism: his own peculiar faith; his own brotherhood of saints. Each member of the fraternity in turn idolizes the other. But the critic is for the most part the common centre of the whole, and keeps all parts of the little community together. It is pleasant—to a certain extent it is profitable. But a great narrowing of sympathy results from it; a contraction of ideas within the circle; and often considerable injustice and cruelty to those who live beyond it. It is a misfortune to a man of talent to be the idol of a set. A man of real, vigorous, healthy genius will shake off all such fetters. But where this native strength, this irresistible expansiveness does not exist, the tendency of this coterieism is to induce men to write (down perhaps) to the tastes and opinions of the particular set, who act with zealous officiousness as the *claqueurs* of one another; and to shape their books, as they would their trowsers, after the particular cut of the "ar-biter elegantiarum," in whom they blindly believe.

The effect of this on our periodical literature is unhealthy; but we do not well see how it is to be avoided. The only remedy

for the evil is, perhaps, to be found in a better-instructed public. If it were more generally known that certain authors, certain painters, certain actors, &c., are sure to be praised in certain periodicals, the value of such praise would diminish in proportion as its intelligibility increases. But so long as a very large proportion of the reading public barely know the difference between a publisher's puff and the deliberate verdict of an instructed and unprejudiced reviewer, the criticism of the coteries must necessarily carry weight with it. And there would not be much harm in this, if the criticism of the coteries extended no further than the laudation of friends and associates. But it often takes the much more reprehensible shape of deliberate detraction levelled against the rivals, or the supposed rivals, of these friends and associates; or else of systematic neglect. It might be supposed that an evil of this kind would supply its own remedy—that the public, by the support of whom alone periodical literature of any kind can exist, would settle the matter in a peremptory manner for themselves. But the public care nothing about it so long as they are entertained. They do not read a newspaper or a periodical for the sake of its honesty or integrity, but for the amount of amusement it yields. They have no time to inquire, and no means to ascertain, if they would, the justice either of the individual criticisms which appear in the journals they patronize, or the exclusiveness by which they are characterized. The public, indeed, take things as they find them. They are not sufficiently interested in the matter to care to look beneath the surface.

There is nothing new in all this. The evil is one of old standing, although the development of it differs, in some respects, from that which it assumed in the last century, when the verdict of the coteries was delivered in sonorous discourse, and passed from mouth to mouth, or circulated by epistolary correspondence. The oracular "We" now is everything; the oracular "I" nothing. There is scarcely a writer in the country, and we are sure that there is not a publisher, who would not rather receive half a column of praise at the hand of the *Times* than be lauded in private society by half the literary magnates in the country. If Sam Johnson were to come among us again, the *Times*, if it chose, could extinguish him in a week. No public writer in these days much concerns himself about what is said of him in coffee-houses or clubs, at breakfast or at din-

ner tables. Reputations are not made or unmade by the fiat of oracular doctors over a cup of tea; nor are sucking authors tremblingly eager to learn what the great Mr. Blank or the celebrated Mr. Asterisk has said of their new poem or their new romance. Whether the present state of things is better or worse than the old we need not pause to inquire. The dispensers of fame were perhaps more absolute of old, but then they were more responsible. Now-a-days the multiplicity of oracles renders the irresponsibility of the anonymous less dangerous. No one man now can knock down a reputation that has got any legs to stand upon.

It has been said, indeed, that no amount of adverse criticism can hinder a good book from eventually making its way in public estimation. The assertion, however, is one that is not likely to be put to the proof. A good book never has any large amount of adverse criticism to grapple with in these days of many-sided reviews. On the whole, the judgment of the Press is seldom very far wrong. There is a wonderful disproportion, it is true, between the different amounts of praise meted out by different critical authorities. The inconsistency, indeed, of the verdicts delivered is often immensely ridiculous. But when the balance is struck at last,—when the *plus* and *minus* quantities have neutralized each other, the remainder is not far from the amount to which the author is justly entitled. But although, in the main, no great injury is done to the author, and few have any real reason to complain of the decisions of the Press as a whole, there is no doubt that literature itself suffers greatly by these many-sided judgments. There must be falsehood, intentional or unintentional, somewhere. There must be ignorant or prejudiced critics, or both. If you read on the same Saturday morning that your friend's or your own book is a very good and a very bad one, you know that one verdict or other must be wrong, and you strongly suspect that neither is right. When this has been repeated two or three times, you are forced upon the conclusion that periodical criticism is good for nothing.

Now, making every allowance for difference of opinion—for irrepressible ill-nature and self-sufficiency on the one side, and inexhaustible mercy and kindness on the other—there will still remain a very large residuum of inconsistency to be attributed to the influence of coterieism. Private motives and feelings have been at work. The author belongs to a clique, or has an influential friend who belongs to a clique; or he is very much



in the way, a dangerous rival, perhaps, of some member of another clique. He has been over-praised on one account, and under-praised on another; he is not much wronged, but Literature is degraded.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to prevent this. Men, whether critics or not critics, will serve their friends in preference to strangers. There are few members of the "ungentle craft" who can plead *not guilty* to the charge of occasionally reviewing a friend's book, and meting out to it liberal commendation. It does not follow that the book is bad because it is your friend's, and praise may be only justice. But this is a different matter from the continual laudation of one set of writers, and the systematic neglect or depreciation of all not belonging to a particular school. This result of coterieism it would be a great thing to obviate. The counteraction of these influences was, it seems, the "great object" of Lady Blessington. For reasons already stated, she was not successful. But might not some one with better opportunities succeed where, owing to circumstances, she has failed? Or, is it impossible for literary men to do for themselves what it is so difficult to find any individual sufficiently gifted to accomplish for them? Can there be nothing better, in the way of literary fusion and association, than a limited coterie? Clubs have been established for this express purpose, but they have failed. There are in London two well known Clubs avowedly intended for the congregation of men of literature and art; but one is becoming every year less and less literary in its constitution, and the other is resorted to only by literary men of a particular class. A third was attempted to be established on different principles a few years ago; but it fell into cliqueism, and was speedily extinct. If we ever were a clubbable people, it may be doubted whether we are so now. Men meet at Clubs in the flesh, but do not associate in the spirit. Our habitual reserve sits heavily upon us. Literary men are no exception to the rule. There is no free-masonry, no fellowship among them;\* every man looks as-

kance at his neighbor, until somebody or something has broken down the English barrier, and brought them together.

In truth, every one seems to be agreed that something is wanting; but what that something is to be, no one is able to declare. We are almost afraid that the case is a hopeless one. It is often said that literature is not, and cannot be, a profession. If by this is meant an exclusive, or diplomatized profession, of course the *dictum* is true. The lawyer, the physician, the divine must produce certain credentials which are supposed to establish his competency to perform the duties attaching to his office. He is a guaranteed and responsible professor. He has been trained in the first place; approved in the second; and licensed in the third. He may be a dunderhead in respect of natural talent; and not far from an ignoramus in respect of his acquirements. But when the seal is once upon him, and he is admitted within the hallowed circle, he may snap his fingers at all the world of outside barbarians and dare them to enter the pale within which he disports himself at will. But an author needs no license, but his own; no diploma, but his publisher's. He needs the stamp of no college and no corporation. He has not to serve terms, to eat dinners, to take degrees, or to be "called." The interests of humanity, it seems, do not require that he should be instructed. An ignorant lawyer, or an uninformed physician, or a thickheaded divine, may injure us in our property, in our physical or our moral health. He may send us astray on divers paths; give us the wrong advice or the wrong medicine; and deluge us with false doctrine—so long as he has the stamp upon him. But an author needs no stamp to do any kind of mischief. He may write what he likes and print what he likes—so long as he is not libellous. False doctrines may be disseminated—vile poison distributed among thousands or tens of thousands, instead of among the hundreds, or the tens, perhaps, of a small parish—but there is no illegality in it. The distributor is not asked by virtue of what he undertakes to be a teacher of the people. He is an Englishman, and he claims an Englishman's privilege to say what he likes—as long as he is not in a pulpit, in a court of law, or on any other exclusive arena.

Everybody is an author who writes a book; every body may be an author, learned

\* This ought not, however, to be stated without some qualification. It is to the honor of literary men that they are well disposed to help one another when adversity falls heavily upon them. An instance of this good feeling has very recently presented itself to our notice. The activity of an industrious public writer was, a few months ago, arrested forever it is feared by an attack of paralysis. It is said that he broke down under the pressure of continual work. The case excited much sympathy among his literary brethren, who by various means raised a considerable sum of money for his support.

Among other praiseworthy efforts it may be mentioned that Mr. Thackeray delivered a lecture for the benefit of his afflicted fellow-laborer, and added thereby a hundred pounds to the fund

or unlearned, who either *has* the necessary ability, or the hardihood to betray to the world that he has *not*. We have law lists; clergy lists; army lists; medical directories, and other professional muster-rolls. It would be curious to see a list of living authors—their names, residences, other occupations, past or present, all entered. If the publication of such a list would have no other effect, it would at all events show that there can be, in the present state of affairs, no such thing as a literary profession. Everything about the calling is scattered, desultory, irregular. There is, doubtless, a flourishing crop of authorship, but it seems to come from chance-sown seeds. The question is whether it is possible to give anything of adhesion to its scattered parts. The nearest approach to the position of authors, is, we presume, to be found in that of artists. Artists form themselves into societies; and there is one great Royal Corporation which puts a distinguishing stamp upon its members. It may be said that the Royal Academy is nothing more than a great artistic coterie—that the very evils, of which we have spoken with reference to literature, result from its exclusiveness in matters of Art. But, at all events, it is a responsible body. It may be a fallible one. But still it has its uses. It is something to be an Academician, and to write R. A. after one's name. There may be some better painters out of the Academy than in it; but the diploma is, at all events, a guarantee that the bearer of it is not a mere incapable. The affix of R. A. carries weight with it. It confers professional and social distinction. It gives a man, in a word, a *status*. But there is nothing that is to Literature what the Academy is to Art. There is no rallying point, indeed, of any kind. Nothing that in any way gathers together and concentrates, in one compact body, the scattered elements of the literary world. Authors of all kinds are classed confusedly together—a sprawling heterogeneous crowd. Literature does not, like art, treat any of its executants as amateurs. Or, perhaps, it should be said, that it treats all as amateurs. A Chancellor or a Bishop, or a Cabinet Minister, competes with the professional author. He does not appear in the catalogues with *Honorary* attached to his name; but drives, perhaps, a better bargain with his publisher than if he had been a mere writer for bread.

It may be asked whether this does not dignify and ennoble the literary character. We do not care to answer this question. Nothing really ennobles literature but genius

and truth. It might be shown, on the other hand, how hard it is, that whilst Dives the great lawyer, or Locuples the eminent divine, may at any time walk into Paternoster Row, the profits of the professional author, unless pleading his own cause, or preaching to his own family, may not trench upon the labors and the profits of his privileged brethren of divinity and the law—it might, we say, be easily shown, that this is a very hard case. But we do not write in any narrow professional spirit. We consider the good of the public to be paramount in all. And we believe that, on the whole, as society is now constituted, it is advantageous to literature, that Bishops, Chancellors, Cabinet Ministers, and other magnates of the land, *should* jostle the hungry author in Paternoster Row. It is true, that what is done very badly by Dives might be done very well by Lazarus. But it is often not a question of good or bad; but a question of bad or not at all. It often happens that very valuable collections of papers are entrusted to some aristocratic author, or would-be-author, on the strength of the confidence which the possessor entertains in him, as one who, being of equal social rank, has lived with him for years in habits of familiar intercourse. Fortunate is it when literary talent is united with social rank, as in the case of Lord Stanhope (Mahon), whose new name we now write for the first time. Even when they are not, there is mighty power in a name. And although we could indicate a score of untitled literary men who could have edited Thomas Moore's papers more artistically than Lord John Russell, we by no means regret that they are in his Lordship's hands. His name has rendered them more marketable in the first instance, and more readable in the second. The very defects of the volumes enhance their popularity. For, the opportunity being afforded, the reader enjoys the privilege, and it is no contemptible one, of abusing a Lord and a Cabinet Minister for making a bad book.

And then, too, it will be said, that when Cabinet Ministers turn authors, literature will of course be encouraged,—that authors in high place will sympathize with their lowlier brethren,—that there must necessarily be some fellowship between them. No such thing. You send your last new book to a literary statesman, simply because he *is* a literary statesman; and he acknowledges it, scarcely with thanks, through his private secretary. Perhaps he tears the heart out of it for his next speech, or hands it over to

a colleague for such generous treatment; but he expresses no sympathy, offers no encouragement. He is simply a Minister of State, receiving homage, as is his due,—formal and frigid,—all tape. The Ministers who have sympathized most with literary men have not been *littérateurs* themselves. There would seem, indeed, to be nothing attainable by the combination, except a diversion of part of the gains of authorship into the pockets of those who have a sufficiency of flocks and herds of their own not to need the sacrifice of the one ewe lamb of the struggling author.

Perhaps the fault lies still higher up—at the very “fountain of honor” itself. In a Government like ours it would hardly, perhaps, be just to say that *much* depends upon the personal character or the personal tastes of an individual. The claims of distinguished literary men,—of men who have worthily served their country with the pen,—would be recognized under any sovereign, if the recognition were pressed upon the Crown by its responsible advisers, and the Parliament to which they are responsible. But any such recognition is not in accordance with what is called “the spirit of the age.” What public honors does literature earn for itself,—what honors that kings or governments can bestow? We know, of course, that there are greater honors even than these—that the home which a great writer makes for himself in the hearts of a grateful people is a nobler tribute to his worth, a prouder distinction, than any titles, or medals, or other national reward. The same argument might be applied to the case of Wellington on his return from Waterloo, or any other war-hero after any other great triumph, and must therefore be dismissed. It does not follow that because a great writer is honored by the Public he has no claim to be honored by the Crown. It little matters whether this or that author is entitled to write a certain number of letters before or after his name, or to wear a bit of gold or silver, or a scrap of riband on his breast. The author himself would care little, perhaps, for the mere personal vanity of the thing. What he desires is meet honor to literature; and literature can only be honored through its professors. But how scanty a number of its professors have ever been so honored—a scanty number at all times, and in every reign decreasingly scanty. Who ever hears, in these days, of a writer receiving public honors *solely because he is a public writer*? Some accident unconnected with literature may help him to distinction; but it is conferred on the acci-

dent, not on himself. And yet if there be any calling in the world to which the rendering of personal honor is peculiarly appropriate, it is that of literature, for literary success is especially a man's own, the growth of his personal gifts and personal exertions alone, promoted by no accident, shaped by no agents, aided by no auxiliaries. The triumphs of the author are exclusively his own. He has no courageous battalions to win victory for him in spite of himself.

We need not refer to the “custom of other countries.” We need not dwell upon the fact, that literature is more honored even in States where its utterances are less free than in our own. All this is sufficiently notorious. Indeed, we have wandered further away from our original subject than we had designed. We purposed chiefly to say, in this place, that whatever ennobles the literary character, and raises the social status of literary men, must have a tendency to define and consolidate the literary profession. We have said that, as society is now constituted, it is advantageous to the world, that men of high rank, not following literature as a profession, should undertake the work of authorship, because, but for this, it is probable that much valuable historical and biographical matter would otherwise be lost to the world. But if the social status of professional writers were higher than it is—if their claims were duly recognized and their position clearly defined—there would be no need to call in the aid of these titled amateurs. If the aristocracy of talent were fairly mixed up in the world with the aristocracy of birth and the aristocracy of wealth, and the personal characters of authors as well known in society as their works, we should see the competent literary workman trusted and employed instead of some jaded statesman or incapable peer.

But it will be said, perhaps, that the character and conduct of professional writers on the whole are not such as justify such confidence—in a word, that authors are still considered a vagabond race. Of all the cruelty and injustice to which society stands committed, there is nothing so flagrant as that of taunting people with being what its own acts have made them. You may as fairly cut off a man's right hand, and taunt him with being a cripple. That literary men are not blameless, that they are not altogether true to themselves, is not to be denied. But this is not so much the cause, as it is the effect of the discouragement to which we have alluded. We do not mean

that men are excluded from society because they are authors. On the other hand, we know that literature often opens the doors of society to its professors. But these are individual and exceptional cases rather than a general rule. It does not affect the argument that a few obtain admittance, almost, as it were, on sufferance. What is wanted is a defined social position for literary men—a distinct recognition of the fact, that the services which they render as teachers of the people, are services rendered to the State—services to be acknowledged and rewarded, not merely by empty titles, but by public employment, and other substantial gifts. Let literary men know that they have something to work for, beyond the cheques of the publishers and the praises of the reviewers, and we will answer for it that they do not prove themselves unworthy of the place that is made for them in society.

But, we repeat, that literary men have something still to do for themselves. "The profession themselves," as is well and truly said by Mr. Forster in his *Life of Goldsmith*, "have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves that defined position from which greater respect and more frequent consideration in public life could not long be withheld; in fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest; and that on all occasions to do justice to it and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world." We are glad

to promote the currency of these good words. Doubtless, "co-operation" is much wanted. Even the best efforts of men who have a taint of cliqueism about them, are regarded, on this account, with suspicion by their literary brethren. This is, unquestionably, a great misfortune. You talk about a movement among literary men, and are told, with a sneer, that it is "only —'s set." Of course these jealousies are fatal to co-operation. But how much of this suspicion is the result of absolute ignorance? Men mistrust, because they do not know one another. A little social attrition would soon wear the crust away.

It was Lady Blessington's good object, as we have said, to bring about this social attrition. But she did not succeed. Whether any one else, in the high places of the earth, will ever succeed better, can only be conjectured. The attempt in itself is noble; and even failure is honorable. Meanwhile it were well that literary men should keep the subject of their position continually before them; and ever bear in mind that the more they go out of the shell of coteries, and enlarge the sphere of their sympathies, the more likely they are to bring about the great end which all have in view, and towards which all are eager to struggle—but, alas! by how many different roads. They may be sure that nothing will be accomplished so long as the fraternity of authors is split up into a number of unsympathizing, discordant sets. If we once put aside cliqueism, we may be sure of the result.

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From the Leisure Hour.

## A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

"Ay, ay, sir, sometimes. It is not all plain sailing always; but pretty much the contrary may be. Very pleasant for fresh water sailors, a smooth sea like this, and sunshine with all the rest of it; but put 'em aboard some dark night, with what you may call a regular sou'-wester, and set 'em to reefing in tops'l, and see what they'll make of it."

The speaker was a weather-beaten mariner, at that particular time he was steering a small

pleasure boat, while his auditor was baiting the hooks of a fishing line.

"And you have had your share of that sort of thing, I dare say," said the landsman.

The boatman pointed to a line of breakers a mile or two to seaward. "You have heard of 'the black spine,' I suppose," he said abruptly.

"I can't say that I have," replied the other.

"Well, no matter; that's it then."



"Rocks, perhaps?"

"Yes; you can't see them now, the tide's coming in. 'Tis only at low water they show themselves—as ugly a reef as you would wish to see any day; and worse by the other half in the night time."

"Rather dangerous, I suppose?" said the stranger, laconically; "many vessels wrecked there?"

"Why, you see, there's no vessel has any business there, hugging the shore so close as that just in the bay, with the lights to warn it off. A skipper must be mad to run in here, night or day; but then, there are mad skippers. I have seen one vessel wrecked there, anyhow."

"When was that? and how?" asked "fresh-water," pulling up his line, and relieving the hook of a whiting.

"As for the when, it was nine-and-twenty years ago come November; as for the how, that is more than anybody knows, for there wasn't a soul of the crew left to tell the story. I was aboard of her too, after she struck."

"How was that?" asked the landsman, with an awakening interest in the conversation.

"I'll tell you, sir," said the mariner; and, except that it may lose somewhat of its interest by being dribbled through the pen of a "fresh-water," this is his story:—

"It was as cold, sharp, and blustering a November evening as you would wish to see, sir. The wind was blowing great guns, and the rain was coming down in good trim. I was a young chap then; hadn't been long spliced—not above a year or so: our first young one was asleep in the cradle, and its mother had drawn up to the fire; and says she, 'How glad I am, Tom, you arn't out to-night.' I had part share then in a small boat; and I and my partner were to have been afloat that night, fishing, if the storm hadn't come on.

"It wasn't five minutes after she said that, that I heard a gun, and after that, another; and while I was listening the door of my cottage was opened, and in came my partner Larkins. 'Tom,' said he, 'there's a craft of some sort or other on the black spine yonder.'

"I wasn't long putting on my rough and ready, I can tell you, and was just going out o' doors, when Esther clapped me on the arm. Poor girl, she was pale as a sheet, and 'Tom,' she says, 'don't—don't!'

"What!" said I, "not if there's any poor souls in danger, and I can help save 'em?"

"I didn't think of that," said Esther;

'but, whatever you do, take care of yourself, for my sake,' she said, 'and his'—and she pointed to the cradle.

"Well, sir, I promised I wouldn't run into any danger if I could help it. Just then another gun came booming across the water, and I could see the flash. 'That's from the black spine,' I said, 'sure enough;' and I gave Esther just one kiss, and followed Larkins down to the beach. It wasn't a pleasant thing by any means. The waves were coming in three abreast, and dashing up the spray enough to blind one; and to windward was a gathering of wild black clouds that showed there was more storm to come yet. Some of our people were on the beach looking out; but that was all they were doing.

"'Tom,' said Larkins, laying his hand on my shoulder, poor fellow—'Tom, ours is a tough boat.' That was all he said, but I knew what he meant. He was a brave fellow, sir, as ever steered, and none the worse for being religious, though he had to bear a good deal because of it. 'Tom, ours is a tough boat,' said he.

"'Ay, tough enough,' I said; 'and if we could get her fairly afloat, and well-manned, something might be done, perhaps.'

"Well, sir, to make short work of the story, we did get the little craft afloat at last; but not a man was there to join us. They all cried out that we were mad to think of getting out to the black spine such a night as that, and what could we do when we got there? But it didn't matter. 'Pull away, Larkins,' I said; for we didn't dare put up a sail; and a few strokes of the oar carried us a good bit from shore. I shall never forget that minute, sir; it was too dark to see much that was going on; but just then heard a scream, and a cry of 'Tom, Tom.' It was poor Esther, my young wife. Somebody had gone to my cottage and told her what was going on; and she had run down, half beside herself, though whether 'twas to stay me from going, or to say, 'Go, and God bless you,' was more than she could rightly have told, mayhap. I stood up in the boat and shouted out as cheerfully as I could; and then we began to pull away again in right earnest. Our little boat stood it bravely, and floated like a cork, though we had shipped water enough at first to make us in doubt whether we should ever get to the rocks; but when we were right out, she was like a seagull on the waves. Of course we didn't waste much time talking; but just one word or two Larkins spoke.

"'Tom,' said he, 'I am a most sorry Itempt-

ed you to this trip. If anything happens there's nobody much to miss *me*; but you have a young wife and baby.'

"Well, sir, you may suppose I had been thinking about Esther and the young one too; but before I could say a word another gun was fired from the vessel, which we now and then caught sight of when our boat was on the top of a wave.

"I don't know how long a time it was; but we neared the wreck at last, and they hove us a line to make fast by. The rocks were well under water then, for the tide was in, and our little craft floated alongside of the vessel to leeward; and somehow I managed to board her, leaving my partner to take what care he could of the boat. It was a bad move that, sir, as it turned out; for the men aboard were all beside themselves, some with drink, and some with fear.

"The wreck was a middling-sized brig, a foreigner—that was plain enough, and it was plain enough, too, that it was all over with her. It was wonderful to me how she had lived so long, for she was stove in at the bow, and her stern hung over deep water; but she was settling down fast, and the crew were crowded together in the fore part, except one or two who were hanging on to the shrouds.

"There was not much light; but there was enough to show that no time was to be lost, and the brig's crew saw that too. It was no use; I shouted and shouted, but one after another they sprang over the side of the wreck, some into the boat and some into the sea. It was not five minutes, sir, before the deck was cleared. How many there had been aboard I couldn't tell, nor how many missed a footing in the boat, and were washed away without giving a chance of saving them; but when I looked down, there was our little bark, sunk almost down to the gun's, and the madmen crowding and tumbling one upon another. I saw at once how it would be, and I hailed them as loud as I could, and begged some of them to come back again. You see, sir, there would have been some hope then. The wreck might have held together for a while, and in two trips it would have been cleared. But whether the men did not hear me, or didn't heed, I can't say; or perhaps they did not understand me, for, as I said, I could see they were foreigners: let that be as it may, there was not one to listen to reason. When I found that, sir, I called to my poor partner to quit the boat; for, bad as it was, there

was more hope of life by keeping to the wreck. I always thought he did make a move, sir, towards the brig; but it was too late; there came just then a swell, the line parted, the boat floated off, and I was alone on the wreck.

"In another minute, sir, I lost sight of the boat as it floated away heavily. I had not any hope for it: I knew what it could do; but in such a sea as that, and loaded as it was, I knew it could not hold on. And I was right, sir: it wasn't another minute before I heard such shrieks as I hope I shall never hear again. The wind and the dashing of the waves against the wreck was loud and bad enough; but above all rose that shriek. I stopped my ears, sir: I couldn't bear it.

"Till then, I had not had much time to think, all had passed so rapidly; but now, what was I to do? There I was, sir, alone, with the ship's timbers groaning like a thing in agony, and parting beneath me. No help near: I knew 'twas no use to look for it. It was getting darker, too, every minute: for before, there had been a moon, though it was behind the clouds; but it was going down; and all round were the waves beating and dashing against the poor wreck, and threatening every moment to sweep it off the hold it had somehow got upon the rocks. What was I to do, sir?"

"I trust you remembered who it is," replied the landsman—whose fishing tackle was for the time unheeded—"who it is that 'holds the waters in the hollow of his hand.'"

"I prayed that night and that hour, sir," resumed the boatman, "as I had never prayed before. 'I besought the Lord,' sir," as David says, "and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." But it was a hard struggle for life, sir, that I had."

"How did you escape?" inquired the listener.

"It was a mercy," resumed the seaman, "that the wind began to sink a little; but the rain poured down heavily, and the waves rolled in great heavy swells. Anyhow, I did not expect to see the morning, for it seemed certain that at the falling of the tide the wreck would lurch over and sink like a stone.

"Just that thing happened, and sooner than I expected. I had only time to jump overboard when I felt her going; and by God's mercy, sir, I got fast hold of a point of the rock that was then above water. I clung to it for dear life; how I managed I can't think to this day, for my senses were

almost gone for the time; and it seemed as if all the waves of the sea were pulling at me to get me under. By the time I came to, I found myself on my knees, with the rock under me, and the waves every moment dashing over my head. Well, sir, I managed to raise myself on my feet, and turned round to look for the wreck; but she was gone.

"Through the rest of that night I was on the rock, just able to hold on; but I believed that when the tide came in again it would be all over with me. I cannot tell you what my thoughts were, sir: I seemed like in a dream. Well, morning came at last, and then the tide was rising again. 'This is the last morning I shall ever see,' I remember thinking *that*, and thinking, too, of poor Esther. It was a strange notion; but my mind would keep running upon how it would be when my body was picked up, may be, and carried ashore—who would break the news to Esther, and what would be said; and then I fancied I saw her in widow's weeds, and the little one all in black; and then I could not help laughing to myself at my queer fancies, as if it would matter to me how these things went. How long I might have gone on in this way I can't tell, if I had not soon had something else to think about.

"It was a black speck on the water, sir—no bigger than a hat it looked. I watched it, and watched it, and it came nearer and nearer. It was our boat, sir, bottom upwards.

"I was not much of a swimmer, but thinks I there's some hope now; and I managed to get off my shoes and heavy jacket, and struck out to the poor old boat. It was about time I left the rock; in another half hour I should have been washed away.

"I reached the boat, sir, pretty nearly exhausted, and clung to it till I had got breath and strength to raise myself on to its hull, which I did at last."

"And then you felt yourself safe?"

"Ay, for a little while I fancied something of the sort: but you may give a guess, perhaps, that I should have felt a trifle safer if I had been ashore—"

"Where you were being drifted, I hope?"

"I hoped so, sir, and kept up a good heart for awhile; but by-and-by the tide turned again, and I knew I was going farther and farther out to sea; and there was not a sail within sight. You may not think it, sir, but I felt as if I could cry like a child. I was faint with fatigue, and dried up with thirst, and I almost envied my poor partner his fate

—leastways, if I had been as ready to die as he was.

"All that day, sir, I was on the water, holding on to the old boat. It was a dark, gloomy day; but that was a mercy: if the sun had been hot upon me, I should have gone mad, I think; as it was, I was only chilled to the bones, while the showers that now and then fell, if they soaked me to the skin, they helped me to quench my thirst.

"About noon that day, I looked round and saw a sail, maybe a couple of miles to windward. I need not say how I watched it, and what I would have given to have been within hail. It came nearer, and I shouted—nearer still, and I shouted again. I thought they heard me, for in a minute or two the ship's course was altered a point or so. I kept hailing, sir, till my voice was gone; and then I saw the vessel—a schooner—sailing off, when there wasn't, maybe, half a mile between us.

"That afternoon, another sail, and then another passed me, but too far off for me to make myself heard, while I knew I was being drifted every minute farther out to sea.

"It was getting towards dusk, and I was nearly perished with cold and hunger. A sort of feeling came over me, sir, that it was no use to hold on any longer. It was better to die at once than to die by inches in that way. I think my senses wandered, or perhaps I swooned; I can't say; but I know I had hold of the keel with both hands, and my head was across my arms, when, all at once, the flapping of a sail roused me, and then I heard a shout, 'A-hoy there—boat a-hoy!'

"I never heard such a blessed sound as that in my whole life, sir, before or since—never. You may think how it put life into me. In five minutes more I was safe on board the vessel, that had pretty near been running me down. She was a coal brig.

"Well, sir, three days afterwards I was landed, fifty miles more from home. You may guess that I was not longer on the road than I could help. It was towards nightfall that I stepped up softly to the cottage door. A light was burning, and the curtains were not drawn. I looked in, sir. There was poor Esther, pale and thin with grief and watching, nursing our little one and hushing it to sleep. Beside her was a neighbor busy at needlework, and on the table was a heap of black stuff and crape. I did not wait to see any more; the next minute poor Esther was in my arms. A happy night that was for us, sir."

From Fraser's Magazine.

## A VISIT TO THE YEZIDIS, OR DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS OF ARMENIA.

"In that part there dwell a people of a very strange and singular character; for it is their principle to adhere to no certain religion, but, chameleon-like, they put on the color of religion, whatever it be, which is reflected upon them from the persons with whom they happen to converse. With Christians, they profess themselves Christians; with Turks, they are good Mussulmans; with Jews, they pass for Jews; being such Proteuses in religion, that nobody was ever able to discover what shape or standard their consciences are really of."—HENRY MAUNDELL, A. D. 1697.

It was a great disappointment to me on first reaching the banks of the Tigris at Jezirah, in 185-, to find that the great annual festival of the Yezidis was to take place on the next day. It thus became evident that by no exertion could I hope to reach the sacred valley of Sheikh Adi in time to witness the mysterious rites which, until vindicated by the testimony of modern travellers, had stamped this strange people with a character of systematic profligacy, and had aided to give rise to the report that the object of their adoration was no other than the arch-enemy of mankind himself.

But although I was thus unable to seek initiation into the ceremonies peculiar to the feast-day of their prophet, I was determined not to quit the country without at least having made a pilgrimage to the shrine of their faith, and in some degree satisfied my curiosity with regard to them. During my stay in Mosul I became acquainted with the chief or prince of the Yezidis, Hussein Beg; and I was fortunate enough to return one day from Nimroud in time to meet Sheikh Nasr, the spiritual head of the sect, on his visit to the town. They both promised me the most unbounded hospitality if I should enter their territories, and I was glad to avail myself of so good an opportunity of extending my travels to the lower chains of the Armenian mountains.

We accordingly one day broke up our encampment, which had lain beneath the great rock-sculptures hewn by Sennacherib upon the cliffs of Bavian, and proceeded to scale the steep sides of the mountains which hem in the valley of the Gomel. We soon reached the little Kurdish village of Mousacan, where, invited by a neatness and cleanliness unusual in the East, I had pitched

my tents some days before. This time we only skirted the place, and rode past the burial-ground which lay outside the village. It, too, shared in the general neatness; and many of the graves were dressed with *mary-golds*—the only flowers which are cultivated and valued in the country—while the piece of red cord which adorned each headstone was new and of the brightest color.

As we continued our way over a rocky and difficult path, I had time to notice the dress and equipment of the man we had brought as a guide from Bavian. He was a very fair specimen of a Kurd—a fierce, cutthroat-looking fellow—but with more intelligence than is usually found amongst this people, so noted for their surly stupidity. On his head was a conical cap of brown felt, with a packing-needle stuck in it, and a dark blue handkerchief wound round the bottom. Over a shirt, of which the sleeves were very large and slit on the inner side, he wore a sack—for coat it could not be called—of brown goat's hair, sewn conspicuously with red worsted, and with sleeves which reached to the elbow; wide, white-trowsers, drawn in at the ankles, and gazelle-skin sandals, with a piece of coarse matting tied over the instep, completed his dress. Round his waist he wore a belt furnished with a brace of huge, unwieldy pistols and a scimitar; and from his side hung a leathern tobacco-pouch, embroidered, and studded with cowries. A long gun was slung at his back, and he carried in one hand a sort of alpenstock, and in the other the indispensable *chibouque*.

In about half an hour we reached the village of Mangouli, and we here entered a narrow gorge in the mountains, through which a torrent, fringed with a perfect



thicket of oleander and wild pomegranate, burst its way to join the Zab in the plains below. I had sent on my tents and the greater part of my servants to Baadri, the chief town of the tribe, as I knew the aversion with which the Yezidis view the entrance of Mohammedans into their sacred valley. My dragoman, and a groom who was qualified to act as interpreter in Kurdish, of which the dragoman was ignorant, alone accompanied me.

I could well sympathize with the delight which must be felt by those Yezidis who have made their long pilgrimage across the desert, on reaching this green and well-watered valley. But I felt certain that no votary from the north, who had only journeyed amongst the valleys and streams of Armenia, could hail with such pleasure the mountains and trees and living waters which surround the tomb of his saint, as I did after dwelling for months among the scorching plains of Mesopotamia.

The gorge at first was narrow, and confined between steep cliffs, but it soon opened out into a sort of amphitheatre, in which four beautiful and well-wooded valleys converged. The greenest and the best watered was that to the west; and in a few minutes we caught sight of the white spires of Sheikh Adi, rising from the trees at the head of it. We here found that our Kurdish guide had absconded, as he was in no humor to face his hereditary enemies, the Yezidis, in their stronghold.

Our path lay along the banks of the brawling stream, and was shaded by magnificent groves of plane-trees and oak, which stretched to the summits of the surrounding hills. Here and there the white front of a khan, or resting-place for pilgrims, stood out from amongst the trees, and strongly relieved their dark foliage. At a little distance the road we had been following suddenly entered a massively-built tunnel, which evidently led to the sacred precincts. I was unwilling to go further without permission, lest I should shock the feelings of the priests by suddenly intruding upon their ceremonies; but as, after a little while, our shouts had failed to bring any answer, I pushed on through the archway.

After riding a little way in the dark I emerged upon an open space in which were several fountains and springs of the purest water, surrounded by stone slabs and seats. I was here accosted by a Fakir, one of the lowest order of priests, who seemed to be ordering me off the premises, but when my

interpreter came up and I was able to explain that I was a Christian from the far west, and that I came with the permission of Hussein Beg and Sheikh Nasr, his tone changed at once, and he gave us a most hearty welcome. I was at once established in a guesthouse close to the temple, and several priests and priestesses vied with one another in supplying my wants.

But I was anxious to explore the temple, and on proposing to see it at once, and to return afterwards to the dinner which they were preparing, a venerable old Sheikh readily led the way. He was a fine-looking old fellow, with a long gray beard, and robes of spotless white which swept the ground. His turban was black, and round his waist he wore a girdle of a red and green check pattern. The priestesses wore robes of the same check, which much resembled a Highland tartan, and scarfs of it were fastened upon their shoulders with large buckles. The Fakirs were clothed entirely in black, and they appeared to be employed in the menial offices of the temple, such as trimming the lamps and carrying wood.

The open space which I have described seemed to be the only level spot in this part of the valley. It was but a few yards across, and from it the mountains rose steeply on either side. In one corner was the mouth of the tunnel by which we had entered, and in the other corner of the same side was the portal which led to the outer court of the temple. On the southern side, and close under the hill, was a large fountain fed by a copious stream that flowed from a smaller temple, dedicated apparently to the sun. The remaining sides of the area were enclosed by stone seats and fountains, or by the boundary wall of the temple; and the boughs of several large mulberry trees spread a mystic gloom over the whole.

I followed the Sheikh through the archway I have mentioned into the outer court of the temple. The walls were built of massive masonry, disposed in regular courses, and the stones around the entrance were sculptured with cabalistic signs. Amongst them I noticed the figure of a bird—perhaps the king of the peacocks himself!—a hatchet, a hooked stick, a comb, and double triangles, within circles, after the manner of Freemasons' signs.

My groom, who had accompanied us so far, was now ordered back, and I was told that it was only as a favor to me that the presence of a Mohammedan in the sacred valley was permitted at all. We took off

our shoes to enter the inner court, along one side of which the temple itself stands, and descending a few steps, found ourselves in front of a low and curiously ornamented arch, beside which were most conspicuously painted in black the hooked stick, the comb, and a serpent.

The temple was very dark, and it was a few minutes before we could make out the form of the building. At the entrance there was a spout and a tank of the beautifully clear water which abounds throughout the valley, and, as our conductor made some sign about it that we did not understand, I thought it expedient to follow his example, and to wash my hands and face; as I knew that it was the custom of the Yezidis to perform ablutions before approaching their holy places. We then went on into the temple. It was a plain building, divided in the centre by a row of massive columns, which, as is usual in the churches of the East, were tapestried with gay cloths and large handkerchiefs. On the northern side hung a gold-embroidered curtain, which, on being drawn back, disclosed the so-called tomb of Sheikh Adi—a mere frame-work of lath and plaster, covered with a green cloth; and probably only revered as the altar on which the Melek Taous, the religious symbol of the Yezidis, is exposed. A burning lamp hung before the curtain. A little further on was another recess containing a somewhat smaller box or altar, which is called the tomb of Sheikh Hussein. The curtain in this case was not so richly worked, and the lamp was smaller; the shrine being evidently of a secondary rank. We now descended a few steps into the second division of the building, which exactly resembled the first in construction, but it was empty and unornamented. At the end was a door which brought us out to the court again. The Sheikh assured me that I had now seen the whole of the sacred edifice, and finished by conducting me over the buildings set apart for the more distinguished pilgrims, and their horses, which adjoin the temple.

I afterwards repeated my visit, but discovered no new feature in the temple.

The Yezidis have of late years been brought somewhat before the notice of the public through the travels of Mr. Layard and Mr. Badger; but as, unfortunately, these gentlemen seem unable to agree either in their books or out of them, the world is not much the wiser as to the real tenets of this singular people. In fact, the principal point in their religion seems to be to conceal their doctrines from the uninitiated, and

for this purpose every kind of falsehood is resorted to. To a Mohammedan a Yezidi will say he believes in Mohammed; to a Christian that he believes in Christ; and amongst Mohammedans they circumcise their children, whilst among Christians they baptize them. It seems certain, however, that, if possible, every member of the tribe makes a pilgrimage once in his life to the sacred valley of Sheikh Adi, and is immersed in its waters.

With regard to their worship of the Devil, it is now evident that at most they but endeavor to propitiate him. I have been told by those who, more fortunate than myself, were present at the great festival in the year of my visit, that the word Yezdan constantly recurred in their sacred songs, and the priests themselves acknowledged that this was the name by which they adored the Supreme Being. Their reverence for fire is very great, and it is considered sinful to spit into it, or to scatter it upon the earth. They have, too, a small temple in the valley of Sheikh Adi, which bears the name of Sheikh Shems, or the sun; and although it has been alleged that it is merely the tomb of a man of the name of Shems, such a report would be one likely to be spread by the Yezidis to conceal its real import. In fact, so far as their doctrines are known, they present an extraordinary resemblance to those which long were held in Persia, when the precepts of Zoroaster had been corrupted by admixture with a grosser Sabæan-ism.

The Melek Taous (literally "King Peacock" itself, although we are at present accustomed to condemn it as a symbol of the Devil, may be but a form of the Persian Ferouher, the emblem of the good spirit, which is found upon all the Persepolitan and many of the Assyrian sculptures, in especial attendance upon the king; and which was perpetuated in India down to the days of Tip-poo Saib, in the humma or sacred bird which spread its wings above his throne. The idea of a sacred bird seems to have been common throughout the East in all ages. On the other hand, we have the precedent of the cock being sacred to Pluto among the Greeks and Romans; and Ainsworth, in his travels in Asia Minor, mentions the sacrifice of a cock to the subterranean deities. On the exceedingly interesting Assyrian rock-sculptures of Malthaiyah, there is a representation of a cock with a human head and a scorpion's tail, at the first sight of which my companion exclaimed, "Why, here we have the Melek Taous himself!"

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Whatever may be the origin of the emblem—for it is only as an emblem that the figure of the bird can be regarded—it seemed pretty clear to me that there was more than one Melek Taous in existence, and the discrepancy between the drawing given in Mr. Layard's second work on Nineveh (p. 48), and that by Mr. Badger (*Nestorians*, i. 24), would favor this conclusion. I was assured at Mosul that there were seven of them, one for each of the seven great divisions of the tribe, which is scattered over the country from Aleppo to the Caspian, and from Mesopotamia to the Black Sea. All of these return to their several districts after the annual festival, and are brought back again to Sheikh Adi at the same time next year. In their progress through the country they are borne at the head of the cavalcade; but, should a stranger appear, they are instantly taken to pieces and hidden in a large bag.

With respect to the reverence of the Yezidis for Sheikh Adi, the only tenable supposition is that they regard him as an incarnation of the Deity, who was received back again into the godhead after death.

Their reluctance to pronounce the word *Sheitan* (the Arabic name for the Devil) is undoubted, and they avoid words which in any way approach it in sound. The same feeling extends to the verb *Lān*, to curse, and many words of a similar sound. The flame-colored and black robes, worn by the chief when officiating at their great ceremonies, are certainly very appropriate to the worship of his Satanic Majesty, and remind one of the last scene in *Faust*, or of the Spanish play where the audience are introduced to Don Juan in the infernal regions; but they will hardly support a theory on the subject. And on the other hand, the sacrifices of white oxen, which in classical times were sacred to the sun, and the offerings of the best fruits of the land, are certainly made to a good Deity.

The Yezidis have many peculiar customs which separate them from the other inhabitants of Armenia and Mesopotamia. One of their greatest grievances was being enrolled in the Turkish army, by which many of their prejudices were shocked. Their uniforms were blue—a sacred color—and one which no Yezidi can conscientiously wear; they were compelled to eat lettuce and other vegetables forbidden by their religion; and they were forced to go to the public baths with Mohammedans, which is the height of abomination; for although as a

people they are very cleanly, yet their ablutions must be performed apart, and if possible in a running stream. However, now, through the exertions of Lord Stratford, they are permitted to pay a fixed sum annually, which secures their exemption from military service.

Fish, too, is a forbidden article of food, and appears to be held sacred; a superstition which reminds one of the tanks of sacred fish which are maintained in India at the present day, and of the account of the reservoir filled with them in the great temple of the Syrian goddess at Hierapolis.

At a distance a Yezidi may at once be known by his shirt, which is closed at the neck, instead of being left open like those worn by the Kurds and Arabs; and on nearer approach it is impossible to mistake their large noses and strongly-marked features. They are evidently a distinct people from their neighbors, and the purity of the race is kept up by stringent laws, which excommunicate any person who marries out of the tribe. They are industrious and warlike, and were it not for the constant persecution they suffer from the Mohammedans, they would be far more prosperous than the other inhabitants of these provinces.

Every creed in the East has its *Kubleh*, or sacred point, to which to turn in prayer, and that of the Yezidis is towards the north. The common people do not appear to pray at all. They leave that duty to the priests, who occasionally meet, and perform mystic dances, at the same time chanting verses in honor of Yezdan and Sheikh Adi. The dead are buried with their faces towards the north.

On the evening before the new year the Yezidi villages present a very gay appearance, as the door of every house is decorated with bunches of scarlet anemones, and on feast-days the people wear these and other flowers twisted into their turbans.

I have thus given a sketch of the tenets and customs of the Yezidis, so far as they fell under my own observation. I might have given a fuller description of them by gleaning from works already published upon the subject, but I preferred confining myself entirely to the information I obtained in the country.

When we left Sheikh Adi by a difficult path, which led over the mountain immediately above the temple, the view of the valley was most striking. The walls of rock, which seemed to hem it in on every side, were covered, wherever a tree could grow, with

the most luxuriant foliage; and from a thick grove of mulberries beneath rose the three snow-white spires of the shrine, reflecting the light from their many angles, while that of Sheikh Shems appeared a little higher up the hill. From among the trees peeped out in all directions the well whitewashed fronts of the "guests'-houses," or the spires of a Yezidi tomb.

But on reaching the summit the view changed to one of a different kind. Behind us were the mountains of Kurdistan, rising range behind range in gigantic walls of rock, and merging towards the East in the fine snow-covered peaks of Akra. At our feet lay the plain of Navkur, which we had traversed on our way from Mosul, and in which Jebel Makhloub, which we had then thought a considerable mountain, appeared a mere molehill. To the south and west flowed the Tigris, and beyond it stretched the vast plains of Mesopotamia and the mountains of the Sinjar, another stronghold of the Yezidis.

The descent to Baadri, the chief town of the tribe, and the residence of their chief, was very steep, and along the worst road I ever rode over, although I have had a good deal of experience in that way. In about two hours I reached my tent, and was welcomed, in the absence of Hussein Beg himself, by his two younger brothers, and a host of priests and bigwigs. They tried hard to induce me to put up at a house in the village, instead of remaining in my tent; but I knew too well the living accessories of an Eastern establishment to run the risk of a sleepless night. They sat in my tent for a long time, smoking and drinking coffee, and devouring eagerly accounts

of the wonders of the west. At length, some Vesuvian matches attracted their attention, and when I had made glad the hearts of the princes by giving a box each, they left me to my dinner.

It was not long, however, before I was horrified by their return, and lighting my pipe I resigned myself to another hour or two of martyrdom. This time they had brought with them the son of Sheikh Nasr, whose dignity would not suffer the young princes to receive a present when he had none. So I made matters up by giving him another box of matches, and at last they left me.

Next morning early, when I looked out of my tent, I saw a long file of servants approaching, each bearing aloft a huge platter piled with every imaginable compound, and intended for our breakfast; and, as soon as I was ready to mount my horse, a guard of honor made their appearance, and escorted me to the last Yezidi village on my road. They were commanded by a man whom I had seen the evening before in close attendance upon the young princes. He had been a confidential servant of their father, Ali Beg, the once independent sovereign of the country, and at his master's death he had carried off Hussein Beg to the mountains, and by no tortures had the Mohammedans been able to wrest from him a disclosure of the prince's hiding-place. Both his hands had been cut off by order of the ferocious pasha; but he still managed his horse and his lance as well as any of his followers.

After an hour's ride he left me, and I pushed on over the plain and reached Mosul late in the evening.

**THE DUCHESS D'ORLEANS.**—The manner in which the Duchess d'Orleans mourned her husband is well known. Dr. Veron tells us in his new volumes that after his death she would not allow his apartment to be entered by any one except herself. From 1842 to 1848, when its sanctity was violated by the republican conquerors, "Not a piece of furniture changed its place—not an object, even the most triv-

ial, was touched. Near the window of the bedroom was the toilette table of the Prince. Even the water in which he had washed his hands before leaving was left untouched, but had evaporated with time; and the towel which he had used was lying beside it. Near the chimney was a large arm-chair: the Prince had thrown the *Journal des Debats* open into it, and it had not been touched for six years."



From Fraser's Magazine.

## SERVIAN PROVERBS.

"We count him wise who knows the minds and the insides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them."—BISHOP ANDREWS.

GERMAN and Slavonian literati hold few living authors in higher estimation than Dr. Wuk Stephanovitch Karadshitch. His position with regard to the language and literature of his native country is certainly remarkable. Born a peasant in Turkish Servia, so feeble and crippled in frame as to be incapable of bodily labor, he commenced by adapting the Cyrillic alphabet to express the sounds of his beautiful, but then unwritten, idiom: in a philosophical grammar (which has been translated by Jacob Grimm) he reduced that idiom to general rules; he compiled a copious Servian-German-Latin lexicon, translated the New Testament into his native tongue, wrote various works for the instruction of his countrymen, and acting, perhaps unconsciously, on the theory that the introduction of letters among the lower orders of a people is fatal to their literary productiveness, he has, by long-continued exertions, by adventurous expeditions through the mountains, by associating with blind beggarmen (the rhapsodists of Servia), with brigands "who had the misfortune to kill a Turk," with every one, in fact, having a song to sing, a story to tell, or a saw to utter, succeeded in making and publishing complete collections of the noble ballads, the legends, and the proverbs of his country. We are grieved, but not surprised, to learn that Dr. Wuk in his old age has met with neglect and ingratitude from the people for whom he has wrought so well; but being a wise and a good man, he probably anticipated his reward, and received it cheerfully.

His collection of proverbs was printed at Zetinja by the gallant and right reverend Vladika of Montenegro; and his daughter Wilhelmine—who is, according to Jacob Grimm, *beider Sprache kündigt*—has translated upwards of a thousand of them as a supplement to her version of her father's gathering of the popular tales of Servia.\* We purpose to give some account of these proverbs.

\* *Volksmärchen der Serben, mit einer Vorrede von Jacob Grimm, nebst einem Anhang von mehr*

In so doing we shall spare our readers all disquisition on the seemingly insoluble problem, *quid sit paromia*. Erasmus and Mr. Trench have grappled with the subject; and we would merely suggest that practical wisdom, currency and conciseness are the three essential requisites of a proverb. In return, our readers will remember that we are reviewing a translation, and they will therefore excuse the absence of remark on the form of the original—the rhyme, alliteration, and "curious felicities of diction," supposing such to exist therein.

In his wise and learned little book\* (to which we intend to make constant reference), Mr. Trench, after discussing the form and definition of a proverb, proceeds to consider its generation. On this point, we have to report of our Servian collection that (as might be expected, since half the country is still Mahometan, and the whole was trampled by the Turkish horse-hoofs for nearly five hundred years) it contains a large number of proverbs doubtless originally Oriental. For example: "Be neither honey, lest men lick thee up—nor poison, lest they spit thee out;† Speak the truth, but then see that thou come away quickly; Kiss the hand that thou canst not hew off; If all the world cry out that thou art drunk, lay thyself down, even though thou art not;" and this, on the danger of evil companionship—"Beside a dry stick even a green one will burn;" which may be compared respectively with the Persian saying, "Be not all sugar, or the world will swallow thee up; nor yet all wormwood, or the world will spit thee out;" the Turkish, "He that speaks truth must have one foot in the stirrup;" the modern Egyptian, "Kiss the hand which thou canst not bite;" and the Hebrew, "If thy neigh-

*als tausend serbischen Sprichwörtern.* Berlin: Reimer. 1854.

\* *On the Lessons in Proverbs.* London. 1853.

† The same lesson is found in another form, which we do not remember to have seen before: *He will soon grow bald that takes his hat off to every insignificant fellow.*

bor call thee an ass, put a packsaddle on thy back;”\* and, “Two dry sticks will set on fire one green.” Much intercourse also existed between Servia and Venice (one of the Servian sayings is, “Venice is a flower, and Constantinople a world”), and we accordingly find some proverbs which perhaps were originally Italian. For example: “He whom snakes have bitten fears even lizards; Let a fly on your hand only, it’s on your moustache already; Bring the ass even to Jerusalem, it will nevertheless remain an ass; Bad is the mouse that has only one lurking-hole” (so in Latin, *Mus non uni fidit antro*); “The shirt is nearer to me than the coat; Praise the sea, but hold to the hill; Who lies down with dogs arises with fleas; He that goes out after strange wool often comes home shorn;” and, “Let him that knows not how men pray go sail upon the sea.”†

We have already hinted that one copious source of proverbs—books loved and known by the people—has never till lately existed in Servia. Through the medium of their priests, however, the Servians seem to have derived the following from the Bible: “Sooner shall a mother forget the child she has borne than God the world he has created; Naked have we come into this world, naked shall we also leave it;” and, “If one blind man leads the other, both will fall into the ditch.”

Of proverbs arising from an incident the following may be taken as an example: “It is (sometimes) right even to obey a sensible wife.” “A Herzgovinian,” says Fräulein Wilhelmine, “once asked a Kadi whether a man should obey his wife; whereupon the Kadi answered that one needed not to do so. The Herzgovinian then continued: ‘My wife pressed me this morning to bring thee a pot of beef suet, so I have done well in not obeying her.’ Then said the Kadi, ‘Verily, it is (sometimes) right even to obey a sensible wife.’”

A few words on the light thrown by this

\* The corresponding Servian proverb is, however, more nearly related to the Romance, *‘Oran sou le-yonw pws meōs, baota ton touxov,ण्याνε.* Sanders’ *Das Volksleben der Neugriechen*, s. 220.

† Compare with these the following:—“Cui serpe mozzias, lucerta teme; Al villano se gli porgi il dito, ei prende la mano” (and this low German, “Jê mër man de katte stricket destò höher hilt se den swanz”); “Chi bestia va à Roma bestia retorna; Tristo è quel topo che non ha ch’un sol pertugio per salvarsi; Tocca più la camicia ch’il guipone; Loda il mare, e tienti à terra; Chi con cane dorme con pulce si leva; Venuto per lana e andato toro;” and the Spanish, “Quien no entra en la mar no sabe à Dios rogar,” which, doubtless, is also found in Italy.

collection on what may be termed comparative parœmiology. Local superstitions are but slightly illustrated—in fact, we can only find one proverb on this subject: “A serpent until it devour a serpent cannot become a dragon,”\* which is curiously identical with the Latin, “*Serpens nisi serpentem comederit, non fit draco*;” and we have actually such a saying as this, “Dreams are lies, and God alone is truth.” But many of these proverbs could only have originated among Servians, and some are strongly characteristic of their national life. Thus, “One jerk from your shoulder wont make the Drina straight;” which saying (like the Turkish proverbial expression, “Dig a well with a needle,” or the Greek, *ἐπι ῥίπος το Ἀλγαίον διαπλευσαι*), is used when a man undertakes a difficult achievement with inadequate means, the river Drina being a very Mæander in its tortuousness. Note also, “It is easy to fling a stone into the Danube, but hard to fetch it out again; Better at Christmas the plague than the south wind;” and, “By asking one can come to Constantinople.” And how the southern summer heats of Servia are suggested by this: “Better endure the full midges than let the hungry ones come after,” (a saying used especially with reference to Turkish officials; and the winter snows and acrid wood-fires by this: “Who will warm himself by the fire must first bear the smoke”—a wise saying, worthy to be laid to heart by those who think they can attain to the gladness of life and light without enduring the preliminary pain and darkness.

With regard to the historical allusions in these proverbs, we have to remind our readers that the independence of Servia was destroyed in the battle of Kossovo,† a calamity to which even now the people never allude without lamentation, and which was caused chiefly by the treachery of one of the Servian leaders. The proverb referring to this is simply, “St. Vitus’ day will come,” then, that is to say, the false and the faithful will be manifested. Again, “Two weak men are stronger than Miloš,” (a renowned Servian champion who slew the Sultan Amurath I. at Kossovo). The Servian national hero is

\* Explained by others: *Till it is night for one man, it cannot be day for another*; and “Bis einer sich nicht kalt hinstrickt kann sich ein anderer nicht ausbreiten.” Hear Erasmus on the proverb in the text:—“Potentes aliorum damnis crescant, et optimatum fortune in tantum non augerentur, nisi essent quos exegerunt. Quemadmodum inter pisces et belluas, majores vivunt laniatu minorum.”

† Fought on St. Vitus’ Day, the 15th of June, 1389.

Marko Kraljevitch, and his name occurs in the following excellent saying, "When war is waging they cry, where is the King's son Marko? but when the plunder is sharing they say to him, whence art thou, unknown warrior?"

There are, of course, numerous proverbs relating to the Turkish tyranny, some of inexpressible mournfulness, such as: "My crime is that I am alive; The earth is hard and heaven is far; Whoever has power has also right; The Turks rule the field, the Latins the sea, the Christians have only the forest and stones;" and these: "Where an army passes there is no grass;" and, "What use are pearls to me, when they drag them off my neck?"

Of proverbs indicating national peculiarities, the following may be taken as examples: "The priest is not chosen by his beard, but his head" (the clergy of the Greek Church are all *barbati*); "The old woman gave a para to be taken into the *kolo*" (the national dance of the Servian youth), "and then two that she might be let out again;" and, "Whose are the heads, his is the victory"—the heads of foes that fall in battle being generally cut off by the victor.

There is of course a crowd of "cosmopolitan" proverbs in Servia. "Who guards himself God also guards;" and its companion, "The Gods are with him who has a following; The master's eyes fatten the horse;" this on the rarity of honest poverty, "An empty sack cannot stand upright; The spider sucks poison from the flower, and the bee honey; Fire and water are good servants but bad masters; Wherever there is smoke there is fire." All these are old acquaintances, except, perhaps, the second, which reminds one of Fritz's saying, That he always found Providence on the side of strong battalions. So are the following, but in new forms: "Better is oaten bread to-day than cakes to-morrow; Better a goldfinch in the hand than a falcon in the forest," (which recalls the Low German, "Better a sparrow in the hand than a dove on the roof;" and the Irish, "Better a wren in the hand than a crane in the air;") "The rain falls in drops, yet it maketh sloughs;" or, "Many grains make a heap; They say a dog's mad when they want to kill him; Among the blind the one-eyed man is chosen Emperor; When the wind will abate it blows most fiercely; Don't shake a tree when the fruit falls of itself; One devil does not scratch another's eyes out," (nor, as the Flemings say, does one

wolf bite the other\*); "It's easy to shave a bald head; A new sieve sifts of itself; More have died of eating and drinking than of hunger and thirst; Honey on the tongue and poison in the heart," (compare the Portuguese "Boca de mel, coração de fel;" and the Irish "Mouth of ivy, heart of holly;") "The wheat doesn't wait for a working day;" and finally, this, which Mr. Trench must certainly add to his capital collection of kiln-calling-the-oven-burnt-house proverbs: "The owl derided the ant; Go, thou big-headed"—female dog.

We shall now quote a few proverbs to illustrate the mode in which the popular mind of Servia regards the great relations of parent and child, husband and wife, age and youth. Hector prayed that men might say of his son, returning from battle, He is far braver than his father.† We have here also a true word on the unselfish strength of paternal love: "A man would always excel every other, save only his son;" together with this and correlative: "Thy children are faithless comrades." Note these also: "As the nest, so the bird; As the father, so the children; Niggardly father, thievish children; When God giveth, asketh he not whose son thou art? First look at the mother, then take the daughter; If the mother be ever so evil, she yet wishes her daughter to be good;" and, "An aged father, orphaned children." On this subject of orphanage we find numerous sayings, some remarkable for their tenderness and simplicity, others for their hyperbolical beauty. Thus: "It is easy to make an orphan weep; You can easily be an orphan's master; An orphan's tear pierces the ploughshare. However, God cares for the orphan," and, "The sun shines for the sake of the orphans" (or, "Were there no orphans, the sun would not shine"). There are others; none, however, attaining to the tender loveliness of the Turkish: "The nest of the blind bird is made by God."‡

\* "Die een wolf bijt den anderen niet." No. 211 of the curious collection of 14th century proverbs lately published by Hoffmann v. Fallersleben in his *Hora Belgica*, para 9. And compare the Low German, "Eine kraje hacket der andern de ägen nich ut." Schambach's *Plattdeutsche Sprichwörter*, s. 65.

† *Iliad*, ζ 479.

‡ We take this opportunity of printing, verbatim, the remainder of a small manuscript collection of Ottoman adages wherewith we have been favored, and from which this and the other Turkish proverbs quoted in this article have been derived: Whoever does not beat his daughters will one day

We must not leave this head without mentioning stepmothers and their *odium novercale*, concerning whom we are told that, "There are as many white crows as good stepmothers."

Respecting the matrimonial relation, we find that some Servian bachelor has arrived at the following cynical conclusions: "Twice only is a man happy in his lifetime, first, when he marries: secondly, when he buries his wife;\* The tongue of a wife is worse than a Turkish sabre; the wife depends on crying, the thief on lying." The *amende honorable* is made, however, in these: "The house stands not on the ground, but on the wife;" and, "The worst wife is worth fifty piastres, and a good one is not to be paid for in money." On marriage and the choice of wives we find the following: "Marry with the ears and not with the eyes; The Rhine willow is fair to see, but bitter to chew" (*salicine*, the alkaloid principle of willow-bark, tasting like quinine); "The snake, indeed, is fair, but wicked; the husband should labor, the wife should save;" and this (which will be appreciated by every man whose wife looks happy, and whose buttons are correct): "The wife wears her husband in her face, and the husband his wife in his shirt." Ladies of a certain age are hardly dealt with by these proverbial philosophers. We are assured, for instance, that, "When the Devil cannot manage anything, he sends to an old woman." The gray hairs of man are, however, treated with more respect; thus: "When the oldest are not hearkened to, God withholds His help; When an old dog barks, then see what the matter is; nevertheless, It's hard to mend an old sack; an old wolf is the jest of the dogs;" and, "The world remains for the younger," although "The needle pierces a young skin sooner than an old one;" and, "There are more lambs than sheepskins at market."

The deeply poetical nature of the Servian

strike his knees in vain; He who falls by himself never cries; Every fish that escapes appears greater than it is; Poverty is a shirt of fire; The wit stands not in years, but in the head; The candle does not give light to itself; The grape, observing the grape, becomes black; Avoiding the rain, we meet the tempest; One hand does not clap; If Time is not favorable to thee, render thyself favorable to it.

\* This painful truth seems to have been accepted in England, *temp.* Taylor the water-poet. He observes:—

A married man, some say, has two days' gladness,  
And all his life else is a lingering sadness:  
The one day's mirth is when he first is married,  
The other's when his wife's to burying carried.

people would seem to have but seldom chosen to express itself in the proverbial form. Their proverbs, however, manifestly bear witness to their practice of that loving observation of nature which lies at the root of all creative art. For example: "The snow falls, not to destroy the world, but that every living creature may show its track." Pain and sorrow, that is to say, are sent, not to overwhelm, but that by striving through them bravely, individual men may manifest and discipline their respective natures. "The tree (uprooted by the storm) leans upon the tree, and man (in misfortune) upon man." And what graceful gladness and hope are herein: "Man goes through the world like the bee through the blossoms." What pathos in this: "The blind man weeps, not because he is unbeautiful, but because he cannot see the beautiful world." The Servian poets, we may observe, are almost invariably blind.

How roguishly satirical, too, are some of the following! "The frog saw them beating the horses, and he also raised his foot; Wolves don't live on bespoken meat; at a rich peasant's, his ox even is clever" (flatterers say so, at least); "The hare is still in the forest, and they're cutting the spit already; When a man feeds you with words, bring a small basket with you; He that deceives me once is a worthless fellow, but he that deceives me oftener is a clever man; Now the eggs cackle and the hens are silent;" and, "The figs on the far side of the hedge are sweeter." And what sly humor there is in the proverbs already quoted respecting the Kadi's decision on the propriety of occasionally obeying a *sensible* wife, in that referring to the share of the plunder obtained by Marko, and in this, on the impolicy of seeking information from persons whose interest it is to deceive: "They asked the wolf, 'When is it coldest?' and he answered, 'About sunrise,' that being the time usually selected for operating against the sheepfolds.

The practical wisdom of these proverbs manifests, as might be expected, an especial antipathy to fools. Thus, on the abundance of folly, we find, "Where there is one wagon full of wisdom, there are two full of folly;" and, "One does not want a light to look for fools." On their mischievous and contemptible nature: "What one fool entangles a hundred wise men are unable to disentangle; The wise cannot get out the stone which a fool has flung into the stream; Better to weep with the wise man than sing with the fool; If thou send a fool to fight for thee, sit down and weep; Senseless power is soon weaken-



ed, (*Via consill experts mole ruit sub*) ; "Woe to the feet under a stupid head ;" and, "If he had no nose he might graze." Nevertheless, even in this country we are occasionally made aware that "The fool takes pains to sit in the uppermost place, but when talking begins he is vexed that he sits there ;" naturally enough, for "It is easier to roll stones up a mountain than to talk with a fool"—an operation which, therefore, no sensible man is anxious to engage in. One should, however, "Bow before a fool as before a saint ;" which proverb recalls that saying of Swift's, when some blustering fellow exclaimed, as he shouldered by him, "I never make way for fools." "I *always* do," said the Dean, reverentially stepping to one side. Fools, however, like everything else, have their use : "One tries the ford with a fool ;" and, "The fools fight the battle, and the knowing ones drink the wine."

We have never heard that the clergy of the Greek Church were remarkable for their avarice or spiritual tyranny. These proverbs, nevertheless, gird frequently at both feelings ; thus, "The Turk takes something by force, the priest something with his book, so nothing remains for the poor," (compare the Spanish, "*Lo que no lleva Christo, lleva el fiasco*") ; "The priest rules with his book, and the Turk with might ; Every priest's bag is deep ;" and, "Without money, not once into church." On the other hand, referring to the constant growth of wisdom in a righteous man, we find this : "The good priest is learning till he dies."

The sense and shrewdness of many of the following adages will commend themselves at once to a thoughtful reader. First of friends and friendship : "He that is a foe to himself, how can he be a friend of others ?" Of the choice of a friend, let him never have been your enemy, for "An old foe never becomes a new friend ; since, Though the wound heals, the scar remains ; Give me a comrade who will weep with me—one who will laugh I can easily find ;" and, "Be not the friend of him with whom thou canst not measure strength." After he is chosen : "Keep to new roads and old friends ;" or thus, "Keep to old wine and old friends ;" but beware of excessive intimacy, for "A too-great friend, no friend ; An immoderate friend, a foe."

On enemies we find this deep saying, "Woe to him that has no foes." Concord, on the other hand, is regarded with full appreciation : "A two-forked pale," we are reminded, "cannot enter into the earth ;" and,

"Where concord dwells, there also is God's blessing."

On the uses of adversity we are told, "In misery one learns to know men ;" and we may refer the reader to the exquisite proverb (already quoted) of the snow falling that living creatures might show their traces. Respecting poverty we find, "No stronger castle than a poor man's ;" and, "Were there no poverty the sun would not shine." Looking on the dark side, however, we see that, "Having naught is the disquietude of the world ; A poor man, a made devil ; Poverty and a cough will not be concealed ;" and, "An empty bag weighs more than a full one ;" although indeed it is "Better to carry an empty sack than to have the devil in it." On riches : "The more a man has, the meaner (*kärger*) he grows ;" and, "The greater the head the more the head aches." There are also many proverbs relating to hunger, as might indeed be expected in a country so often desolated by marching armies, plague, and lingering famine ; for instance, "Hunger is worse than the plague ; A hungry eye sleeps not," (this, of course, is applied to the envious ;) and, "Even the Patriarch, if he be hungry, will steal bread." On the other hand, we find many wise and cheerful words on the advantage of working with a will, and on the readiness with which a happy heart will recognize the good in all that is really done for its gratification : thus, "A joyous heart spins the hemp ; The greyhound compelled to course will catch no hares ;" and, "The willing dancer is easily played to."\*

What sermons on caution and circumspection might be written on these texts : "Woe to the hornless goat when he wages war with the wolf !" (compare the Latin, "*Calvus quum sis ne obversâ fronte obnuas arietî*") ; "If you go to feast with the wolf, bring your dog ; Whom the cat flatters she also scratches ; Man is harder than a rock, and more brittle than an egg ; A tree by the roadside is soon felled ; As many heights, so many slopes," (the idea in which is well brought out by the Flemish, *So hogher berch so dieper dal* ; and, *So hogher graet so swaer val*) ; "A still river washes away the bank ;" and, "When the wolves are full the sheep can't be all right." And on the kindred subject of the governance of the tongue we find many excellent words, such as these : "Who is wisely silent speaks well ; What one does not say cannot be heard ;" which recalls the

\* The Flemings have the last two : "*Mit onwillighen honden is quaet jaghen ; Het is licht ghenoech ghepepen die gheern danst.*"

Italian, "Il tacer non fù mai scritto," and Hotspar's compliment to Lady Percy—

Constant you are,  
But yet a woman: and for secrecy  
No lady closer, for I well believe  
*Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;*  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

"His beak brings the woodpecker harm; With silence one plagues the devil; A hen that cackles much lays few eggs; He who says what he likes must often hear what he does not like;" and, "The tongue can wound deeper than the sword;" the two latter being almost identical with proverbs of our own.

Would those who have lost their health, their freedom, or their faith, be so apt to blame the incompetence of boards, the treachery of monarchs, or the narrowness of creeds, if only they laid this saying to heart: "When a man has lost anything let him seek it in his own bosom?" The Spanish proverb, "El mal que de tu boca sale en tu sen sosa cae,"\* is applicable to more than the results of unwise loquacity. There are other sayings on this subject, such as—"All that the ox wallows up he flings on his own neck;" and, "What a man cuts falls also before his feet."

How pleasantly the follies of impossible philanthropy and of arrogant attempts to burke the truth, are suggested in these: "No one can bake cakes for the whole world: Who weeps for the world is left without eyes;" and, "No one can weave so many cloths as to bind up the mouth of the whole world." Talk and book-learning, as compared with practical energy and mother-wit, are regarded with due contempt: "Deed is stronger than speech; From saying to doing is as far as from leaf to root; the vineyard wanted not prayer, but the hoe;" and, "The head is older than the book."

On the permanence of early impressions, and on education, these Servian parcmiasts have somewhat to observe: "What the cradle has lulled to sleep, that also the shovel has buried; Wherewith a new cask is filled, it savors of ever after;" which last is exactly Horace's "Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem Testa diu." The hazel of Servia represents the birch of Britain, and we are informed by some enthusiastic Slavonian pedagogue, that: "The hazel-tree sprouted forth from Paradise; The hazel-salve is wondrously powerful;" and with some truth, that, "Many a devil is afraid of the cross,

and many of the stick." It is however admitted that, if you "Beat the bad, he becomes worse." Of unprecocious children: "An apple that ripens late keeps long;" a proverb, indeed, capable of far wider application.

We shall close our illustrations of the wisdom of these proverbs with the following thoughtful sayings: "Wouldst thou learn to know a man, give him Power; All behold whence the well-spring rises, but no one sees where it loses itself;" and, "Who follows every one does ill, who follows no one does worse;" a proverb that Goethe (or indeed any other *archididasculus*) would have applauded. Our readers will remember,

Wilst du dir aber das Beste thun,  
So bleib' nicht auf dir selber ruhn,  
Sondern folg' eines Meisters Sinn;  
Mit ihm zu irren ist dir Gewinn.

Observe this also, on our tendency to attribute a result to *one* cause only: "All the cry is against the wolf, whilst beside the wolf the fox is fattening."

Before considering their morality, we may remark that the absence from this collection of all coarse and indelicate proverbs is possibly attributable to the maidenly reserve of the translator, who doubtless passed over them unsullied as the sun in her own national saying: "The sun goes even over unclean places, and yet defileth not herself;"\* or as the noble lady now in the East among the ribaldry of delirium in the hospital at Scutari.

If we may judge from this collection, we should conclude that the sin of selfishness has been almost entirely worked out by the centuries of national discipline that Servia has undergone. We find only two selfish proverbs: one already quoted, and probably drawn from the Italian, and this other, "Though we are brothers, yet our purses are not sisters." There are, of course, numerous sayings, "not selfish, but rather detecting selfishness and laying it bare,"† such as the following: "Every old woman blows under her own kettle; Every cow licks her calf; Every one leads the water to his own mill," (which is also Italian;) and these indicating our carelessness for the misfortunes of others, our readiness to avail ourselves of their means and courage: "One does not feel three hundred blows on another's back," since, as Rochefoucault observes, "Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui;"‡

\* The sun is feminine in Servian.

† Trench, p. 99.

‡ *Reflexions Morales*. Paris, 1690. No. 23.

\* Trench, p. 80.

"It is easy to be generous with another man's goods; It is easy to catch snakes with another's hands." None of these, however, come up to the Turkish proverb on a cognate weakness: "If my beard is burnt, others try to light their pipes at it."

On the necessity of revenge, we find some dark sayings, none however as deadly as the Italian proverbs on the same subject. Thus, "Blood cannot fall asleep;" that is to say, the relations of a murdered man are bound never to rest until they avenge him; and these, "He that avenges not himself is unholy;" and, "Over-hasty revenge sure loss."

The proverbs on frugality, that constant comrade of manliness and honor among the poor, are, as might be expected, tolerably numerous. We shall quote a few: "Better is well spared than ill gained; Patchwork (Flickerei) is the mother of the poor; A torn sack will never be filled;" and, "A castle is dear at a penny if you have it not," (Quod non est opus asse carum est). On the other hand, the folly of parsimony is strongly reprehended: "Whoso keeps not a cat keeps mice; Seeking a sewing-needle, he lost a pack-needle; The greedy give more, and the lazy trot farther; One must pour out the broth made of cheap meat; Through money one loses his soul;" and, "Money rings sweetly, but it is heard afar."

The noble manliness of some of these proverbs is especially remarkable. What dignified honesty there is in this, "Blame a man where he can hear thee: praise him where he cannot." What scorn of trifling in this, "Better to fight with heroes than to kiss the worthless." What recognition of genuine worth in these, "Not the glittering weapon fights the fight, but the hero's heart; Beware of a smoke-blackened musket; Bayo stood in fear not of a Damascus sword-blade, but of one bound with thongs." On honor, too, we find many high-toned words: "Where honor is the soul is also," that is (as the translator explains), whatever is a shame is also a sin; "Our skin is not worn, our flesh is not eaten, what have we, then, if we have no honor?" and, "Water washes all things pure, except only a black face," (the reader to appreciate this proverb must be made aware that in Servian the same word, *obraz*, is used for face and honor); and this, on the cowardly fear of confessing one's fault, "Better blush once than grow pale a hundred times." Let us hear, too, some words on freedom: "Stride rather over my grave than my body; Better in the grave than be a slave;" and this, doubtless often on the lips of the mountain

Haiduks, who kept a wild liberty alive in Servia, even as the Klephts did on Mount Olympus: "Better to look from the mountain than the dungeon."

On industry we find these two excellent sayings: "Labor, then will I help thee also, said God the Lord;" and, "Labor as if thou wert to live a thousand years, and pray as if thou hadst to die to-morrow." On activity: "Early birds are soon fledged;" and, "The fox fears not the boaster at night, but the early riser."

How well inculcated, also, is the necessity of patience and sweetness of soul! "God alone has no lord; Every bird has a vulture above it; When great bells chime the little ones are unheard." But then tyranny must not be attacked with contemptibly inadequate resources, for: "When man spits on high, his spittle falls back on his own face;" though, possibly, this proverb should be classed with the Turkish, "Curses, like chickens, always come home to roost;" and with that remarkable Yoruba saying (also quoted by Mr. Trench): "Ashes always fly back in the face of him that throws them." Observe, too, these on sweetness of manner and temper: "The tongue has no bones;" it is not hard, therefore, to say a kind word on occasion. "A sweet mouth opens iron doors; A sharp vinegar destroys its own barrel;" and, "A sulky priest's bag remains empty." And these on moderation: "Neither hew down the whole forest, nor come home without wood; A man cannot carry two water-melons under one arm; The good shepherd ought to shear his sheep, not to slay them; Thine is the flesh, mine the bones." Which last, indeed, is rather a proverbial saying than a proverb, and is commonly used by parents when delegating the *patria potestas*, and placing their children under the pedagogic hazel-rod.

The collection contains a number of these proverbial sayings, some remarkable for their grotesqueness and exaggeration. Thus, when a house or shop is completely furnished, the admiring visitor exclaims: "Only there is no bird's milk." To a youth attempting to deceive his senior: "When thy devils were born, mine were already dancing in the Kolo." Of an avaricious man: "He would even take the cerecloth from a corpse." Of a poor one: "He will be rich when dogs have horns." And when a Servian is completely beaten down by misfortune and failure, he says: "If I touch the green fir tree, the verdure would wither," which is pretty, and recalls that marvellous recognition of the sympathy and

brotherhood existing between man and all the other members of God's creation—animals, plants, sun, and stars—which forms so remarkable a characteristic of the Slavic popular poetry. But think of the ludicrous hyperbole in the Irish analogue: "If I were a hatter, men would be born without heads!" On the season of winter we find some sayings which, like the foregoing, can hardly be termed proverbs. Thus, "If winter bites not with its mouth, it lashes with its tail; The wolf has not devoured winter," (sooner or later the cold will come); and compare the Low German, "De müse fretet den winter nich up."

In considering the theology of these proverbs, we have to observe that the Servian peasant, long oppressed by men of a hostile faith and race, and by the various national sorrows to which we have before alluded, would seem to have taken refuge with peculiar earnestness in the belief in a loving God, and in trustful resignation to His government of the world. We find, accordingly, this collection filled with proverbs relating to His nature, and expressive of the people's faith and their constant reliance on His timely help. "God," they say, "is an ancient giver; What God gives is sweeter than honey; God hath full hands," (He can give all things at all times.) And we have already mentioned other proverbs relating to His beneficence and faithfulness. On reliance upon God, take the following: "With one God you can go against a hundred foes; Stronger is God's will than the emperor's; Whom God guards the gun cannot hurt." On His omniscience: "God knoweth whose oil is burning in the lamp,"—a true proverb, and of infinite applicability, especially to those philosophers who hang out their own petty lights to the world, and would fain persuade themselves and others that neither man nor book *now* ever aids or governs the vaunted operations of their intellects. On His loving-kindness in chastisement: "God loveth not him who was never sick." On the fulfilment of His judgments without regard to the arrogant might of man: "Power entreateth not God; but God entreateth not power." On the still advance but sure and crushing efficacy of those judgments: "God hath woollen feet, but iron hands;" which unites the ideas comprised in our own saying, "God comes with leaden feet, but strikes with iron hands;" and in the Latin, "Dii laneos pedes habent." We may also mention that the observation contained in the well-known Latin proverb, "Quem Deus vult perdere, prius

dementat," is met with here, unimportantly varied.

Men who regard the Friend with a great love and faith are likely to be equally vehement in their hatred and distrust of the Enemy. "The devil," the Servians say, "has not once wished himself good; Though the devil knows what is right, he will not do it." And observe this, on the impolicy of entering into a partnership with Satan (where his name does not appear in the firm, and the contract is indissoluble at the pleasure of the ostensible partner): "Sow gourds with the devil, and they'll be crashed on your own head." This we think superior to our own on the same subject: "He hath need of a long spoon that eats with the devil." Note this also, on wealth gotten by his aid: "Come with the devil, gone with the devil." Sooner or later his onslaught will be made: "If the devil did not crush the cradle, he will crush the grave." The best of this group is, however the following: "The 'Our Father' of a full man puts the devil's eyes out." He is blinded with rage—that is to say, at the severance of the usual connection between prayerless pride and abundance of bread.

These proverbs are strongly opposed to formalism in religion. Thus of fasting: "Sin lies not in eating but in evil doing; Sin goes out of the mouth and not into the mouth; The mother bewails not him who has broken the fast, but him who has died and left her; With a full stomach it is easy to praise fasting." Note this, too, on the frequency of indolent acquiescence as compared with energetic investigation: "It is easier to believe than to go and ask;" and this on saint-worship: "What God wills not the saints also will not," (which we think is a higher proverb than the Spanish, "Quando Dios no quiere el santo no puede"); together with its sister adage, "Whom God helps all the saints help." On this subject we may also remark that the unwillingness with which man at a certain period of his religious life admits the idea of a creature between himself and his Creator would seem to have given rise to the two following proverbs: "If the sun shines upon me, lay me little in the moon;" and, "Let the sun only shine upon me, then may the stars go out."

On lying and liars we meet with some noticeable sayings. Thus on the congenital weakness, the swift and certain fall of a lie, we find: "A lie has short feet;" (which is also Spanish); and, "A lie is built on a shallow foundation." On the unavoidable penance for a falsehood: "Who breaks the truth,



him will the truth break ;" and on a chronic liar's incapability of truth : "He lies even when he prays."

Finally, on death we have these two : "For rain and for death one need not pray"—since both come of themselves ; and, "For every evil is death a balsam,"—which reminds one of the Irish, "death is the poor man's doctor."

It would be easy to continue our quotations and suggestions ; there are numerous proverbs in the collection quite as good as

those we have mentioned : there are a few,—the production doubtless of some local "Tupper"—either muddily obscure or completely commonplace. But it would be wrong to deprive any reader of the pleasure of investigating the original for himself, an employment which we strongly advise, and which therefore, although these adages be the outcome of uneducated rayahs, we are sure will be undertaken, for "It is easy to counsel a wise man ;" and, "Pope and peasant know more than pope alone."

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### SCOTTISH CAVALIERS AND JACOBITE CHIEFTAINS.\*

THE Stuarts were scarcely seated on the throne of Great Britain when they alienated the affections of their northern subjects, by the ecclesiastical innovations they sought to introduce. James was weakly fond of prerogative. Charles I. inherited the pernicious views of his father. He was swayed by unwise advisers ; and having himself a warm attachment to the ritual of the Reformed Church of England, sought, with a mistaken zeal, to impose on his Presbyterian subjects the liturgy and episcopalian form of Church government which prevailed in England. But the temper of the Scotch Protestants was strongly opposed to these changes. The Reformation in that country had taken place under very different auspices from those which heralded its advent in England. The Church of Scotland had assumed from the first the Presbyterian form ; and the nation rejected with indignation the discipline and ritual which Charles attempted to force on their acceptance. Many of the high nobility of Scotland protested—in the form of a Solemn League and Covenant—against the threatened innovations. Among the subscribers to the Covenant appears the name of Montrose, in conjunction with that of Argyll, chieftains, soon afterwards to become bitter antagonists.

James Grahame, fifth Earl, and first Marquis of Montrose, was born in 1612. He possessed the personal advantages of a graceful and well-proportioned form, though not exceeding the middle height. His complexion was fair ; his manner and address elegant and insinuating ; his mind was cultivated ; his taste refined. He was himself a poet of no mean order. Even amid the incessant toils of his short life, he found leisure to familiarize himself with the classic literature of ancient Rome. In every respect he formed a striking contrast to his foe, Argyll. Archibald, Earl and Marquis of Argyll, was singularly unprepossessing in appearance. Red hair, a mean form, and a sinister obliquity of vision, only too characteristic of his crooked nature, distinguished this great chief of the clan Campbell.

The adhesion of Montrose to the Solemn League and Covenant was not of long duration. He hated and distrusted Argyll, and apprehended danger to monarchy itself from the extreme views of his colleagues. He wrote loyally to the King, urging him to abandon his ecclesiastical schemes—to come in person to Scotland, and assure his subjects that he was not hostile to their liberties.

This advice did not consort well with the views of the Covenanting Lords. Montrose was deemed a traitor to their cause, while every day added to their hostile position as regarded their sovereign. Charles was by

\* "History of Scotland, from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection." By John Hill Burton. London : Longmans. 1853.

this time thoroughly embroiled with his Parliament. Civil war was impending. In this great struggle our sympathies at first lean to the popular side. Charles was undoubtedly guilty of unjustifiable aggression. Misled by an undue estimate of his royal prerogative—rashly precipitate, yet weakly vacillating in his conduct, he acted rarely on his own judgment, and was very unfortunate in his advisers. Strafford and Laud were bad counsellors for such a monarch. Had the one been successful in his scheme of "thorough," the other in his ecclesiastical reforms, the freedom of the nation would have been gravely imperilled. We rejoice in the overthrow of their designs, yet we sympathize with the men who bore themselves so nobly when each in turn fell a sacrifice to popular hostility, and was called on to die for the principles he had advocated. "After a long and hard struggle," wrote Strafford to his royal master, urging him to consent to the bill of attainder, and his subsequent execution—"I have come to the only resolution befitting me; all private interest should give way to the happiness of your sacred person, and of the state. . . . My soul about to quit this body, forgives all men all things with infinite contentment." While the Archbishop—

"Prejudged by foes determined not to spare,  
An old, weak man, for vengeance thrown aside,  
Laud, 'in the painful art of dying' tried  
(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare  
Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear  
To stir in useless struggle), hath relied  
On hope, that conscious innocence supplied,  
And in his prison breathes celestial air."

On the 7th of May, 1642, the King wrote from York:—

"MONTROSE,—I know I need no arguments to induce you to my service. Duty and loyalty are sufficient to a man of so much honor as I know you to be; yet as I think this of you, so I will have you to believe of me, that I would not invite you to share of my hard fortune if I intended you not to be a plentiful partaker of my good," &c., &c.

Two years later Montrose unfurled the royal standard among the wilds of Athol; having received his commission from Charles as Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's forces in Scotland. And now commenced that brief but extraordinary career, which has excited the wonder and admiration of posterity.

On the 1st of September in that year, Montrose, with a handful of Highlanders, imperfectly armed, and so badly provided

with ammunition that orders were issued that no man should discharge his piece until sure of his mark, and that no random shots should be permitted, gained the victory of Tippermuir. This success placed the city of Perth at his mercy, and enabled him to arm his troops at the expense of the citizens. Again at Fyvie, with a very inferior force, and only fifty horsemen, Montrose defeated the army of the Covenant, and annihilated their cavalry, consisting of a thousand horse. On this occasion all their utensils were melted down to supply bullets. "Well done, powder pot," was a frequent exclamation among the marksmen, as each volley did deadly execution on their adversaries. A still more remarkable achievement was the raid of Montrose into the very heart of his enemy's country. Amidst snow and storm, he traversed the almost impassable mountain barriers which protected Argyll's country from hostile aggression, and until then had been deemed impregnable. In the depth of winter, by forced marches, the ever active general ravaged the western highlands, burned Inverary Castle, the stronghold of his great foe, and "spoiled" the sons of Diarmid. On the 2d of February, 1645, he gained a signal victory over Argyll at Inverlochy, and soon after won the no less important battle of Kilsyth. Perhaps not the least interesting incident in this brilliant campaign was the special protection accorded by the great marquis to the poet Drummond, of Hawthornden, a worthy homage to literature from one who was himself a poet.

The star of James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, had now attained its culminating point: it was thenceforward to decline, until it set in blood.

While Montrose was regaining the Highlands for his sovereign, the bad success of the royalist cause in England induced Charles rashly to throw himself into the arms of the Scotch Covenanters, expecting from his northern subjects more lenient treatment than from his Roundhead adversaries. He was deceived. The Presbyterians actually bargained and sold him to the Parliament, and by this unworthy act indelibly disgraced their cause. Montrose, who had meantime suffered a disastrous defeat at Philiphaugh, was entreated by the King to lay down his arms. Charles was endeavoring to come to terms with his Parliament, and this was an essential condition. Montrose sorrowfully obeyed. He retired to the Continent, there to learn, at a later period, the tragical fate of his royal master.

"I'll sing thine obsequies with trumpet sounds,  
And write thine epitaph in blood and wounds."

Montrose was, however, long compelled to remain inactive, though, as he afterwards said to the young King, when they met in exile, "I never had passion on earth so strong as that to do the King, your father, service." At length, when that prince's cause was proclaimed in Scotland, the ever devoted Grahame sailed for the Orkneys, hoping once again to raise the Highlands in behalf of Charles Stuart. He had scarcely reached the mainland, when he was forced, by the extremity of hunger, to surrender himself to a former adherent, Macleod of Assynt, who, with unparalleled baseness, betrayed him to the Covenanters.

In proof of the perfect serenity of mind which Montrose exhibited while under sentence of death, we may mention the lines inscribed on the window of his prison the night before his execution:—

"Let them bestow on every airth a limb,  
Then open all my veins, that I may swim  
To thee, my Maker! in that crimson lake;  
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake.  
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air;  
Lord! since thou know'st where all these atoms  
are,  
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,  
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just."

The confident expectation, so far as regarded the mortal remains of Montrose, was eventually realized. His bones were collected and interred after his death. His heart underwent many varieties of fortune, so strange, so singular, that we pause to recount them as detailed by a descendant, the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, formerly Chief Justice of Ceylon, in a letter to his daughters:—

"The first Marquis of Montrose being extremely partial to his nephew, the second Lord Napier, and his wife, had always promised at his death to leave his heart to the latter, as a mark of the affection which he felt towards her, for the unremitting kindness which she had shown to him in all the different vicissitudes of his life and fortune; that, on the marquis's execution, a confidential friend of her own, employed by Lady Napier, succeeded in obtaining for her the heart of the marquis; that she, after it had been embalmed by her desire, enclosed it in a little steel case, made of the blade of Montrose's sword, placed this case in a gold filagree box, which had been given to John Napier, the inventor of logarithms, by a Doge of Venice, while he was on his travels in Italy. . . . She transmitted the gold box, with Montrose's heart in it, to the

young Marquis of Montrose, who was then abroad with her husband, Lord Napier, in exile; that for some reason or other, the gold-box and heart had been lost sight of by both families, that of Montrose and that of Napier, for some time, until an intimate friend of his, the fifth Lord Napier, a gentleman of Guelderland, recognized in the collection of a collector of curiosities in Holland, the identical gold filagree box with the steel case, and procured it for him when he was in that country."

This case was given by the fifth Lord Napier to his daughter, the mother of Sir Alexander Johnston. On her way to India the vessel was attacked by a French frigate. The gold filagree box was shattered by a blow, but the steel case remained uninjured. While in India, the lady found a goldsmith, who, partly from description and from the preserved fragments, made a filagree case like the one which had been destroyed, in which was placed the heart of the hero:—

"My mother's anxiety about it gave rise to a report among the natives of the country that it was a *talisman*, and that whoever possessed it could never be wounded in battle or taken prisoner. Owing to this report it was stolen from her, and for some time it was not known what had become of it. At last she learned that it had been offered for sale to a powerful chief, who had purchased it for a large sum of money."

The writer of the narrative, becoming acquainted with this chief, begged for its restoration, detailing the circumstances which made it valuable in his eyes. The chief—

"Immediately added that one brave man should always attend to the wishes of another brave man, whatever his religion or his nation might be; that he, therefore, considered it his duty to fulfil the wishes of the brave man whose heart was in the urn, and whose wish it was that his heart should be kept by his descendants, and for that reason he would willingly restore it to my mother. . . . My father and mother returned to Europe in 1792, and being in France when the revolutionary government required all persons to give up their plate, &c., entrusted the silver urn, with Montrose's heart, to an Englishwoman of the name of Knowles, at Boulogne, who promised to secrete it until it could be sent safely to England. This person having died shortly afterwards, neither my mother or father, in their lifetime, nor I myself, since their death, have ever been able to trace the urn, although every exertion has been made by me for that purpose."

The events which succeeded the wreck of the royalist cause in Scotland are familiar to all readers of general history. The military despotism established by Cromwell was ter-

minated by the restoration of monarchy, and the recall of Charles II. to fill the throne of his father. Religious discord still remained rife in Scotland, and reached its acme of bitterness during the brief reign of the brother and successor to Charles II., King James II. The successful revolution of 1688, placed William of Orange on the throne, made vacant by the forced abdication of his royal father-in-law, who passed the remnant of his days in dreary exile. It was at this juncture that the desperate fortunes of the House of Stuart were well-nigh retrieved by another Scottish cavalier, nearly allied in reputation as in name to the Great Grahame, Marquis of Montrose.

John Grahame of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount Dundee, was a younger son of the House of Fintrie. He had the advantage of a learned education at the University of St. Andrew's; but probably did not profit much by his studies, as he wrote and spoke his own language very ungrammatically. His genius lay in war, not in the peaceful pursuits of literature. His career commenced on the Continent, and he served for a time under the Prince of Orange, to whom he afterwards proved so formidable an opponent. He saved William's life at the battle of St. Neff, but a petty misunderstanding completely estranged them soon after.

Claverhouse has been depicted in very varied colors, as the portrait happens to be drawn by friend or by foe. "Bloody Claverhouse," "Hero-fiend," are among the mildest epithets lavished on him by the one party, while his admirers describe him in terms of unqualified eulogy. In illustration we would refer our readers to Professor Aytoun's Appendix, "Viscount Dundee," in the "Lays," where he criticizes Mr. Macaulay's statements about Claverhouse, from which he strongly dissents. Perhaps the most faithful portraiture extant may be that of the novelist. Sir Walter Scott has finely described Grahame of Claverhouse, in "Old Mortality." Even his horse, a supposed gift from the enemy of mankind, is not unnoticed. Friends and foes, at least, concur in acknowledging Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse to have been brave to excess, a skilful commander, and a devoted servant to King James II. Even after the monarch's abdication Dundee did not despair of his cause, but hastened to Edinburgh to exhort the Duke of Gordon to maintain the Castle against the Convention, as the revolution party were then termed, while he hastened to the Highlands to raise

King James's standard among the royal clans.

General Mackay, on the part of the Convention, advanced northward to encounter the redoubtable Dundee. The armies met at Killiecrankie, a wild mountain pass near Blair-Atholl. There, at the moment of victory, Dundee fell, mortally wounded in a gallant charge which scattered the foe. But the success was deemed to be dearly purchased when the life of the great leader, *Ian du nan Cath*, was the forfeit.

In his description of the battle-ground and military dispositions at Killiecrankie, Mr. Hill Burton has warmed into unusual animation. We quote at length this, probably the most picturesque passage to be met with in his two volumes:—

"The most picturesque of Scottish battle-fields is stamped by the hand of nature with marks which seem destined to remain while the crust of the earth holds together; and, long as the memory of the battle may be preserved, it is likely to be lost in oblivion behind the multitudinous thickening of greater events, ere those peculiar features, which are adjusted to every stage of the tragedy with so expressive an exactness, are obliterated. The spot at once indicates the general character of the conflict, and its minuter features fit with singular accuracy into the mournful narrative of the defeated general. Though not the field of battle, the nature of the pass itself had an important influence on the whole calamity; for it deprived Mackay, after having entered it, of all chance of a selection of ground. The Highland rivers, generally sweeping along winding valleys between chains of mountains, sometimes seem to break, as it were, through such a barrier where it is cleft in two, like the traverses of the Jura; and such a cleft, as a formidably defensible gate to the country beyond it, is generally called a pass. In Killiecrankie, the cleft is not straight down from the general upper level of the mountain range, but appears as if cut into a declivity or hollow between widely separated summits, so that at the top of the rocks which form the walls of the narrow ravine, there is a sort of terrace stretching backward on either side, with a slightly inclined plane, the upper extremity of which starts abruptly upwards to the summits of the mountain range on either side of the declivity. And this peculiarity in the ground had considerable influence on the fate of the day. A broad terraced turnpike road, with many plantations, somewhat alter the character of the spot from its condition in Mackay's day, when the clefts and patches fit for vegetable growth were sprouted with the stumpy oak scrub indigenous to Scotland, relieved by the softer features of its neighbor, the weeping birch, hanging with all its luxuriant tendrils from the rocks. The path of the army must have lain, not by the present road, but along by the base of the rocks, where roars the



furious river, tumbling through all its course over great stones into successive holes, where, in uneasy rest, the waters have that inky blackness peculiar to the pools of the moss-stained rivers of the Highlands.

"On reaching the top of the pass, an alluvial plain was found, of small extent, but level as a Dutch polder, where the troops formed as they came in a string through the pass, and rested while the general set himself to the vain task of seeking a good position. He sent onwards an advance to announce traces of the enemy, who were but a little way on when they gave the announcement; and Mackay riding to the spot, saw them appear on the sky-line of a bend in the hill above him to the north, from six to eight hundred feet higher than his position, and not a mile distant from it. Rising close over the small plain, where his troops were forming, was an abrupt knoll, on which stand now a few old oaks,—the remnant, probably, of the scrubby coppice, which made the general notice it as 'full of trees and shrubs.' Observing that the high ground on which the enemy appeared carried them directly, by an almost unvaried descent, to the top of this immediate elevation, Mackay saw that the enemy, reaching it while his troops remained on the flat close under it, would undoubtedly force them 'with confusion over the river.' And no one who looks at the narrow strip of meadow, with the abrupt ascent rising over it, can have the least doubt that his apprehensions were well founded.

"Let us now look to the other camp. When it was known at Blair Castle that Mackay was entering the pass, the Highland chiefs were clamorous for a battle. They said it was not the nature of their followers to keep together unless they came quickly to some decided result; and Dundee, from his previous experience of their rapid dispersal when he could not give them fighting or plunder, agreed to the proposal. They swept around, keeping the upper ground to the elevated bend on that ridge looking down on Killiecrankie, where we have seen that their approach was first noticed from below.

"The usually overpowering effect of a superior force of disciplined and equipped troops, would be lost in the vast arena on which the mountaineers looked down, confident in the strength of their position, their command of an impetuous descent on an enemy with a pit behind, and their ability to regain the rocks should their charge prove ineffective. It is easy to believe Lochiel's assertion, that their own shout sounded loud and full, and that of the enemy below them faint and feeble.

"The armies faced each other after they were formed, for more than two hours. The midsummer sun shone full on the Highlanders, and Dundee would not charge until it had touched the western heights. The object of his adjustment was to cut through Mackay's thin line with his impetuous bodies of Highlanders, to cut it effectually through in several places, and yet with so broad a blow at each as not merely to pass through,

but to throw the whole into confusion. To make the blows effectual, it was necessary that this line should not be too thin; to make them tell fully along Mackay's line, he must not make his own too short, or the intervals between the battalions too wide. If he erred, it was, as we shall see, in the latter cautious direction.

"The ground had an admirable slope for the necessary impulse. When the charge was given, the Highlanders came on at a slow trot, received the fire of their opponents, and, while they were screwing on their bayonets, discharged their own, threw down their guns, and rushed on with their slashing broadswords, as sailors board with their cutlasses. Nothing but strong columns, or squares with the fixed bayonet, could stand the rush. The result was instantaneous; and those who were not cut down were swept into the gulf of the pass. An accident created some hesitation in the charge of Dundee's troop of cavalry. It had been commanded by Lord Dunfermline; but a commission from James to a gentleman with the illustrious name of Sir William Wallace, to supersede him, had just arrived. The men, not quite sure whom to obey, or unaccustomed to the method of the new commander, did not charge right forward at once. Dundee had ridden on, supposing that he was in their front, and, looking back, was surprised not to see them at hand. Lord Dunfermline told Lochiel, that above the smoke he saw the general wave his hat over his head, as he rose in the stirrup to signal them onwards. It is then that he is supposed to have received his death-wound; for it was by a bullet that entered his side, some inches within the breast-plate. As he dropped from his horse, a soldier named Johnson caught him. The dying man, with the instinct of the enthusiastic commander, asked anxiously how the day went. The supporter said it went well for the king, but he was sorrow for him. Dundee answered, it mattered not for himself, if the day went well for the king. He appears to have died almost immediately; and when some of his friends, finding him before life was extinct, endeavored to remove him, they were obliged to abandon the attempt by the fire from Leven's battalion remaining on the field. Those who were present said his body was wrapped in two plaids and conveyed to Blair Castle. Within a short time afterwards he was buried beneath the secluded church of Blair; and never vaulted roof or marble monument covered the last abode of a more restless and ambitious heart than that which has slept in this quiet spot amidst peasant dust."

Dundee's death at Killiecrankie can scarcely be subject of lamentation, even to his friends. It was a glorious termination to a career which, if further prolonged, must have proved an unenviable one. James II. was a discouraging master to fight for, notwithstanding the devotion with which his general risked all in his cause. How noble was the rejoinder of Dundee to the friends who urged him not to engage personally in the battle. "Gentlemen," said he, "as I am absolutely con-

vinced and have had repeated proofs of your zeal for the king's service, and of your affection to me as his general and your friend, so I am fully sensible that my engaging personally this day may be of some loss if I shall chance to be killed; but I beg leave of you, however, to allow me to give one *shear darg* (that is, one harvest day's work) to the king, my master, that I may have an opportunity of convincing the brave clans, that I can hazard my life in the service as freely as the meanest of them."

"Last of Scots and last of freemen—  
Last of all that dauntless race  
Who would rather die unsullied  
Than outlive the land's disgrace!  
O, thou lion-hearted warrior!  
Reck not of the after time:  
Honor may be deemed dishonor—  
Loyalty be called a crime.  
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes  
Of the noble and the true—  
Hands that never failed their country,  
Hearts that never baseness knew.  
Sleep! and till the latest trumpet  
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,  
Scotland shall not boast a braver  
Chieftain than our own Dundee." \*

The followers of Dundee dispersed, notwithstanding their success at Killiecrankie. They could not find a leader qualified to head them as their departed chief had done. The Highlanders sought safety in their mountain fastnesses; their chieftains made terms with the revolution government. The officers and gentlemen who had served under Dundee retired to France. There, after experiencing in too many instances the extremest privations, they found themselves reduced to the rank of private sentinels in the armies of Louis Quatorze.

We may here advert to the sacrifices made by the Irish adherents of the House of Stuart, who with equal devotion imperilled life and property in the cause of James II., and, when the fortunes of the monarch were utterly wrecked in Ireland, voluntarily expatriated themselves, to the number of nearly 20,000. The majority of these chivalrous men took service in France, where, under the name of the "Irish Brigade," they performed many valliant feats of arms during the wars of *le grand monarque*.

A detailed narrative of these companies, under the command of their native leaders, has lately appeared,† containing, in addition to

\* From the "Burial March of Dundee." Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

† "History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France." By John Cornelius O'Callaghan. Vol. I. James McGlashan. Dublin: 1854.

the text, much interesting matter in the form of notes. It is still incomplete, the first volume alone having been published. From this work we extract the story of the MacCarthys, Earls of Clancarty, of which illustrious family Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, Lieutenant-General of the Irish Brigade, was a member.

Justin MacCarthy was a younger son of the first Earl of Clancarty, who had followed the fortunes of Charles II. when an exile, but was reinstated in his Irish possessions at the Restoration. The earl's grandson, Donough, third Earl of Clancarty, was a mere youth when the cause for which his family had fought and suffered was finally wrecked in Ireland. He was taken prisoner at the siege of Cork, and imprisoned in the Tower of London, from whence he effected his escape, and sought refuge in France. He had married at the early age of sixteen; and at the time of his death his eldest son, Robert Lord Muskerry, an officer in the British navy, made strenuous efforts to recover the inheritance of his fathers.

The Clancarty estates "had been so secured by Donough's marriage settlement that no alleged *rebellion* or *treason* on his part in supporting King James II. against the Revolutionists, even admitting the support of the king to have really been *rebellion* or *treason*, could legally affect more than Donough's life interest in such estates; and this marriage having taken place in 1684, any children he might have had by that marriage down to any period of the war of the Revolution in Ireland (from 1688 to 1691) would necessarily be of such a 'tender age' then as to be quite incapable of *rebellion* or *treason*, and therefore equally incapable of being subjected to any forfeiture of property for offences of which they could not be adjudged guilty. Robert Lord Muskerry, who, on his succession by his father's death to the title of Earl of Clancarty, was in command of a ship of war off the coast of Newfoundland, consequently returned to Europe to endeavor to recover his property in Ireland."

Robert Earl of Clancarty had many connexions of influence at the English court, through whom to urge his claims to the estates. But the forfeited property was too valuable to be resigned by the then possessors without a struggle. The English cabinet, influenced by their representations, left the earl to "his legal redress. The law was clear in his favor. A minor at the Revolution, he was incapable of treason; and he claimed under a marriage settlement which

placed his title beyond the reach of attain. With this incontestible title, he brought an ejectment; but met an insuperable obstacle in the unconstitutional unexampled interference of Parliament. By a resolution of the Commons, all barristers, solicitors, attorneys, or proctors that should be concerned for him were voted public enemies. His Lordship's cause was, in consequence, abandoned; and this unparalleled act of oppression forced him to desert his country, and spend the remainder of his days in poverty and in a foreign land."

Robert MacCarthy, Earl of Clancarty, is mentioned by a contemporary as a "nobleman of the strictest probity, a sea-officer of the greatest valor and experience; and the treatment he met with on this occasion is, therefore, referred to as "the hard fate of one worthy of a better." In the person of this nobleman, the earldom of Clancarty, as a dignity denoting the head of the great sept or name of MacCarthy, disappears from history.

The Ladies Margaret, Catherine, and Elizabeth MacCarthy, sisters to the exiled Earl Donough, and aunts to Robert Earl Clancarty, were no less unjustly dealt with. Their claim on the estate, together with that of their mother, the Dowager Countess, was ignored by Bentinck, afterwards Earl of Portland, the grasping favorite of William III. These unfortunate ladies endured every extremity of want and poverty, having appealed in vain as "innocent persons, and miserably necessitous, to the highest degree of distress, to which may be added the consideration of their sex and quality; in all which regards, over and above the equity of their pretensions, they hope to be found proper object of Christian charity, humanity and common justice."

We shall conclude this brief account of one of the noble families who endured the loss of all things from their attachment to the royal Stuarts, by recounting an anecdote of another MacCarthy, which has been preserved by Thomas Crofton Croker:—

"A considerable part of the MacCarthy estate in the county of Cork was held by Mr. S—, about the middle of the last century. Walking one evening in his demesne, he observed a figure, apparently asleep, at the foot of an aged tree, and approaching the spot, found an old man extended on the ground, whose audible sobs proclaimed the severest affliction. Mr. S— inquired the cause, and was answered—'Forgive me, sir, my grief is idle; but to mourn

is a relief to the desolate heart and humble spirit. I am a MacCarthy, once the possessor of that castle, now in ruins, and of this ground. This tree was planted by my own hands, and I have returned to water its roots with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have long been an exile and an outlaw since the Revolution. I am an old man, and to-night, probably for the last time, bid farewell to the place of my birth and the house of my forefathers.'"

We trust that these cursory notices of men who endured with such noble disinterestedness *les travaux d'une longue et triste indigence*, will not be without interest for the generous reader, however opposed in principle to the cause for which they suffered. Who can think without emotion of their sacrifices, as recorded by a contemporary writer?—how they cheerfully acquiesced in a diminution of their stipulated pay, "in hopes the overplus of their just pay, amounting to fifty thousand livres a-month, retrenched from them, might abate the obligations of their master to the French Court. The world knows with what constancy and fidelity they stuck ever since to the service of France, not but that they might push their fortunes faster in other services, but because it was to his Most Christian Majesty their master owed obligations most, and had from him sanctuary and protection—nay, so wedded they were, for these reasons, to the French service, that many, who were some of them field-officers, others captains and subalterns, and who could not be all provided for, pursuant to the methods taken for the modelment of their troops in France, had submitted to carry arms rather than quit the service their master expected succor from. Most of these poor gentlemen mouldered away under the fatigues and miseries of the musket, before there was room to replace them as officers. This vast stock of loyalty was not appropriated to the officers alone—it ran in the blood of the very common soldiers; an instance whereof was seen in the wonderful affection they bore to the service, and the confidence the captains had in the fidelity, as well as bravery, of their men, who were so little acquainted and tainted with desertion, that, upon a day of march or action, the commanders were not seen in any apprehension their marauders or stragglers would give them the slip; and it was frequently observed the officers were less in pain for the return of the men, than these were to rejoin their comrades."

Having noted the devotion of those who

followed in exile the fortunes of the abdicated monarch, we shall glance at the efforts made by the Jacobites in Scotland and England, for the establishment on the throne of Great Britain of his son and grandson,

The first Jacobite rebellion of 1715 is greatly inferior in historic interest to the rising thirty years later, in 1745. The leader of the movement in Scotland, the Earl of Mar, was influenced by motives of personal ambition; and sacrificed, by his incapacity for command, those whom his selfish policy had induced to arm for James Stuart. The "Pretender"—as, the son of James II. was designated—also was not possessed of those personal characteristics which call into existence the enthusiasm of the people, and attach adherents to a desperate cause. His brief sojourn in Scotland rather disgusted his friends than stimulated their zeal for his restoration.

The insurrection, commenced by Mar, when he summoned to his "tinchel" or hunting-match, at Braemar, the chieftains and gentlemen well affected to the cause, was inauspiciously terminated at Sheriffmuir, where he was checkmated by his rival, the great Duke of Argyll. Although a drawn-battle, the right wing of each army proving victorious, the conflict at Sheriffmuir resulted in the dispersion of the northern clans who had flocked to Mar's standard; and coupled with the signal overthrow of the Jacobite leaders on the border and in England, completed the discomfiture of this ill-planned revolt:—

"There's some say that we wan,  
Some say that they wan,  
Some say that nane wan at a', man;  
But one thing I'm sure,  
That at Sherra-muir,  
A battle there was that I saw, man;  
And we ran, and they ran,  
And they ran, and we ran,  
But Florence ran fastest of a', man.

"Whether we ran, or they ran,  
Or they ran, or we ran,  
Or if there was running at a', man,  
There no man can tell,  
Save one brave genarell,  
Who first began running of a', man."

The suppression of the rising in England, which was headed by the Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, was tragical in the extreme. The insurgents, compelled to surrender at Preston, were treated with ruthless severity by the victors. Derwentwater and Kanmuir perished on the scaffold, while the escape of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower,

achieved by the heroism of his Countess, which preserved him from a similar fate, adds another chapter of deep interest to the true romance of history.

Thirty years of comparative tranquillity succeeded the suppression of the first Jacobite rebellion. Two generations of the House of Hanover sat on the throne of Great Britain. The "Pretender," or the Chevalier St. George, whom his adherents still regarded as King James III., had almost ceased to dream of possessing the inheritance of his fathers, when his son, the youthful representative of the Stuarts, and the Sobieskis, resolved, unaided and alone, to strike a blow for the crown which his grandfather had won. Attended by but seven followers, discountenanced by the Court of France, the young adventurer sailed for Scotland, in the month of July, 1745; and unfurling his banner at Glenfinnin, on the coast of Inverness, summoned the friendly clans around his standard.

The clan Cameron were the first to rally around the banner of Charles Edward Stuart. Their chief, one of the victims of 1715, was himself a son of Sir Evan Cameron, the companion in arms of Montrose and Dundee. Donald Cameron the younger, of Lochiel, the grandson of the redoubtable Sir. Evan, had great influence in the Highlands. His talent and integrity of character made him respected by his own followers, and also by the neighboring chieftains. He was, in common with all judicious friends of the young Prince, extremely averse to a rising which promised but little success, if unsupported by France. These considerations were urged in vain on the gallant Prince, who averred, that if but six trusty men would follow his standard, he would "choose far rather to skulk with them among the mountains of Scotland than to return to France."

The Prince had landed at Borodale, adjoining the southern extremity of Lochnanuagh. Thence he sent for Lochiel, requesting a personal interview. As the staunch adherent journeyed to meet him, fully bent on deterring him from the enterprise he had undertaken, Lochiel paused for a brief visit at the house of his brother, John Cameron of Fassefern, who endeavored to dissuade him from a personal interview with the Prince, and urged that he should convey his sentiments by letter.

"No," said Lochiel; "although my reasons admit of no reply, I ought, at least, to wait upon his royal highness."

"Brother," said Fassefern, "I know you



better than you know yourself; if this Prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he pleases."

Cameron of Fassefern judged rightly of the Prince's powers of fascination. Both friends and foes have concurred in describing the manners of Charles Edward as singularly attractive and gracious. He possessed, too, a handsome person, and most winning demeanor. He was then in his twenty-fifth year, inured to manly exercises; hardy, courageous, frank, and hopeful. Nor can he be contemplated at this period of his life otherwise than with warm admiration and respect. The "princely laddie" was worthy of a crown, and was adored by those followers who had personal access to him. Years afterwards, when disasters and sorrows had set their mark on the hero of the "forty-five," those adherents even who had lost their all in his cause, and had but too good reason to judge him harshly, could not speak of him without deep emotion—so lasting, so real was the attachment inspired by his charm of manner, his personal heroism, and his unrepining endurance of cruel reverses of fortune.

But in the instance of Lochiel, the prediction of his brother of Fassefern was completely verified. Lochiel urged on the Prince the hopelessness of the expedition he had undertaken, and refused to arm in so desperate a cause. Had he persisted in his resolve, the rebellion of 1745 would have expired at its very birth; for the Jacobite chieftains of the western highlands were prepared to follow the example of the clan Cameron. Charles Edward having exhausted all his arguments with Lochiel, and without effect, at last exclaimed, as he announced his intention of risking all on the chance of success—"Lochiel may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince."

"No," said Lochiel; "I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power." Thus the die was cast, and the rising of the "forty-five" began.

On the 19th of August, the royal standard was unfurled at Glenfinnan, by the Marquis of Tullibardine, titular Duke of Athol. The title and estates of Athol had devolved on his next brother, Tullibardine having been attainted in 1715. He had lived in exile with James Stuart, and now accompanied his son on his expedition to Scotland. The military leader of the Jacobite forces in "forty-five," was his younger brother. Lord George Murray was a valuable accession to the prince's cause. He had seen service abroad. He pos-

sessed talent, as well as devotion to the party he had embraced. To his counsels are due the brilliant successes which attended the Prince's banner, and the manœuvres which enabled his small army to baffle the more numerous forces sent to oppose him. The measures of this able leader made the Prince master of Edinburgh, and a victor in the heart of England, within a few days' march of her alarmed metropolis. With the military details of the descent of the Highland army on the lowlands, the capture of Edinburgh, the victory of Preston, the march to Derby, the victory of Falkirk—when the Jacobite army had again sought Scottish ground—we have nothing to do. Nor shall we detail the dread conflict on Drummoissie Muir, when the Stuart cause was hopelessly overthrown on the bloody field of Culloden, and the "son of a hundred kings" became a fugitive and a wanderer "o'er hills that were by right his ain." We pause only to recount a few personal anecdotes of the Jacobite chieftains. Their memorials have been gathered from various sources—some of them already published; others original—the testimony of eyewitnesses and personal actors in the scenes they describe, by the labors of Mr. Robert Chambers.\* They form an unpretending volume of unequalled and unsurpassable interest. His book is one which will hardly be read without emotion, even by those whose convictions are entirely opposed to the belief for which the Jacobites fought and died.

It may be interesting to give the names and numbers of the clans who armed for the Stuarts in the "forty-five." These details are given in an octavo life of the Duke of Cumberland. London: 1767:—

#### CLAN REGIMENTS, AND THEIR COMMANDERS.

Lochiel—Cameron of Lochiel . . .	700
Appin—Stuart of Ardahiel . . .	200
Clanranald—Macdonald, [younger of Clanranald] . . .	300
Keppoch—Macdonald of Keppoch . . .	200
Kinlochmoidart—Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart . . .	100
Glencoe—Macdonald of Glencoe . . .	120
Macinnon—Macinnon of Macinnon . . .	120
Macpherson—Macpherson of Cluny . . .	120
Glengarry—Macdonald of Glengarry . . .	300
Glenbucket—Gordon of Glenbucket . . .	300
Maciachian—Maciachian of that ilk . . .	200
Struan—Robertson of Struan . . .	200
Glenmorriston—Grant of Glenmorriston . . .	100
	2960

#### LOWLAND REGIMENTS.

Athole—Lord George Murray . . .	600
Ogilvie—Lord Ogilvie, Angus men . . .	900
Perth—Duke of Perth . . .	700

\* "History of the Rebellion of 1745-6." By Robert Chambers. 1847.

Nairn—Lord Nairn . . . . .	200
Edinburgh—Roy Stuart . . . . .	450
HORSE.	
Lord Eleho and Lord Balmorino . . . . .	120
Lord Pittaligo . . . . .	80
Earl of Kilmarnock . . . . .	60

At the head of the list we have the name of Lochiel, of whose devotion we have already spoken. He was wounded at Culloden; but lurked in concealment for five months afterwards, until conveyed, with his prince, to France. It was only towards the close of this dreary period of *skulking*, that Charles Edward and Lochiel found themselves reunited. The prince had been roving among the Western Isles, but being again on the mainland of Scotland, sought eagerly for some means of rejoining his faithful adherent:—

"The prince now crossed Loch Arkraig, and was conducted to a fastness in the fir-wood of Auchnacarry belonging to Lochiel. Here he received a message from that chieftain and Macpherson of Cluny, informing him of their retreat in Badenoch, and that the latter gentleman would meet him on a certain day at the place where he was, in order to conduct him to their habitation, which they judged the safest place for him. Impatient to see these dear friends, he would not wait for the arrival of Cluny at Auchnacarry, but set out for Badenoch immediately, trusting to meet the coming chief by the way, and take him back. Of the journey into Badenoch, a long and dangerous one, no particulars have been preserved, excepting that, as the prince was entering the district, he received from Mr. Macdonald of Tullochroam (a place on the side of Loch Laggan) a coarse brown short coat, a shirt, and a pair of shoes—articles of which he stood in great need. It was on this occasion, and to this gentleman, that he said he had come to know what a quarter of a peck of meal was, as he had once lived on such a quantity for nearly a week. He arrived in Badenoch on the 29th of August, and spent the first night at a place called Corineur, at the foot of the great mountain Benalder. This is a point considerably to the east of any district he had as yet haunted. On the opposite side of Benalder, Loch Erich divides Badenoch from Athole. It is one of the roughest and wildest parts of the Highlands, and therefore little apt to be intruded upon, although the great road between Edinburgh and Inverness passes at the distance of a few miles. The country was destitute of wood; but it made up for this deficiency as a place of concealment by the rockiness of its hills and glens. The country was part of the estate of Macpherson of Cluny, and was used in summer for grazing his cattle; but it was considered as the remotest of his *grassings*.

"Cluny and Lochiel, who were cousins-german, and much attached to each other, had lived here in sequestered huts or sheilings for several months with various friends, and attended by servants, being chiefly supplied with provisions by Macpherson younger of Breakachie, who was married to a

sister of Cluny. Their residence in the district was known to many persons, whose fidelity, however, was such, that the Earl of Loudoun, who had a military post at Sherowmore, not many miles distant, never all the time had the slightest knowledge or suspicion of the fact. The Highlanders did, indeed, during this summer, exemplify the virtue of secrecy in an extraordinary manner. Many of the principal persons concerned in the insurrection had been concealed and supported ever since Culloden in those very districts which were the most thoroughly beset with troops, and which had been most ravaged and plundered. . .

. . . Next day, August 30, Charles was conducted to a place called Mellaneur, also on Benalder, where Lochiel was now living in a small hut with Macpherson younger brother of Breakachie, his principal servant Allan Cameron, and two servants of Cluny. When Lochiel saw five men approaching under arms—namely, the Prince, Lochgarry, Dr. Archibald Cameron, and two servants—he imagined that they must be a military party, who, learning his retreat, had come to seize him. It was in vain to think of flying, even though the supposed military party had been more numerous, for he was still a cripple, in consequence of the wounds in his ancles. He therefore resolved to defend himself as well as circumstances would permit. Twelve firelocks and some pistols were prepared; the chief and his four companions had taken up positions, and levelled each his piece, and all was ready for saluting the approaching party with a carefully-aimed volley, when Lochiel distinguished the figures of his friends. Then, hobbling out as well as he could, he received the Prince with an enthusiastic welcome, and attempted to pay his duty to him on his knees. . .

The gentlemen whom Charles here met for the first time in his wanderings, were, like all those he had met previously, astonished at the elasticity of mind which he displayed in circumstances of so much discomfort and danger, and under prospects, to say the least of them, so much less brilliant than what had recently been before him.

"The day after Cluny's arrival, it was thought expedient that there should be a change of quarters. They therefore removed two Highland miles further into the recesses of Benalder, to a sheiling called Uiskehilra, 'superlatively bad and smoky,' as Donald Macpherson has described it, but which the Prince never once complained of.

"After spending two or three uncomfortable days in the smoky sheiling, they removed to 'a very romantic and comical habitation, made by Cluny, at two miles' farther distance into Benalder, called the *Cage*. It was really a curiosity,' says Donald Macpherson, 'and can scarcely be described to perfection. It was situate in the face of a very rough, high, rocky mountain called Letternilichk, which is still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the *Cage*, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation, and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to equal

height with the other, and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were entirely well levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes made of heath and birch twigs all to the top of the Cage, it being of a round, or rather oval shape, and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happened to be two stones, at a small distance from [each] other, next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a bosom chimney, and here was the fire placed. The smoke had its vent out there, all along a very stony part of the rock, which and the smoke were so much of a color, that no one could have distinguished the one from the other in the clearest day.

Lochiel eventually obtained the command of a regiment in the French service. He died in 1748. His brother of Fassefern has found a biographer among the contributors to THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. We refer our readers, who may desire to trace the after history of the Camerons, to the memoir contained in No. CCLVII., of MAGA, for May, 1854.

It will be remarked, on a reference to the list of clans who armed in '45, that the Macdonalds constituted a considerable part of Charles Edward's forces. Macdonald of Clanranald, Macdonald of Keppoch, Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, and Macdonald of Glencoe, all headed their respective septs. But the already illustrious name has received fresh and undying laurels from the devotion and heroism of Flora Macdonald, the lady who so largely contributed to the Prince's safety after the disastrous fight of Culloden. Flora was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, but resided in Skye with her mother, whose second husband, Macdonald of Armadale, had held aloof from the Jacobite party, though not disinclined in principle to that cause. On the ruin of his hopes, Charles Edward had sought refuge among the Western islands, and under the protection of Flora Macdonald, for whose servant he passed, disguised in female garb, spent many weary days wandering from island to island.

While in Skye, and under the guardianship of this heroic girl, the Prince owed much to the hospitality of Macdonald of Kingsburgh. The night passed by Charles as his guest has been described with much animation by Mr. Chambers. The Prince, disguised as Flora's maid, was journeying

with her on Sunday, an humble highland follower, Nial Mackeehan, afterwards remarkable for being the father of Marshal Macdonald, one of Napoleon Bonaparte's most distinguished generals, being their only attendant:—

"In crossing a stream which traversed the road, Charles held up his petticoats indelicately high, to save them from being wet. Kingsburgh pointed out that, by doing so, he must excite strange suspicions among those who should happen to see him; and his Royal Highness promised to take better care on the next occasion. Accordingly, in crossing another stream, he permitted his skirts to hang down and float upon the water. Kingsburgh again represented that this mode was as likely as the other to attract observation; and the Prince could not help laughing at the difficulty of adjusting this trifling and yet important matter. His conductor further observed that, instead of returning the obeisance which the country people made to them in passing by a courtesy, his Royal Highness made a bow; and also that in some other gestures and attitudes of person, he completely forgot the woman, and resumed the man. 'Your enemies,' remarked Kingsburgh, 'call you a pretender; but if you be, I can tell you you are the worst at your trade I ever saw.' 'Why,' replied Charles laughing, 'I believe my enemies do me as much injustice in this as in some other and more important particulars. I have all my life despised assumed characters, and am perhaps the worst dissimulator in the world.' The whole party—Charles, Kingsburgh, and Miss Macdonald—arrived in safety at Kingsburgh House, about eleven at night.

"The house of Kingsburgh was not at this time in the best possible case for entertaining guests of distinction: and, to add to the distress of the occasion, all the inmates had long been gone to bed. The old gentleman, however, lost no time in putting matters in proper trim for affording a supper to the party. He introduced Charles into the hall, and sent a servant up stairs to rouse his lady. . . . She did not upbraid her husband for having been so imprudent, but, on the contrary, asked if he thought the stranger would know anything regarding the Prince. Kingsburgh then took his wife's hands into his own, and said seriously, 'My dear, this is the Prince himself.' She could not restrain her alarm when he pronounced these emphatic words, but exclaimed, 'The Prince! then we'll be all hanged!' Kingsburgh replied, 'We can die but once—could we ever die in a better cause? We are only doing an act of humanity, which anybody might do. Go,' he added, 'and make haste with supper. Bring us eggs, butter, cheese, and whatever else you can quickly make ready.' 'Eggs, butter, and cheese!' repeated Mrs. Macdonald, alarmed upon a new but scarcely less interesting score—the honor of her housewifery; 'what a supper is that for a Prince—he'll never look at it!' 'Ah, my good wife,' replied Kingsburgh, 'you little know how this poor

Prince has fared of late! Our supper will be a treat to him. Besides, to make a formal supper would cause the servants to suspect something. Make haste, and come to supper yourself.' Lady Kingsburgh was almost as much alarmed at her husband's last expression as she had been about her provisions. 'Me come to supper!' she exclaimed; 'I know not how to behave before majesty!' 'But you must come,' Kingsburgh replied; 'the Prince would not eat a bit without you; and you'll find it no difficult matter to behave before him—he is so easy and obliging in conversation.'

"Supper being accordingly soon after prepared, and Miss Flora Macdonald introduced, Charles, who had always paid the most respectful attentions to his preserver, placed her upon his right hand, and Lady Kingsburgh on his left. He ate very heartily, and afterwards drank a bumper of brandy to the health and prosperity of his landlord. . . . So much did Charles enjoy the novel pleasure of a good bed, that though he seldom, during his distresses, slept above four hours, he on this occasion slept about ten, not awaking till roused, at one o'clock next day, by his kind landlord. Kingsburgh inquiring, like a good host, how he had reposed, the Prince answered that he had never enjoyed a more agreeable or a longer sleep in his life. He had almost forgot, he said, what a good bed was. . . . The only reformation he thought it would be allowable to make in his habiliments at present, was a change of shoes, those which the prince had brought with him being worn so much that his toes protruded through them. Kingsburgh happened to have a pair in the house which he had never worn, and those he provided for the accommodation of his Royal Highness. When Charles had shifted the old for the new, Kingsburgh took up the former, tied them together, and hung them up in a corner of his house, observing that they might yet stand him in good stead. Charles asked him what he meant by that, and the old man replied, 'Why, when you are fairly settled at St. James's, I shall introduce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof.' Charles smiled at the conceit of the good old gentleman, and bade him be as good as his word. Kingsburgh accordingly kept these strange relics, or the greater portion of them, as long as he lived. After his death, and when all prospects of Charles's restoration to St. James's was gone, his family permitted the remainder to be cut to pieces, and dispersed among their friends. It is the recollection of one of his descendants that Jacobite ladies often took away the pieces they got in their bosoms.

"When Charles was to dress, Mrs. Macdonald caused her daughter to act as his handmaid, for, as she afterwards told Bishop Forbes, 'the deil a preen he could put in.' While Miss Macdonald was dressing him, he was like to fall over with laughing. After the pinners, gown, hood, and mantle were put on, he said, 'Oh, miss, you have forgotten my apron. Where is my apron? Get me my apron here, for it is a principal part of

my dress.' Kingsburgh and his lady informed their friends afterwards that at this time he behaved not like one that was in danger, but as mirthfully as if he had been putting on women's clothes merely for a frolic. Lady Kingsburgh having asked a lock of his hair, to preserve as a keepsake, he laid down his head upon Flora's lap, and told her to cut off as much as she chose. Flora severed a lock, the half of which she gave to Lady Kingsburgh, and the other half retained for herself. . . . After he had taken a tender farewell, she went up stairs to his bedroom, and folded the sheets in which he had lain, declaring that they should never again be washed or used till her death, when they should be employed as her winding-sheet. She was afterwards induced to divide this valuable memorial of her distinguished guest with the amiable Flora, who, it may be mentioned, many years afterwards carried her moiety of it to America. In the course of her strangely adventurous life, and though often reduced to situations of the greatest distress by the republican insurgents, she never parted with it till the day of her death, when her body was wrapped in its precious folds, and consigned with it to the grave."

Flora having preserved the life of the Prince at the risk of her own, found her anxious task ended when an opportunity presented itself for the young adventurer's return to the mainland. She retired to her mother's house, but was arrested and imprisoned when the part she had taken in furthering the Prince's escape became known. On the passing of the Act of Indemnity, she regained her freedom, and some time afterwards married Alexander Macdonald the younger, of Kingsburgh, with whom she emigrated to America. In the troubles which resulted in the severance of the American colonies from the mother country, Flora and her husband sided with the British Government; and finding themselves again on the losing side, as they had been in Scotland when opposed to the House of Hanover, in whose cause they now suffered, returned to Skye. Here this heroic woman died, at the age of seventy, and was buried in the shroud which she had so strangely selected for that purpose in her youth, and carried with her through so many adventures and migrations. Flora Macdonald sleeps in the churchyard of Kilmuir, her grave unmarked even by a stone, but her memory revered in the traditions of her country, and her name hallowed in the hearts of all who can reverence heroism, noble generosity, and disinterested self-sacrifice.

The Jacobite cause, for which these generous victims endured so much, was hope-



lessly wrecked on Drummosie Muir. The Prince for whom they suffered, broken down by hardship, poverty, and hopeless for the future, fell into the errors and vices from which his earlier years had been exempt, and in after life disappointed the promise of his youth and the expectations of his devoted friends. He had contracted during his wanderings the habit of intemperance, which became painfully strengthened as he advanced in years. He died in 1788, at Florence, on the 30th of January—a day already fatal to the House of Stuart—without leaving any legitimate descendants. His only brother, Henry, Cardinal of York, had embraced the ecclesiastical life, and followed Charles Edward to the tomb in 1807.

There is an end of the Stuarts. Their expulsion has given us a century and a-half of freedom from priestly arrogance and

arbitrary power. Enjoying these immunities, we can afford a generous admiration for the virtues of individual members of the defeated party. Happy it is for us that we may indulge such sentiments with safety. If Lochiel, in all the dignity of his romantic loyalty, were in the field to-day for the same cause, the friends of freedom should throw sentiment behind their backs, and range themselves under the banner of Cumberland. But as that hard necessity can no longer arise, the friends of freedom will love to read of the Jacobite chieftains, just as in an age of confirmed Christianity, the best divines take most delight in Pagan literature. Long may we feel ourselves sufficiently secure for such enjoyments; and distant be the day when any sense of danger shall compel us to discard from our list of heroes the Cameron and the "gallant Graeme."

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## PROSINGS ABOUT THE ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

THE general impression entertained of Hazlitt as a man, has been largely prejudicial to the credit of Hazlitt as a writer. His writings, indeed, are themselves unusually rife with personal characteristics; a fact which, while to those who thoroughly relish him, it is valued as adding a specific value to the literary interest inspired, such as on no account they would miss, but rather would see increased in frequency and in fulness,—on the other hand, to those who, from traditional distrust or dislike, or from actual acquaintance with his essays, regard him with no eye of sympathy, and no feeling of admiration, is an objection which they are not slow to moot, when proffering their list of exceptions to the ruling of his more friendly judges.

That William Hazlitt, the man, unfortunately for his own peace of mind, health of body, and weal of estate, was not the most prepossessing of mortals, there is evidence in plenty. His familiars made the most, made the best of him; but his manners often tried

them sorely. Strangers he was almost eager to repel, and with very general and unequivocal success. Painfully thin-skinned, morbidly suspicious, irritably sensitive, he staggered those who knew him slightly by a seemingly cynical reserve, and those who knew him well, and prized him sincerely, by a seemingly capricious distrust. Even that gentle creature, Charles Lamb,—true friend to the core—and of Hazlitt an almost unbounded admirer—even he was impelled to the regretful protest: "What hath soured him, and made him to suspect his friends of infidelity towards him, when there was no such matter, I know not. I stood well with him for fifteen years (the proudest of my life). . . . I have never in thought swerved from him, I never betrayed him, I never slackened in my admiration of him; I was the same to him (neither better nor worse) though he could not see it, as in the days when he thought fit to trust me. . . . I wish he would not quarrel with the world at the rate he does, but the reconciliation

must be effected by himself, and I despair of living to see that day."\* Coleridge, in a letter to Wedgwood, describing Hazlitt as a "thinking, observant, original man," goes on to say: "His manners are to ninety-nine in a hundred singularly repulsive; brow-hanging; shoe-contemplating—strange. He is, I verily believe, kindly-natured: is very fond of, attentive to, and patient with children, but he is jealous, gloomy, and of an irritable pride."† Haydon's first impressions of his future collaborateur are recorded with native emphasis: the brothers in Art, and co-mates in Art-criticism, first met at Northcotes; and Haydon's definition of Hazlitt is, "singular mixture of friend and fiend, radical and critic, metaphysician, poet, and painter, on whose word no one could rely, on whose heart no one could calculate, and some of whose deductions he himself would try to explain in vain."‡ And elsewhere: "What a singular compound this man was of malice, candor, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy, and conceit."§ Another of his acquaintances, parodying a line from Wieland's Oberon, has said of Hazlitt, that—

His eye a scowl on all creation beamed;

and that with him it was a fundamental lemma to say, Whatever is, is wrong. The same writer attributes to him an even "inveterate misanthropy," but considers it was "constitutional," and exasperated by accidents of life, by disappointments, by mortifications, by insults, and still more by his "having wilfully placed himself in collision from the first with all the interests that were in the sunshine of this world, and with all the persons that were then powerful in England." To him may be applied the descriptive epithets

\* Lamb's letter to Southey, in the *London Magazine* of 1823.

† Cottle's *Reminiscences of Coleridge*.

‡ Taylor's *Memoirs of B. R. Haydon*.

§ In illustration of the last quality, "conceit," Haydon mentions that, calling one day on Hazlitt, he found him arranging his hair before a glass, trying different effects—and that he begged his visitor's advice "whether he should show his forehead more or less." If all Hazlitt's intimates had been as ready to put on record such traits of character—if so one-sided a story can be considered in that light—the wonder at his distrust of them, as though his familiars really were on the watch for his halting, would abate not a little. Haydon had a zest for the startling in effect; and effectually startling it is to be presented to Hazlitt before his looking-glass, studying as critically the manipulations of the hair-brush, as he would those of the paint-brush when toilet hours were over.

lately bestowed on a somewhat kindred nature in another land—"nécessiteux, fier, ulcéré, s'échappant du milieu de ses besoins commandées en tirades éloquentes, saisi fréquemment d'accès de violence et de rage, envieux, misanthrope, et pourtant généreux rar retours." Like one of Shakspeare's sharp-spoken gentles, but like *him* in perhaps this respect alone, he owned

—a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will;  
Whose edge had power to cut, whose will still  
would

It should none spare that came within its power.

Like Chamfort, he was one "de ceux qui excellent à tirer de tout l'amertume, et qui justifieraient ce vers :

La rose a des poisons qu'on finit par trouver."

Yet was he not the man to "say ditto" to one of Chamfort's maxims, namely—"Quiconque n'est pas misanthrope à quarante ans, n'a jamais aimé les hommes." Misanthrope it is harsh, and unjust to call William Hazlitt. A good hater he was. A good hater he was proud to be. But a good man-hater, a misanthrope in grammatical truth and in hideous natural truth, the admired and trusted of such men as Lamb, and the Hunts, and Proctor, and Talfourd, could by no strain of the fancy be. A deep well of feeling, a rare and perilous sensibility of heart, underlay the frigid strata of his ordinary manner. How troublously the waters of that well could be agitated, how agonizingly that sensibility could be made to writhe in throes and travail passing strange,—was proved by that painful revelation of a diseased inner life, the *Liber Amoris*; a book, says Mr. de Quincey, "which was universally laughed at, but which, in one view of it, greatly raised him in my opinion, by showing him to be capable of stronger and more agitating passions than I believed to be within the range of his nature."\* "Of all the histo-

\* During the time of this infatuated attachment, Hazlitt, his own "Modern Pygmalion," is said to have gone up and down London, raving about the unworthy object of his passion. Here was the part of his conduct which, Mr. de Quincey avows, extorted from *him* some sympathy and honor: that Hazlitt would talk of nothing else; that his eternal question was, "Have you heard of Miss —?" and that, to the most indifferent stranger, he would hurry into a rapturous account of her beauty. "For this he was abundantly laughed at. And, as he could not fail to know this—(for the original vice of his character was dark, side-long suspicion, want of noble confidence in the nobilities of human nature, faith too infirm in what was good and great)—this being so, I do maintain that a pas-

ries I have read," says Mrs. Jameson, "of the aberrations of human passion, nothing ever so struck me with a sort of amazed and painful pity as Hazlitt's 'Liber Amoris.' The man was in love with a servant girl,\* who in the eyes of others possessed no particular charms of mind or person, yet did the mighty love of this strong, masculine and gifted being, lift her into a sort of goddess-ship; and make his idolatry in its intense earnestness and reality assume something of the sublimity of an act of faith, and in its expression take a flight equal to anything that poetry or fiction has left us."† Pity that the strength thus exhibited should be of a kind so distorted, gnarled, knotted, and deformed.

Something of the same wrong-headed fervor marked the likes and dislikes of Hazlitt towards public and historical celebrities. His hatred of Burke was as bitter, as his craze for Napoleon was unbounded. Him, as it has been said of Balzac, who also "admirait tant Napoléon,"—him, democrat as he was, despot-denouncer as he was, "ce grand exemple, transposé et réfléchi dans la littérature, éblouissait comme il en a ébloui tant d'autres"—though of these "tant d'autres," few indeed in so peculiar and exceptional‡ a

sion, capable of stifling and transcending what was so prominent in his own nature, was, and must have been (however erroneously planted) a noble affection, and justifying that sympathy which I so cordially yielded him. I must reverence the man, be he what he may otherwise, who shows himself capable of profound love." And again: "In his book, he, in a manner, 'whistles her down the wind;' notwithstanding that, even at that time, her 'jesses' were yet his 'heart-strings.' There is, in the last apostrophe to her—'Poor weed!'—something which, though bitter and contemptuous, is yet tender and gentle; and, even from the book, but much more from the affair itself, as then reported with all its accessory circumstances, something which redeemed Hazlitt from the reproach (which till then he bore) of being open to no grand or profound enthusiasm—no overmastering passion. But now he showed indeed 'the nympholepsy of some fond despair.'"—DE QUINCEY'S *Recollections of Charles Lamb*. No. II. (Autobiography of an English Opium-eater.)

\* For a full and more accurate account of the matter, see the Opium-eater's paper just quoted, or Mr. Patmore's "My Friends and Acquaintance," recently published.

† Mrs. Jameson's *Commonplace Book*.

‡ "As for Hazlitt," says Haydon, "it is not to be believed how the destruction of Napoleon affected him; he seemed prostrated in mind and body, he walked about, unwashed, unshaved, hardly sober by day, and always intoxicated by night, literally, without exaggeration, for weeks; until at length, waking as it were from his stupor, he at once left off all stimulating liquors, and never touched them after."—*Autobiog. of B. R. Haydon*.

Hazlitt's renunciation of strong liquors, here re-

ferred to, is an honorable proof of his energy of self-restraint. It is said that Hazlitt once exclaimed, on reading in *Blackwood* a lofty panegyric upon Napoleon: "That's fine, that's noble! I'll forgive the fellows all they've said of me." What *Blackwood*, however, and the *Quarterly* said of him, he never could forgive or forget; Lockhart's and Wilson's attacks on him as the worst type of the Cockney, Gifford's abuse of him as the arch-specimen of the *Schlangenhanger*, rankled and festered in his heart of hearts. Upon them he retorted with a rancor painful to himself and his friends, rather than to them. A few young advocates, briefless and agog for mischief, in the Parliament-house at Edinburgh, made the very name of Scotland to stink in his nostrils. He said of the Scotch, in his essay "On the Scotch Character," "Their impudence is extreme, their malice is cold-blooded, covert, crawling, deliberate, without the frailty or excuse of passion. They club their vices and their venality together, and by the help of both united are invincible. The choice spirits who have lately figured in a much-talked-of publication, . . . in their 'pious orgies' resemble a troop of Yahoos, or a herd of Satyrs—'and with their horned feet they beat the ground!'" And elsewhere, of the *Quarterly Reviewers*: "Twice has the iron entered my soul. Twice have the dastard, vaunting, venal crew gone over it. . . By Heavens! I think I'll endure it no longer." All this was sport to them (saying Ha, ha, so would we have it!), but death, and an ignominious death to him.

*Ma guarda e passa.* Turn we to a brief review of Hazlitt's literary ventures—not attempting a methodical examination of his writings in general, or of any one work in particular; but chatting, in desultory, slipshod, easy-chair *causerie* fashion, about them and about them. And such, we give fair warning, is like to be the style of this series, cap-à-pie.

While he was yet a boy-student at the

ferred to, is an honorable proof of his energy of self-restraint. At one time he indulged perniciously in them; but finding that *mind* as well as *body* was likely to suffer, he resolved upon a course of total abstinence from wine and spirits, and maintained it unbroken for the sixteen remaining years of his life. In tea, however, he sought a stimulating substitute; tea, so strong, that 'tis almost a mystery what room was left for the water, that necessary co-efficient in the cup that cheers but not inebriates. Had Cowper tasted Hazlitt's treble X distillation, instead of Mrs. Unwin's mild, harmless mixture, he might have hesitated in his definition of a cup of tea, and gone home quasi-ebrius.

Unitarian College, Hackney, he began to give his mind to metaphysics, and to methodize his researches in mental philosophy into such a system as might look well on paper and in penmanship of his own. The result he forwarded to his father, in the shape of preliminary Essays—none of which are extant. A maturer essay found, and still finds, readers; that, namely, on the Principles of Human Action,—composed in a style which Talfourd calls as dry and hard as a mathematical demonstration. There is, however, one burst (and only one) of “enthusiastic recollection,” that Southey said at the time was something between the manner of Milton’s prose-works and Jeremy Taylor. This little treatise, and another, of polemical tone, “Against the Hartleian Theory,” can, at the best, in the opinion of a distinguished living metaphysician, be received only as evidences of ingenuity and a natural turn for philosophizing—but are satisfactory proofs that Hazlitt was without any systematic education or regular course of reading in philosophy. “And, whatever gleams of wandering truth might flash at times upon his mind, he was at the mercy of every random impulse; had no principles upon any subject; was eminently one-sided; and viewed all things under the angle which chance circumstances presented, never from a central station.” Of his subsequent contributions to the same department of thought, the essay “On Liberty and Necessity” is noticeable on several grounds; one of them, the honor due it emphatically awards to Jonathan Edwards, for his treatise on the Will—a work which has suffered in general repute, from the particular fact—accidental not essential—that the author was theologically a Calvinist; but which, in spite of that fact, or rather independently of it, is pronounced by Hazlitt to be one of the most closely reasoned, elaborate, serious, acute, and sensible, among modern productions. The lectures on Hobbes and Locke present nothing new or striking of the lecturer’s own; if they may be thought to disparage the force and originality of the latter philosopher, the balance is carried over to the credit of the former, in whose praise the critic descants with admiring sympathy. In the class of essays which discuss, as it were, abstracted views of our nature—the hopes and fears, the tendencies and anomalies of poor humanity—its normal functions, and its conventional excrescences—may be named that on “Self-Love,”\* directed against the school of

Helvetius; that “On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth,” a season when death and old age are words without a meaning, a fiction with which we have nothing to do, and when we are too much dazzled by the gorgeousness and novelty of the bright waking dreams about us to discern the dim shadow lingering for us in the distance,—“like a rustic at a fair, we are full of amazement and rapture, and have no thought of going home, or that it will soon be night;” that, again, pitched in the same key, on the “Love of Life,” which teaches that we nurse our existence with the greatest tenderness, according to the pain it has cost us;—that on “The Past and Future,” and others similarly invested with an extrinsic interest, derived from the egotism of the writer, which pervades and colors them—a writer with an idiosyncrasy worth the studying, and frankly exposed (though without morbid motive, or *arrière pensée*) for the avail of the studious.

When his theme is some point of modern manners, to be treated in the style of Addison and Steele, he is not always, perhaps very seldom, successful. He lacks the grace and *bonhomie* which the best essayists in this *genre* have accustomed us to look for; he is not playful in his satire, not genial in his laughter, not fluent in his mode of indictment,—in a word, he is usually, on such occasions, ill at ease, and seems to be cudgelling his own brains as well as the proposed victim’s back. He has essayed “Footmen,”\* clustering, fluttering, and lounging behind the coronet-coach of beauty; “Londoners and Country People,” with the pathology of the Cockney; “Nicknames,” which, he says, for the most part, govern the world, and act by mechanical sympathy on the nerves of society; “The Look of a Gentleman,” decided to consist in a habitual self-possession; the “Conversation of Lords;” the “Letter-Bell;” the “Indian Jugglers;” “The Fight;” “Will-making,” &c. Palpable enough is the inferiority of his efforts (for efforts they generally are, or, which to the reader is the same thing, *seem*) in this playful mood of gossip and good-fellowship, to the cheery flow of Leigh Hunt, so thoroughly in his element at these labors of love—as most will allow who have turned from the one *causeur* to the other, in their co-session at the “Round Table.”

A prominent place should be accorded to

\* See also the Dialogue on Self-Love and Benevolence, in *Sketches and Essays*, by W. Hazlitt. 1839.

\* Those who have read Mr. Patmore’s Reminiscences, will appreciate the peculiarity of Hazlitt’s horror of liveried flunkies, “sleek and wanton, saucy and supple.”



such essays, often gems in their way, and in writing which Hazlitt took evident and unforced pleasure, as those on Reason and Imagination—with its hearty protest *in limine* against people who have no notion of anything but generalities, and forms, and naked propositions, and who, if you proceed to add color or relief from individuality, demur to the use of rhetoric as an illogical thing; on Taste—simply defined as sensibility to the different degrees and kinds of excellence in the works of Nature or Art—the power of being properly affected by the achievements of genius—mere sensibility not being true taste, though sensibility to real excellence is;—on the question, Whether Genius is conscious of its powers?—on Genius and Common Sense—on Paradox and Common-Place. According to Mr. Patmore, Hazlitt would write one of the deepest and best of these droppings of “Table-Talk,” or “Round Table” discourses, or “Plain Speaker” deliverances, in two or three sittings; about a week being his average time for finishing off a long and brilliant article for the *Edinburgh Review*. More than once, nevertheless, Hazlitt has expressed his contempt for speed in composition, and fecundity of production; but when he was writing to live, from hand to mouth; and he wanted his evenings clear from that dingy little coffee-room of the Southampton Arms, where, if he had accomplished an article long and showy, he might have had a debauch of pheasant or partridges—or, if only short and flimsy, make the best of “a pound or so”<sup>\*</sup> of rump-steak, and apple-tart.

Of a less abstract and philosophical, and of a more popular and practical kind, are the very numerous and highly miscellaneous sketches, of which may be named, as representative of the class in general, those on “People of Sense”—the self-conceited wise, some of whom would pull down Stonehenge to build pig-sties, and convert Westminster Abbey into a central House of Correction; on “Respectable People”—the respectability consisting, as words go, and the world goes, in a man’s situation and success in life, not in his character or conduct; on “Prejudice,” on “Knowledge of the World,” on “Fashion,” on “People with one Idea,” on “Vulgarity and Affectation,” on the “Want of Money.” The essayist’s political papers we are fain to pass over with a *non nobis*. If they are clever, they are very crabbed, very spleenetic, and even to radicals very un-

satisfactory; indeed, if a demagogue, Hazlitt had a sorry respect for the *demos*. His contempt for the *demos* was, in sooth, only second to his hatred of the *tyrannos*. Let our view of him as Critic be taken on less hostile territory.

Hazlitt’s own motto, deliberately selected and prominently expressed, was—“For I am nothing if not CRITICAL.” That he was a Critic, Sir Bulwer Lytton considers his peculiar predominant distinction, and claims for him the critical faculty in its noblest degree—not the mechanical work of squaring and measuring out his judgments by the “pedantries of dry and lifeless propositions”—but inspired by a taste that was not the “creature of schools and canons,” but “begotten of Enthusiasm by Thought.”<sup>\*</sup> And like his friend Joseph Fawcett (“the person,” says he, “of the most refined and least contracted taste I ever knew”), he had a critical relish for widely diverse styles, and gave a welcome to “all sorts, provided they were the best of their kind.” He rated Lamb for sticking so tenaciously to one book-shelf, and Coleridge for always preferring the unknown to the known, and Wordsworth for allowing no excellences to Dryden and Pope, because they had been supposed to have all the possible excellences of poetry. Preferences of his own he had, and strong ones,—especially in favor of old authors; but the range of his sympathies was wide enough to include Rousseau as well as Bacon, Goethe as well as Sir Thomas Browne, Schiller together with Heywood, Scott with Richardson, St. Pierre and Godwin, Congreve and Jeremy Taylor, Montaigne and Milton, Shakespeare and Sheridan, Addison and Burke, Molière and Mackenzie, Hobbes and Cervantes, Wordsworth and Voltaire.

The Lectures on the Elizabethan Literature exemplify at once the leaning Hazlitt had towards olden authorship, and the independent, discriminating spirit with which he meted out their dues, to the different worthies of a ven-

\* “He felt intensely;—he imbued—he saturated himself with the genius he examined; it became a part of him, and he reproduced it in science. He took in pieces the work he surveyed, and reconstructed the fabric in order to show the process by which it had been built. His criticisms are therefore eminently scientific; to use his own expression, his ‘art lifts the veil from nature.’ It was the wonderful subtlety with which he possessed himself of the intentions of the author, which enabled him not only to appreciate in his own person, but to make the world appreciate, the effect those intentions had produced.”—SIR E. B. LYTTON: *Some Thoughts on the Genius of William Hazlitt*.

\* P. G. Patmore.

erated epoch. He loved the time and the men. But he loved them not with an undistinguishing passion. In each case he could give a reason for the love that was in him, and show cause why it was more or less. Accordingly, the most effective and remunerative portions of this series are probably those in which he sets forth objections, or points out demerits, in the instance of particular authors, usually admired without stint by thorough-bred Elizabethans: upon these portions he bestows more abundant pains, and as a critic is thus seen to more advantage than where he sails with the stream, in comparatively vague and indolent acquiescence. Whether he convinces us, in such cases, or not, he then and there best approves himself capable of thought, analytical skill, and vigorous expression. His appraisement of Beaumont and Fletcher is evidence of this—especially in his strictures on their tampering with morality, like an experiment tried in *corpore vili*; and so is his estimate of Ford, to be read *per contra* along with Lamb's; and, again, the abating process he maliciously applies to Sir Philip Sydney, that "complete intellectual coxcomb"—and, with more of sympathy, however, to Sir Thomas Browne, in whose sublimity he but recognizes the "sublime of indifference."

The Lectures on the English Poets are prefaced by a glowing discourse on poetry in general—as the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself, existing wherever there is a sense of power, or beauty, or harmony—its materials lying deeper than those of that "grave study," History, for it is no mere branch of authorship, but the very "stuff of which our life is made"—the fine particle within us, that expands, rarefies, refines, raises our whole being, without which "man's life is poor as beast's." If poetry, says Hazlitt, is a dream, the business of life is much the same: if it is a fiction, made up of what we wish things to be, and fancy that they are, because we wish them so, there is yet no other, no better reality. This discourse is richly starred with golden glories from the poets of imagination all compact; it scornfully repudiates the notion of reducing the language of poetry to the standard of common sense and reason, according to the vile accommodation theory of "frigid and pedantic critics;" it foresees in the necessary advances of civilization a blight on the spirit of song ("there can never be another Jacob's dream. Since that time the heavens have gone farther off, and grown astronomical"); it touches on the philosophy of rhythm and

rhyme; and it comments on four of the world's "principal works of poetry"—Homer, in whom is predominant the principle of action or life,—the Bible, instinct with the principle of faith and the idea of Providence,—Dante, a personification of blind will,—and Ossian, representing the decay of life, and the legend of the world, living only in the recollection and regret of the past, and giving us more entirely than all other poets, the sense of privation, the loss of all things, of friends, of good name, of country, and even of God.\* Then Chaucer and Spenser are introduced, compared, and contrasted; both equally engaged in public affairs, and mixing equally in the great world, but the latter showing a poetical temperament as effeminate as Chaucer's was stern and masculine—Spenser delighting in luxurious enjoyment, Chaucer in severe activity of mind—Spenser the most romantic and visionary, Chaucer the most practical of all the poets, the most a man of business and of the world. Of Chaucer it is happily said, that if he is prolix, it is from the number of points on which he touches, without being diffuse on any one; and is sometimes tedious from the fidelity with which he adheres to his subjects, as other writers are from the frequency of their digressions from it. "The chain of his story is composed of a number of fine links, closely connected together, and riveted by a single blow." And his muse, no "blabbing gossip of the air," fluent and redundant, is finely likened to a stammerer, or a dumb person, that having just found the use of speech, crowds many things together with eager haste, with anxious pauses, and fond repetitions, to prevent mistakes. Spenser's strength, again, is well defined to be a strength not of will or action, of bone and muscle, of aught that is coarse and palpable—but the *vis* derived from a character of vastness and sublimity, seen through a visionary medium, and blended with the appalling associations of preternatural agency.† Shakespeare and Milton follow:—Shakespeare, "all that others were, or that they could become"—having only to think of anything in order to become that thing, with all the circumstances belonging to it—in the world of whose imagination everything has a life, and

\* "The feeling of cheerless desolation, of the loss of the pith and sap of existence, of the annihilation of the substance, and the incorporating the shadow of all things as in a mock-embrace, is here perfect."

—Lecture I.

† The description of the Cave of Mammon, the "grisly house of Plutus," is referred to, as unrivalled for the portentous massiveness of the forms, the splendid chiaroscuro, and shadowy horror.

place, and being of its own;—Milton, devoting himself with the same sense of duty to the cultivation of his genius, as he did to the exercise of virtue, or the cause of liberty—writing not from casual impulse, but after severe and searching self-appraisal—laboring always, and almost always succeeding—striving hard to say the finest things in the world, and saying them—the sound of his lines moulded into the expression of the sentiment, almost of the very image. Dryden is somewhat carelessly treated, Pope more honorably and inquiringly; Butler's fault is justly said to be, not too much wit, but an inadequate proportion of other things; to Thomson is doled out no chary modicum of praise, for his power of transferring, fresh and unimpaired to the imagination of his readers, the vivid impression made by views of nature on his own, and for the power of moving and infusing the warmth of his own mind into that of the reader,—while Cowper is described as looking at nature over his clipped hedges, and from his well-swept garden walks; Swift is accepted as one of the most sensible, and yet most nonsensical of the poets, than whom (Swift) no man has written more “lack-a-daisical, slipshod, tedious, trifling, foolish, fantastical verses, which are so little an imputation on the wisdom of the writer,”—but whose bitter genius was his spleen, and whose other faculties were sharpened by the biting acrimony of his temper; Collins—the only one of the minor poets of whom, if he had lived, it cannot be said that he might not have done the greatest things, and whose Ode on the Poetical Character is encrusted in a “honeyed paste of poetic diction, like the candied coat of the auricola;” Gray, penning lyrics in a kind of methodical borrowed frenzy, yet ever turning a trembling, watchful ear to the still sad music of humanity; Shenstone, a finished literary coquette; Chatterton, not extraordinary for power of genius,\* but only for precocity; Burns, holding plough or pen with the same firm manly grasp—as much of a man, though not a twentieth part as much of a poet, as Shakspeare; Rogers, elegant but feeble, enwrapping obvious thoughts in a cover of fine words, and refining and frittering away his meaning into an appearance of the most evanescent brilliancy and tremulous imbecility; Campbell, *tutus nimius, timidus*.

\* “Nor do I believe he would have written better had he lived. He knew this himself, or he would have lived. . . . He had done his best; and, like another Empedocles, threw himself into *Aetna*, to ensure immortality. The brazen slippers alone remain!”—*Lecture VII.*

*que procellarum*, starving his genius to death from a needless apprehension of a plethora; Moore, on the other hand, faulty from mere exuberance of involuntary power, oppressive by his very facility and levity, exhausting attention by being inexhaustible, and cloying by variety itself; Byron, whose “indignant apophthegms are like oracles of misanthropy,” but uniting beauty with strength, and tenderness sometimes with the frenzy of despair; Scott, picturesque and vivid, but without moral force; Wordsworth, the poet of pure sentiment, opening a deeper vein of thought and feeling than any modern bard—wholly deficient in all the machinery of poetry, but giving forth, with inconceivable beauty, perfect originality, and pathos, the fine tones of thought, drawn from his own mind by accident or nature, like the sounds drawn from the *Æolian* harp by the wandering gale. We here pause not, *en passant*, to question, to dissent, or to applaud.

The “*Spirit of the Age*” is perhaps the best known and most generally relished of Hazlitt's works. Freely and without respect of persons he there canvases his contemporaries, literary and political; takes their measure, and reports it without fear or favor; nothing extenuates, where they have bad or weak points, and sets down a good deal in malice, whether they have or not. Here his keenness of scrutiny, his talent for portraiture, (which looks so “like,” that one disregards the exaggeration, the frequent distortion, the heightened coloring), his skill in comparative anatomy, his biting ridicule, his enthusiasm of admiration and of hate, the peculiarities of his style, sharply sententious, eagerly iterative,—are seen to the best advantage. A procession stalks before us, of peers and poets, preachers and politicians; and the cicerone calls them all by name so familiarly, and describes their natures and their arts so vivaciously, that we cannot choose but see them out to a man, whatever we may think of his manner of appraising them. There is the detested if not dreaded Gifford, “a retainer to the Muses, a doorkeeper to learning, a lackey in the state,”—Wilberforce, “anxious to do all the good he can without hurting himself or his fair fame,”—Bentham, “meditating the coming age,” and Lamb, “ever turning pensive to the past,”—Eldon plods on through the street, with the best natured face in the world, and an umbrella under his arm, his only fault the inability to say *Nay* to power,—Byron is seen making man after his own image, woman after his own heart,—Wordsworth, reading his own poetry,

while at favorite passages his eye beams with preternatural lustre—Moore converts the wild harp of Erin into a musical snuff-box,—Godwin strives, in vain, to pass the Arctic Circle of moral science, and its Frozen Regions, where the understanding is no longer warmed by the affections, nor fanned by the breeze of fancy,—Coleridge's faculties are watched gossiping away their time, and gadding about from house to house,—Brougham screams with high "unmitigated voice,"—Jeffrey writes like "one accustomed to public speaking,"—Southey, with "peaked austerity of countenance," sits "upright in his chair," turning from reading to writing, by a stopwatch,—Scott issues what is "almost like a new edition of human nature," as the "only amanuensis of truth and history,"—and Chalmers is seen, in "prophetic fury in the pulpit," like Balfour of Burley in his cave, when he contended with the imaginary Satan, gasping for breath, and the cold moisture running down his face. The "Spirit of the Age" is the best voucher for Coleridge's description of its writer, long years before it was written, as a "thinking, observant, original man; of great power as a painter of character-portraits," and skilled to "send well-feathered thoughts straightforward to the mark with the twang of the bowstring." It abounds with proofs of these straightforward missives, with echoes of the twang, and with sometimes *easternly* killing marks, of the bowstring.

The "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays" is a text-book with Shakspearian students. It is a *vade mecum* with all who would graduate in the university of that myriad-mind; that *alma mater* of philosophy, imagination, and wit. It has deeps where senior wranglers may swim, but shallows also which wooden spoons may ford. For excellent as it is, there is not a sustained altitude in the excellence. It is not along a table-land that our guide conducts us, to view that mighty ocean, whether tumultuating with Atlantic storms, a very sea of troubles, or dimpled with the *αγρηθμον γελασμα* of pacific repose; rather he tracks his way over coasts only now and then elevated into grandeur by some abrupt mountain height, luxuriant with vegetation, or bleakly and gloomily sublime. Frequently the comments on the characters\* are

\* Constantly there recur such common-places in matter and manner as the following:—"The character of Hector is made very amiable;"—"The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are very amusing and instructive;"—Ulysses deals in "very stately and spirited declamation;"—*Antony and Cleopatra* "is

more feeble than forcible in thought, and, at the best, forcible feeble in expression; if not weary, they are stale; if not flat, they are unprofitable. But then at intervals there comes a vision of delight, and the seer's eye kindles, and his spirit burns within him, and glowing are the words he speaks with his tongue. The power furtively secreted in some passages, the beauty latent in others, he elucidates, brings to light, with triumph, and without toil; for he had insight into Shakspeare's mind and will, and in such a case a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous keen as well as kind. Yet, compared with such a work as Horn's (however inferior Horn might be to Hazlitt in natural gifts), not a few students of Shakspeare's art will agree with Julius Hare in thinking, that, from the want of a proper intellectual discipline and method, and also of "moral discipline and principle," through which went "his talents went to rack," Hazlitt is signally inferior to the German as an analytical expositor of the principles and structure of Shakspeare's plays, in tracing and developing the "hidden labyrinthine working of his all-vivifying, all-unifying genius." It is in summing-up the details of a Character that Hazlitt shines—and this indeed is, on his own showing, the top of his bent. Hamlet and Falstaff are the most finished of these sketches; but some minor powers are hit off in their degree with equal felicity. It is matter of regret that even into his criticisms on the impartial, catholic-minded Poet of all souls as well as all time, the critic should have allowed himself to introduce his party-spirit, and to sneer at aristocracy, and denounce Toryism, in the very place and season where he could do so to least advantage.

Hazlitt's essay on the Congreve and Wycherley group is pronounced by Leigh Hunt almost equal to Lamb's—almost in point of style, and even superior in hearty relish; with the advantage of leaving a far truer impression respecting them, as well as containing the best and most detailed criticism on their individual plays. Hazlitt has none of the "misgivings of Lamb," nor even thinks it necessary to notice them. "He takes the whole tribe, as nature and society (short of

a very noble play;"—"The character of the French nobles in [*Henry V.*] is very admirably depicted;"—"Talbot is a very magnificent sketch;"—"The pretensions and growing ambition of the Duke of York, are very ably developed;"—"The character of Gloucester is here very powerfully commenced;"—"The wilful stubbornness and youthful petulance of Bertram are very admirably described;" &c.



the exaggerations of art) threw them forward during the progress of civilization, neither doubting their reality, nor startled at it, nor forced to reconcile himself to the robustness of its levity." Lamb and Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, have each written cleverly and *con amore* of these stage wits; but the present age (*Dieu merci!*) has healthy qualms in approaching such corruption as comes steaming and reeking from the remains of the Ethereges and Farquhars, whose wit as it animates their subject is like the sun kissing carrion. Small blame to this generation, therefore, if the booksellers find the Congreve crew commercially, what public opinion considers them ethically, a "bad lot." Their cleverness is undeniable; but still less so their indecency, irreligion, and want of heart.

The miscellaneous essays on literary topics, scattered amid the pages of the "Plain Speaker," the "Round Table," "Table Talk," &c., afford a pleasant variety and an unvarying pleasantry. There is the fragment "On Reading Old Books"—by one reluctant to read anything else, and addicted to reading *them* over and over again—avowing himself innocent of Lady Morgan and *Anastasi*, and indifferent to the wet sheets of the last new novel from the Ballantyne press, but recalling with tender delight his first acquaintance with an elder generation of authors, "when he was in his father's house, and his path ran down with butter and honey"—when the world he had found out in Cooke's sixpenny numbers of the British Novelists, was to him a dance through life, a perpetual gala-day—professing himself still a thorough adept in Richardson, liking the longest of his novels best, and thinking no part of them tedious—relating the joy with which he brought home from Shrewsbury a copy of *Paradise Lost* and of Burke's *Reflections*, and still anxious to preserve the memory, "embalmed with odors," of that bygone time, past "with all its giddy raptures"—and detailing some of the old books which, not having read, he fain would read, Clarendon, for instance, and Froissart, and Fuller's *Worthies*—and Beaumont and Fletcher all through,\* and the speeches in Thucydides, and Guicciardini's Florence, and Don Quixote in the original. There is the paper "On Old English Writers and Speakers"—stubbornly English, and doggedly defiant of continental authorship; that on the "Prose-style of Poets," illustrated

from Burke, and James Montgomery's florid diffuseness, and Coleridge's voluminous vastness and stately loiterings, and Southey's antique quaintness joined with modern familiarity, and Leigh Hunt's "light but well supported columns;" that on the "Conversation of Authors," "not so good as might be imagined," but, "such as it is, better than any other"—Lamb, and Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt, and Martin Burney, and Northcote, and Godwin, and Haydon, being noticed in passing; that on Criticism, pungent and personal; that on Milton's Sonnets, "truly his own in allusion, thought, and versification;" that (in Alison's triplet fashion) on Sir Walter Scott, Racine, and Shakspeare—written to refute the assertion that Scott's mind was of the same class as Shakspeare's, or that he imitated nature in the same way—Sir Walter's *forte* being in the richness and variety of his materials, and Shakspeare's in the working them up—while Racine's genius lay in the didactic, in giving the *common-places* of the human heart better than any one, but nothing or very little more;—that, again, which inquires why the Heroes of Romance are insipid—with pleasant references to the Grand Cyruses, and Artamenes, and Oroondates, and Palmerins, and Amadis, of olden fiction—to that walking code of Christian ethics, Sir Charles Grandison, so tedious for his inordinate egotism and everlasting self-complacency—to Mrs. Inchbald's finely-drawn heroes, essence of sentiment though they be, and Miss Burney's, and Miss Edgeworth's, and Mackenzie's, and Godwin's, and Scott's—of whose entire series of male characters Saladin is pronounced the most dashing and spirited.

The bits of personal reference, of egotistic memory, which are not few in Hazlitt's literary papers, are seldom other than welcome, so full they are of heart and freshness. As where he relates his first reading of Mrs. Inchbald's "Simple Story"—how it transported him out of himself—how he walked out to escape from one of the tenderest parts, in order to return to it again—how, meanwhile, an old crazy hand-organ was playing Robin Adair, a summer shower dropped manna on his head, and slaked his feverish thirst of happiness, and the heroine, Miss Milner, was at his side. How he once sat on a sunny

\* "There are fifty-two of their plays, and I have only read a dozen or fourteen of them."—*Plain Speaker*, i. 62.

\* "The best proof of which is, that, when you are used to it, you cannot put up with any other. That of mixed company becomes utterly intolerable—you cannot sit out a common tea and card-party, at least, if they pretend to talk at all."—*Ibid.* ii. 62, 3.

bank in a field in which the green blades of corn waved in the fitful northern breeze, and read the letter in the "New Eloise" in which St. Preux describes the Pays de Vaud: "I never," exclaims the rapt one, "felt what Shakspeare calls my 'glassy essence' so much as then." How, after a sultry day's walk from Farnham, he entered an inn at Alton, and rested in an old wainscoted room opening into an old-fashioned garden, adorned with beds of larkspur and a leaden Mercury—a grave-looking, dark-colored portrait of Charles II. hanging over the tiled chimney-piece—and how he had "Love for Love" in his pocket, and began to read, and coffee was brought in in a silver coffee-pot, and the cream, the bread and butter, everything was excellent, while the flavor of Congreve's style prevailed over all: "This circumstance," he says, "happened just five years ago, and it seems like yesterday. If I count my life so by lustres, it will soon glide away; yet I shall not have to repine, if, while it lasts, it is enriched with a few such recollections!" Nobody could grudge Hazlitt so cheap a *souvenir*; many could wish the book had been different: Congreve is not quite the author to be tenderly associated with life's retrospective reviews. But perhaps of all these reminiscences none is so

agreeable, none certainly is so well-told, as that entitled "My First Acquaintance with Poets," narrating Hazlitt's introduction to Coleridge, and his delighted experience of one of those *impressions que ni le temps ni les circonstances ne peuvent effacer*.

But we are bestowing our tediousness on the reader with the generosity of Dogberry himself. So it will not do to prose further about other traits and tractates of William Hazlitt; about his theatrical criticisms,—how he extolled Kean in the teeth of Glorious John's Party, how he glorified Liston, studied Mrs. Siddons, melted before Miss O'Neill, and gauged the youthful powers of Macready; or about his various papers in the *Edinburgh Review*, some of them fathered at the time, and since,\* upon Mr. Editor Jeffrey; or about his critiques on Art, eloquent, enthusiastic, often exaggerated, but seldom if ever undistinguishing—critiques, of which Mr. Leigh Hunt has said, with as much graphic significance as grace, that they throw a light on art as from a painted window. Let the exhausted reader enjoy that similitude, not merely because it is pithy and pertinent, but because it saves him from more prolixity and impertinence on our part, and that he is thereby λόγων ματάειων ἀπηλλαγμένος.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

"ENGLAND and Scotland! those countries whose literature has operated so powerfully on my whole mental development; those countries where I now count many leniently-judging friends, and to which my heart has become strongly attached, I knew and loved those countries before my feet trod them. With Marryatt's 'Jacob Faithful' I had long sailed up the Thames; by Dickens I was led into London's narrow lanes, and I listened to the throbbing hearts there; and in 'Night and Morning,' Bulwer opened to my gaze the rich landscape, with its towns, its churches, and its villages. I was at home on Scotland's mountains, and familiar with its deep lakes, lonely paths, and ancient castles.

Walter Scott's genius had wafted me thither; Walter Scott's beneficent hand had extended to me the spiritual bread and wine, so that I forgot the earthly. I was intimate with Shakspeare's land and Burns's mountains before my corporeal eye beheld them; and when at length I visited them, I was not received as a stranger. Kind eyes regarded me, friends extended the hand to me. Elevated and humbled at the same time with so much happiness, my heart swelled with gratitude to God."

Thus writes Hans Christian Andersen, the

\* Even Lord Cockburn, for instance, claims for Jeffrey Hazlitt's two reviews of Leigh Hunt's *Rimini*, and Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*.

Danish poet, novelist, and traveller. Who does not know a little of him? And who that knows a little does not desire to know more? He may not inappropriately be designated the living Goldsmith of Scandinavia (though very superior to Goldsmith in prudential virtues), and he is as warmly beloved by all who know him personally as ever our own "poor dear Goldy" was. We purpose endeavoring to convey a fair idea of this remarkable son of genius, both as a writer and a man—first saying a few words concerning modern Danish literature, which, up to the beginning of the present century, was very limited in extent, and possessed little of value, excepting the fine old *sagas*, and popular ballads and hymns. The Danes were formerly content with the translated writings of other nations, especially of Germany. During the last fifty years, however, they have proved themselves to possess literary genius of the very highest order, particularly in the flowery walks of imagination. Several Danish authors have obtained more than European fame. Of these, Adam Oehlenschläger, the Shakspeare of the North, is decidedly the greatest dramatic genius Scandinavia has ever produced; and Hans Christian Andersen is the most eminent writer of prose fiction of a highly poetical, strikingly original, and delightful kind, as well as of short sweet lyrics and longer poems and dramas, the latter chiefly vaudevilles. Many other living Danish authors are men of very great talent, of whom any country might be proud, and their productions are generally pervaded by a fresh and healthy spirit, and characterized by national feelings. Denmark is, indeed, an intellectual kingdom, and as all the people are more or less educated, and partial to reading, we need not marvel at the comparatively large supply of mental food prepared for them. The remuneration acquired even by the most popular Danish writers is of the smallest—nor can it be well otherwise, for Denmark Proper contains only one million and a half of inhabitants, and German is the language of the duchies. But the crown, or government, aids to bring out valuable scientific and other works, and munificently recognizes the claims of literature and art, by granting *stipendia* to enable youthful students to travel abroad for improvement for a term of years. It also gives pensions to authors, painters, sculptors, and scientific men, of acknowledged merit, besides appointing them to professorships, &c. But for this fostering care on the part of the parent state, few of its children of genius could possibly exist by the mere exercise of their

intellectual gifts. Would that our own mighty country condescended to follow the example of poor little Denmark in these matters! Altogether, the existing current literature of Denmark is such as reflects the highest honor on the nation, and there is every promise that it will steadily improve in all departments.

Turn we now to our special task. The writings of Andersen are a faithful reflex of his own nature; the incidents introduced in his novels are very frequently passages of his own life; and his books of travel are mainly episodes of his adventures and personal experiences and feelings, rather than descriptions of the countries visited. This being the case, we cannot separate the man from the author, but must interweave our biographical sketch with notices of his works in their chronological order. The story of his life reads almost like one of his own fairy-tales—with the advantage of being true! Well has he himself exclaimed (writing in 1846), "The story of my life, up to the present moment, lies unrolled before me, so rich and beautiful, I could not invent it. I feel that I am a child of good fortune; almost all meet me candid and full of love; seldom has my confidence in mankind been deceived. From the prince down to the poorest peasant I have felt the noble heart of man beat. It is a delight to live, to believe in God and man!"

The father of Andersen was a shoemaker at Odensee, the chief town of the island of Funen, and was a man of a brooding, melancholy disposition—probably not quite free from the taint of insanity, although his son declares him to have been highly gifted, and of a poetical turn of mind. He actually constructed the frame of his bridal bed out of the pedestal or supports of a Count's coffin, and upon this bed was born the only child of the young couple, Hans Christian Andersen, on the 2nd of April, 1805. The poet himself thus graphically alludes to this singular fact: "Instead of the noble corpse, surrounded by crape and chandeliers, there lay here, on 2nd April, 1805, a living, weeping child—that was myself. . . . I cried on, even in the church, when I was being baptized, so that the preacher, who was a passionate man, said, 'The younker screams like a cat!' which words my mother could never forget!" Somebody consoled her at the time by saying that the louder he cried as a child, the more pleasingly would he sing as he grew older. Prophetic words they proved!

From his very infancy Andersen evinced a painfully sensitive disposition, and was a

timid, dreamy child. There was ever something "eerie" about him, and that his friends well knew. He has himself most minutely depicted his own childish character under the name of Christian, in "Only a Fiddler." Poetry, superstition, and strong religious impulses swayed his peculiar mind to and fro, as the breeze bends the tender sapling. His father would take him on lonely rambles, and read poetry to him, or make him doll's theatres and other playthings. At length the father yielded to his restless love of wandering, by enlisting as a private soldier, indulging at the same time in a wild notion, that he should soon earn promotion and glory. He only reached Holstein before the peace was concluded, and he was then dismissed to his home, where he soon afterwards died. His widow (who, by-the-way, subsequently married again) and child were now reduced to great straits, and the education poor little Hans received was of a meagre description. The embryo poet, nevertheless, felt the stirrings of genius within him, and actually wrote comedies and tragedies! Ridicule and derision was his lot; everybody jeered and flaunted at him, and his sensitive soul shrank within him. Meanwhile it became necessary that he should, if possible, earn his livelihood, and he was sent to a manufactory, where he for a while was tolerably well treated, as he could amuse the workmen by singing in a voice of great sweetness and pathos. Soon, however, they treated him with rudeness, and he ran away from them, to return no more.

His love of theatrical performances grew to be an absorbing passion. He used to play Shakspeare's "King Lear," &c., in his own little puppet theatre, and by hanging about the playhouse at Odensee, when the Copenhagen actors came there, he managed to get admitted and to be employed in mute parts, and occasionally to sing in the choruses. He was about this time noticed and encouraged by Colonel Guldberg, and one or two other persons of some standing, but they do not seem to have conferred on him any substantial marks of patronage. Yet the mere word of kindness from such people was to Andersen a more than recompense for all the sneers and ironical remarks that beset him on every side. All that he felt and suffered—all his fervid yearnings after fame and distinction—all his pursuits, joys, hopes, and fears, at this period of his life, he has depicted in burning language in "Only a Fiddler."

The time arrived for his confirmation, and an old female tailor made him his coat for

the occasion of the material of his deceased father's clothes; and he also got a pair of boots for the first time in his life. So delighted was he, that he could think of nothing else but of these acquisitions all the time in church. And now came the great epoch—the starting-point in his life. He had managed to save the sum of thirteen rix-dollars (nearly 30s.), and he implored his mother to permit him to set off for Copenhagen, to obtain an engagement on the stage, or to become in some way or other great and famous. His mother consulted a fortune-teller, who predicted that the boy would become so great a man, that Odensee would be illuminated in his honor, and thereupon he was permitted to have his way. Accordingly, with his little hoard of money, and a letter of introduction to Madame Schall, an opera-dancer, he set off for the capital, and arrived there on the 5th September, 1819, just at the time when the Jewish riots were raging: Here he was at last! only fourteen years of age, far away from home and kindred, in a strange city, and without knowing a single individual in it. He first visited the Theatre Royal, and then presented his letter of introduction, but the *danseuse* professed not even to know the person who had written it. The young stranger astonished and startled her by his extraordinary demeanor and statements. He informed her that he wished to perform on the stage, and that the part he preferred to appear in would be Cinderella! He then pulled off his boots, and using his hat for a tambourine, began to sing and caper about the room, so that the lady was convinced he must be insane, and she forthwith dismissed him. He next went to the manager of the Theatre Royal, who declined to engage him, on the plea (doubtless very true in itself) that he was too thin!

His money was soon exhausted, and in despair he answered the advertisement of a carpenter who required an apprentice. The man was inclined to receive him, but first sent him to the workshop on liking. One single half-day quite sufficed to convince the tremblingly sensitive boy that the life of a carpenter was not for him. The workmen frightened and disgusted him, and planing boards was not exactly the sort of occupation to suit an exquisitely poetical temperament. Remembering his vocal powers, he now waited on Professor Siboni, who happened to have Weyse the composer, and Baggesen the poet, and other friends, to dinner. Poor Hans sang and performed to them, and then burst into tears. They pitied



him, and predicted there was good stuff in him. Weyse collected for him seventy dollars, and Siboni gave him vocal instruction, but his voice quickly broke. A number of eminent people patronized him, and he was taught his own language better—for hitherto he knew it very imperfectly. Finally, he became a pupil at the theatre, and wrote some dramas for it, but they were rejected on account of their immaturity.

A director of the theatre, named Collin, was struck by the traces of genius in these productions, and he at once took Andersen by the hand, and, as the latter emphatically declares, became henceforth a father to him. Councillor Collin obtained for his *protégé* free education in the Latin school at Slagelse. Here Andersen was unfortunately quite unappreciated by the rector, who thought him a stupid, idle student. He certainly was neither stupid nor idle, but one can well believe that he did not exhibit that pliant alacrity to learn by rote that immeasurably less gifted youths frequently evince. And how many literary men whose fame fills the world have been misunderstood, and set down as dullards by the pedants who educated them! Of this number were Newton, Dryden, Cowper, Swift, Johnson, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, and Chalmers. But the stern rector literally behaved with downright cruelty towards the poor orphan student, and when his noble-minded benefactor, Collin, heard of this, he at once removed him from the school. At leaving, Andersen thanked the rector for whatever degree of kindness he had experienced; but the savage man, in reply, cursed him, saying he would never be a student, that his verses would rot in the booksellers' shops, and that he would die in a mad-house! When Andersen heard this brutal prediction, he tells us that his soul shuddered. The rector afterwards, when Andersen had gloriously vindicated himself from the aspersions of inability, was candid enough to confess to his former pupil that he had been mistaken.

Councillor Collin then provided him with private tutors, and a year subsequently he passed a satisfactory examination. We were informed, when at Copenhagen, that Andersen now holds rank as an honorary professor of the university of that city. About this period he wrote a poem, entitled "The Dying Child," which attracted considerable notice, and of which he yet thinks very highly. His first work of size was written in his twenty-fourth year, entitled "A Pedestrian Journey from Holman's Canal to Amack." The canal in question is in Copenhagen, and Amack, or

Amager, is a remarkable island joined to the city by long bridges. It is a small work, chiefly in rhyme, and is of a humorous and somewhat satirical nature. It took the public by storm, although it was not all published at once, and thenceforth the young author became a man of some note. He himself tells us that the extraordinary success of this little work intoxicated him with joy. He felt that he had fairly broken the ice, and all misgivings as to his own powers now vanished forever. In 1829 he produced the vaudeville called "Love on St. Nicholas's Tower." This was performed at the theatre, and received immense applause, especially from his fellow-students of the university. In 1830, his first collection of poems was published, and met at once with the most decided success. Everybody was delighted with the freshness, the originality, the tender sentiment, the genial humor, the charming style, that pervaded them. In this collection, also, appeared the first specimens of his "Prosaic Popular Stories," and well did they assert their claim to the title. The same year (1830) he made a tour in the Danish provinces, especially in his native isle of Funen. In the course of this journey it was that he for the first, and (as a Danish lady, who is an intimate friend of his, told us) for the last time, fell in love! In his autobiography occurs a deeply touching episode, descriptive of this event. He says there that—

"Two brown eyes my sight perceived—  
There lay my world, my home, my bliss."

Further, he tells us that—"New plans of life engrossed my thoughts. I desired to give up writing verses—where to could it lead? I desired to study, in order to become a preacher. I had but one thought, and that was *she*. But it was self-delusion; she loved another—she wedded him. It was only several years after that I admitted and felt it was best, as well for her as for myself. She probably never for a moment anticipated how deeply my feelings were involved—what an effect they had produced on me. She has become the excellent wife of a good man; a happy mother also. God's blessing be on her!"

A new collection of poems, entitled "Fancies and Sketches," was the result of this journey, and in them we find deep traces of the melancholy which awhile possessed him, consequent on his misplaced love affair. In 1831 he travelled in Germany, especially in Saxony, the Hartz mountains, &c. On his return he wrote a book, entitled "Skygge-

billeder"—literary, "Shadow-Pictures"—but translated by Beckwith into English, under the more appreciable title of "Rambles in the Romantic Regions of the Hartz Mountains." On this tour he made the acquaintance of Chamisso, Tieck, and other celebrated men, who soon called upon all Germany to admit the genius of the young Dane. After this, he seems to have frittered away his time in writing words for operas, and other theatrical drudgery, in order, poor fellow, to eke out a living! He, however, produced a poem of great power and ability, entitled "The Twelve Months of the Year 1833;" but this, as well as all his other writings, were now attacked with bitter hostility by Hertz, Molbeck, and other Danish critics. So persevering and undisguisedly personal became this persecution that Andersen was almost broken-hearted. It seemed as though he was to realize, in all its sadness, the truth of the wise saying, that a prophet is never honored in his own country. Indeed it was not until Germany and Sweden hailed his writings with acclamation, that the majority of the Danes began to reluctantly admit that he indeed was a distinguished ornament to the literature of his country. To this day, as we personally know, some of his countrymen speak contemptuously of Andersen as a merely lively writer of books to please children! Ay, but children of ages varying from four to fourscore! His own account of his mental distress and despair, arising from this unjust and cruel treatment during his early struggles to make himself known, is exceedingly painful, and we gladly pass it over without further comment.

In 1833, Andersen and Hertz (his most relentless literary foe) both obtained stipends to travel. The former went first to Paris, and thence to Switzerland and Italy. At Rome he met Hertz, and it is very pleasing to learn that on this distant foreign soil they mutually forgot and forgave, and became attached friends. Here, also, Andersen became acquainted with his great countryman, Thorvaldsen, the sculptor, and an intimate friendship ensued, which ended only with the death of the latter. At heart Andersen is emphatically a child of the sunny South, and he drank deep draughts of poetic inspiration from the wonders of nature and art in this land of his early dreams. No marvel, therefore, that on his return he produced that wonderful work, "The Improvisatore." Here his temperament found vent, and we are presented with a book which, for rich and brilliant word-painting, has not its equal in the whole range of literature. Italy in body

and soul is evoked, and passes before our vision as clearly, as truthfully, as captivately, as though we literally were amid and beheld the scenes and people depicted. "I am a poet!" is the exulting exclamation of the Dane, as he stands on the brink of Vesuvius, and well indeed does he prove the truth of his boast. The fervid glow pervading this book is indescribable. It is a perfect treasury of enthusiasm—of prose-poetry—of exquisite sensibility—of luxuriant imagination—of unchecked delight in all around. Its success was prodigious, and in Denmark it did much to turn the current in his favor. One important result of its publication was, that the then prime minister was so pleased with it, that he waited personally on Andersen, and after delicately inquiring into his pecuniary resources, obtained from King Frederick VI. a pension for the poet of 200 rix-dollars (22 10s.) per annum. To Andersen this comparatively small annuity (which has since been increased) was a source of future independence. He felt that in case of sickness, as he himself says, he had something certain to fall back upon, and he would not be obliged to waste his genius in paltry labors for the sake of present subsistence. People of high rank now began to emulously invite the rising author into their family circles, and his grateful and pious spirit expanded with joy and love towards God and man. Moreover, the "Improvisatore" was the first work that introduced Andersen to the British public—a translation, by Mary Howitt, appearing in 1845 (we believe), and almost simultaneously, another English translator published his "Only a Fiddler."

Subsequently, 1835, appeared the first series of Andersen's "Eventyr"—of which "Fairy Tales" is the nearest equivalent, although not precisely correct. These "Eventyr" have from the first met with universal favor. They have appeared under different titles in many languages, and the author yet continues the series from time to time. He, in fact, is quite unrivalled for power in riveting the attention of children by his fascinating little stories. He himself says that "children are most amused with new expressions, and being spoken to in an unusual manner." This, however, would by no means explain satisfactorily the secret of his power of charming them. We rather would attribute it to the soul of goodness that shines in such a transparent manner through all that he writes. Children are acute critics in these matters. They can intuitively distinguish between tinsel and pure gold—between stim-

ulated sensibility and goodness, and the genuine thing. Then his style is so genial, so winning; his words are so happily chosen, that every sentence is a picture instinct with life. Yes, Andersen is the prince of fairy lore and story-telling, in the estimation of children of every growth. Of his personal love of children we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

In 1836 he published "O. T., or Life in Denmark," a novel. The letters "O. T." are the initials of Odensee Tugthuus (House of Correction), and were formerly branded on criminals. This fiction contains an interesting and very animated picture of student-life, and describes national customs and manners with spirit and fidelity. During the same year he wrote a pastoral drama, *Parting and Meeting*, which proved successful on the stage. In 1837 appeared his celebrated novel of "Only a Fiddler"—a powerful, but, to us individually, a painfully interesting work, which we cannot take up and glance over without feeling very sad, and almost regretful that Andersen gave it to the world. Nevertheless, this work is perhaps the most popular with his countrymen of any that has proceeded from his pen. It also was received with much favor on the Continent, and among other great personages who testified to its attractive power, the King of Prussia personally told the author how much he liked it. Two remarkable instances of the effects produced by the work deserve to be here mentioned. When Andersen was travelling in Saxony, he learned that a lady there was so struck with the melancholy story of the poor fiddler, that she expressed her determination that if she ever met with a poor child of great musical gifts, she would at least save him from the fate that befell the unfortunate hero of the novel. A musician of eminence heard of this benevolent resolve, and soon brought to the lady two friendless boys, at whose birth Apollo had not been absent. The lady nobly redeemed her pledge, by having them educated along with her own family, and provided them with the best musical instruction. Andersen had the pleasure of hearing their performances, and we may envy him his feelings at the moment. The other instance is almost equally gratifying. When Andersen was travelling up the Rhine, he was desirous to make the acquaintance of the well-known German lyrical poet Freiligrath. He inquired for him, until he found that he resided at St. Goars, where Andersen visited him at his home.

"'You have many friends,' said Freiligrath,

to quote Andersen's own account of the interview, 'in little St. Goars. I have a short time since read out to a great circle your novel of "O. T." One of these friends, however, I must fetch here, and you must also see my wife. Ay, know you not yet that you have had some share in our marriage?' And now he told me how my novel of 'Only a Fiddler' had brought them into a correspondence by letter, and eventually into an acquaintance, which ended in their becoming a married couple. He called her, told her my name, and I was considered as an old friend. Such moments are a blessing, a mercy of God, a happiness: and how many such, how various, have I not experienced!"

Like all Andersen's fictions, the one in question can hardly be said to have a plot, although it is by no means devoid of artistic construction and development. Its chief characters are drawn so strongly and so clearly, that they stand forth like portraits on which the sunlight falls. The pictures presented of Danish country life and customs are vividly drawn, and faithful as though produced by the daguerreotype. Andersen, in fact, is throughout the book reproducing the scenery and recollections of his own early life. The father of the hero is just Andersen's own father—the terrible early struggles of the gifted but unhappy Fiddler are those of Andersen himself in his own individuality. He says that he wrote it after much thought, and certainly it is full of splendid passages, and vigorous from first to last. Andersen's novels are comparatively so little known and understood in England, that, perhaps, we should only weary the reader, were we to analyze them at any length; but we may be permitted to express our opinion, that they are well deserving of careful perusal by all who appreciate artistic delineation of character, and exquisitely truthful and vivid pictures of nature.

In all our author's works, of every class and kind, we find him ever turning back with yearning heart to his own loved little Denmark. The following charming touch of home-memory, from one of his books of travel, is a characteristic example, and well deserves quotation for its own intrinsic beauty and truthfulness:—"They say," exclaims he, "that sorrow gets up behind a man and rides with him! I believe it; but memory does the same, and sits faster! Do you remember, it sang, the large, calm lakes enclosed by large fragrant beech-woods? Do you remember the little path between the wild roses, and the high brackens, where the rays of

the evening sun played between the branches of the trees, making the leaves transparent? Near the lake lies an old castle with a pointed roof, and the stork has its nest up there; it is beautiful in Denmark! Do you remember the brown, sweet-smelling clover-field, with its old tumulus grown over with bramble-bushes and blackthorn; the stones in the burial-chamber shine like copper when the sun throws his red gleams within? Do you remember the green meadow, where the hay stands in stacks, and spreads a sweet perfume in the calm air? The full moon shines, the husbandmen and girls go singing home, with glittering scythes. Do you remember the sea, the swelling sea, the calm sea? Yes, it is beautiful in Denmark!"

In the same year he visited Sweden, for the first time, and became acquainted with Miss Bremer in the steamboat, on his way to Stockholm, in a manner sufficiently characteristic of the twain. Ever since then they have been warm friends and correspondents. During the next two years he wrote several poems of size, and acted as a playwright for the theatre. One vaudeville by him produced in 1839, became, and yet continues, an established favorite with the public. It is called *The Invisible on Sprogö*. The name Sprogö means literally "language island," and it is really situated in the Great Belt. This lively piece abounds with humor and fun, besides exhibiting fancy and imagination of a high order. The success this trifle met with inspired the author, and he speedily produced his first great drama, entitled *The Mulatto*, which met with decided success, and was so relished in Sweden, that Andersen was invited to the university city of Lund, and the students there gave him a splendid banquet, and a serenade in the evening. This was the first public mark of honor he had yet received, and most acutely did he feel it. "My heart," says he, "throbbed feverishly when I saw the dense crowd, with their blue caps, approach the house, arm-in-arm. I experienced a feeling of humility—a truly vivid consciousness of my deficiencies—so that I felt myself, as it were, bowed down to the earth, whilst others were elevating me; and as they all uncovered their heads, whilst I stepped forward, I had to bring all my powers of thought in requisition, in order to avoid bursting into tears. After an hurrah, a speech was made, of which I remember these words—'When your native land and the countries of Europe present you their homage, then may you not forget that the first which was presented to you arose from

the students of Lund.' When the heart is warm, strength of expression is not weighed; I felt it deeply, and replied, that from this moment I feel that I must assert a name, in order to render myself worthy of this honor."

Immediately after his return he wrote "A Picture Book without Pictures"—a collection of stories, highly poetical in conception, and capably written, which was universally well received, and has become a sort of stock-work in various countries. *The Moorish Girl*, a tragedy, followed: and Andersen set out on a second tour in Italy, and thence to Greece and Asia Minor. He returned to Copenhagen in the autumn of 1841, and embodied his reminiscences of, and adventures during, these travels, in a series of episodic chapters, which were published under the fanciful, but not altogether inappropriate title of "A Poet's Bazaar." This book produced the author the handsomest honorarium he had as yet received for any work in his own country, and was translated in various languages. The English version, in three volumes, is by the author's friend, Mr. Charles Beckwith, and is splendidly executed. No English translator has ever done such justice to Andersen's original Danish as Mr. Beckwith, who translates all the works of his friend, on principles of mutual interest, which is not the case with the other English translators.

The "Bazaar" is a spirited, enthusiastic work, and seems to mark the era in which the author's style became permanently fixed and determined, for he has never swerved from it since. It is totally different from all ordinary books of travel—giving little or no information of a practical character, and entirely ignoring the every-day scenes and lions. It is a gallery hung with pictures, each separate and complete in itself, yet each a link of a chain, looped up with graceful negligence. Many of these pictures—for such they truly are—teem with vivid fancies, and are brilliant specimens of what is called word-painting. A more consummate master of words than Andersen, and one who knows how to use them with more felicitous effect, does not exist. The subject chosen by him to exercise the witcheries of his genius upon is of little consequence; for whether he writes a chapter about the Alps, or about *his old boots* (which he actually has done in the "Bazaar"), we are almost equally carried away with him at his potent will and pleasure. Yes, he is a great enchanter! See how, with a few artistic touches, he paints

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old Modena by moonlight! "It was after midnight—I sat in the rolling carriage—the soldiers kept close to it—it was the most beautiful moonlight! A large city, with old walls, lay straight before us; it was again pitchy dark; we rode in through the gate, and the moon again shone. We were in Modena! The sight is before me now—full of moonshine, like a strange dream. Old buildings with arcades; a magnificent palace with an extensive open place revealed itself; but all was void and still—not a light shone on us from a single window, not one living being moved in the large old city; it was quite like witchcraft. We stopped in a little square, in the centre of which stood a brick column, the upper part of which formed a sort of lantern, with a glass window; a lamp burned within. This sort of altar is called the 'eternal light;' the lamp is kept burning night and day. The flame appeared in the clear moonlight like a red spot—a painted flame; a woman, wrapped in a ragged mantle, sat there and slept. She leaned her head against the cold wall of the pillar; a sleeping child lay on her knee, with its head on her lap. I stood long, and regarded this group; the little one's hand was half open on its mother's knee. I laid a small coin quite gently in the child's hand; it opened its eyes, looked at me, and closed them again directly. What was it dreaming of? I knew that when it awoke, the moonlight would cause the money to appear like silver in its hand." As a companion picture, he tells us that he "saw Bologna by sunlight. It lies between luxuriant vine-fields, close under the Apennines, which form a green hedge, wherein every tendril is a vineyard—every flower a villa or a church."

As we have already hinted, Andersen, when on his travels, is a true Dane in his deep-seated love for the brave little land of his birth. He never forgets Denmark; however distant in body, he is ever present in spirit. He will turn aside from the most gorgeous sunset of Italia, to expatiate on the gray skies of the North; and the magnificent panorama opened up to his gaze on the Bosphorus only makes him burst into a rhapsody about the isles and seas of Scandinavia. To this love of native scenes how many delightful passages of fresh and heart-warm poetry do we owe! It is amusing, and almost affecting also, to notice that what would otherwise be deemed disappointments and annoyances to the traveller are turned into pleasant thoughts and feelings through love of distant *Fadreland*. For instance, Andersen

meets with very wet and raw weather at such a town in Italy, and instead of repining, he forthwith works himself up into an ecstasy, because this gloomy weather happens to be precisely similar to that with which Copenhagen is blessed about the end of October, and consequently he is so powerfully reminded of home associations that his poetic spirit transports itself to dear old Denmark, which he eulogizes till his heart glows within him. Happy is the man who, like our gentle friend, can thus extract elements of joy and contentment from all around!

Even yet Andersen does not appear to have been properly appreciated by his own countrymen. The Danish critics ridiculed the "Bazaar," in every conceivable fashion, accusing the author of inordinate personal vanity, exaggeration, and absurdity in his descriptions of nature, especially because he happened to have seen a lunar rainbow, a thing which they did not believe to have any existence but in the poet's teeming brain! But the book sold better for all this silly abuse; and what was more important to the author, he now was cordially received in the family circles of men of the highest rank; and at their country mansions he revelled in the free and unalloyed luxury (for such it was to him) of communion with nature amid the green vales, by the sleeping lakes, and in the deep shades of the beech-woods which he so oft apostrophizes. And amid these scenes, and in this refined society, he spent some of his happiest days, and wrote most of his best tales. Especially did he enjoy a sort of poet's elysium at Grissfeld, the seat of the Countess Danneskjold, mother of the Duchess of Augustenberg; and also at the neighboring mansion of Bregentveld, the seat of the Danish minister, Count Moltke, where he was so happy that he says his visit has diffused a sunshine over his life. At another noble summer residence, that of Baron Stampe, he met the great sculptor, Thorvaldsen, and the result of their intimacy was an enduring friendship which reflected equal honor on both. In the winter season he lived chiefly at Copenhagen: and the warm friendship of Cehlenschläger and Thorvaldsen, as well as many other eminent men, seems to have cast a sort of halo around his every-day life. Of Cehlenschläger, both as a man and a poet, Andersen speaks in terms of enthusiastic admiration. He gives us some characteristic glimpses of the illustrious but eccentric sculptor; and the following, in Andersen's own words, will not be devoid of interest to the

English reader:—"I often spent several weeks in succession with Thorvaldsen, at Nyso. One morning—he was just then working at his own statue—I entered his studio, and bade him good morning; he seemed to be unwilling to notice me, and I stole out softly. At breakfast he was rather silent, and when he was asked to say something, he said, in his own dry way, 'I have this morning spoken more than in many days together, but no one has listened to me; there I stand and think that Andersen is behind me, for he said good morning, and I told him a long story about a matter which had to do with Byron. I thought that one word might have been said in reply; I turned myself round, and there I stood more than an hour, and chattered aloud before the empty walls.' We all begged him to relate the story once more, but we got it very short. 'O, that was in Rome, when I was setting about to make Byron's statue; he placed himself opposite to me, but immediately commenced to put on an entirely different countenance from that which was usual to him. 'Will you not sit still?' said I; 'but you must not make those faces.' 'That is my expression,' said Byron. 'Indeed!' said I; and then I made him as I wished: and every one said, when he was ready, that it was a hit. But when Byron himself saw it, he said—'It does not resemble me at all; I look unhappy.' 'He was above all things so desirous of looking extremely unhappy,' added Thorvaldsen, with a comic expression."

Another little anecdote we must also be permitted to give, as it so pleasantly gives us an insight of the cordial nature of the poet, and shows how Thorvaldsen himself could unbend. "Thorvaldsen's last birthday," says Andersen, "was celebrated there in the country; I had written a little song; it was still wet on the paper when we sang it early in the morning before his door, accompanied with a music of jingling fire-irons, gongs, and bottles, which were rubbed with a cork. Thorvaldsen himself, in his morning-gown and slippers, opened the door, and danced around his room, swung around his Raphael's cap, and joined the chorus. There was life and mirth in the strong old man."

About this time Andersen produced a dramatic trifle for the theatre, where it was duly hissed by a rival clique. His own account of the affair is very amusing. He himself had not been present at the first representation, but the ensuing morning, the lady of a house where he called sympathized with him, telling him that there were only two

hissers, and that the rest of the house took his part. "'Hissers! my part!—was I hissed off?' cried I. It was quite comic when one assured me that this hiss was a triumph for me. All had joined in the approbation, and 'there was only one hiss.' After this came up another, whom I asked after the number of hissers. 'Two,' said he. The next said, 'three,' and positively not more. When one of my friends most to be relied on came, I asked him, on his conscience, how many he had heard; he laid his hand on his heart, and said, 'At most there were five.' 'No; I now ask no more; the number increases just as in the case of Falstaff. Here stands one who maintains that there was only one hiss.' Shocked, and still disposed to set it all right again, he replied, 'Yes, that is possible; but it was a strong, powerful hiss.'" Poor Andersen!

Some poems, dramatic trifles, and short, sweet tales followed the "Bazaar," and from the profit of his writings and his pension, he saved enough, by practising economy, to start on a new journey in 1843. He travelled through Belgium to Paris, where he was already known by his works, and was cordially received by Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Dumas, De Vigny, and other eminent men. Of Dumas he says—"The jovial Alexandre Dumas I generally saw in bed, even when it was far beyond noon; here he lay, with paper, pen, and ink, and wrote his newest tragedy. One day I found him so; he nodded to me in a friendly way, and cried, 'Sit down for one minute; I have just now a visit from my muse, and she will be going presently.' He wrote, spoke aloud, gave a *viva*, sprang out of bed, and said, 'The third act is ready!'" Dumas introduced him to the great actress, Mlle. Rachel, who soon learned to esteem him. Of another child of genius, almost equally great as an actress, and unrivalled as a vocalist, the world-renowned Jenny Lind, it may not be here out of place to say a little concerning Andersen's acquaintance with her. It was in 1840, when Jenny was unknown out of her own country, that she arrived at Copenhagen, and Andersen waited on her in pure kindness of heart towards a young stranger *artiste*. She received him coldly, and so they parted. In 1843 she again came to Copenhagen. She had, by this time, read Andersen's writings, and that freshened her memory of the author. A mutual friend proposed to the latter to try and persuade Jenny to perform at the Theatre Royal. He consented, and Jenny now received him cordially; but declared

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that she dare not perform at Copenhagen. Andersen and the friend alluded to over-ruled her modesty, and Copenhagen was soon thrown into a musical rapture. Ever since that epoch Jenny has been a most intimate friend of Andersen, who has done much for her in one shape or other. His admiration of, and affection towards her, is enthusiastic. "With the perfect feeling of a brother," he exclaims, "I prize her: I feel myself happy that I know and understand such a soul. May God send her peace, that quiet happiness which she desires for herself! Through Jenny Lind did I first know the holiness of art; through her did I first learn that one must not forget one's self in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men have worked on me as a poet in a better or more ennobling manner than Jenny Lind."

In 1844, Andersen again visited Germany, where he was received with open arms by very many of the most illustrious men of the country. On returning to Copenhagen, the Danish minister, Rantzau-Breitenberg, forwarded to him an invitation from the King and Queen of Denmark, to join them at the island of Föhr, a watering-place in the North Sea, near the coast of Sleswick. With joy the poet hastened to accept the gracious invitation, and during the stay of the royal couple at Föhr he every day dined at their table, and spent the evening in their family circle. Just five-and-twenty years before, Andersen had travelled to Copenhagen, a poor, friendless boy; and now, when on the anniversary, 5th September, he sat at the royal table, he touchingly says—"My whole life passed before me in my thoughts, and I was obliged to exert all my strength in order not to burst into tears. There are moments of thankfulness, in which, as it were, we feel an impulse to press God to our hearts; how deeply I felt my nothingness; how all, all came from Him. . . . After dinner the King and Queen wished me happiness, and in truth—*graciously* is a poor word—so cordially, so sympathizingly! The King wished me happiness in that which I had endured and won. He asked me about my first entrance into the world, and I recounted to him some characteristic traits. In the course of the conversation, he asked me if I had not some certain yearly income. I named to him the sum. 'That is not much,' said the King. 'But I do not require much,' said I, 'and my writings also bring me in something.' The King then hinted his wish to do anything in his power

for his guest, who, however, was too true a poet to take advantage of the royal kindness. Subsequently (in the following year) Christiana VIII. increased his stipend, so that the modest requirements of the poet were quite satisfied. In continuation, Andersen adds—"So much may easily spoil a man, and make him vain. But, no; it does not spoil; it makes one, on the contrary, good and better; it purifies the thoughts, and one must thereby get an impulse, a wish to merit all this. At my parting audience the queen presented me with a valuable ring, as a memorial of my residence at Föhr, and the king again spoke very kindly, nobly, and with generous sympathy. God bless and preserve this exalted pair!" The Duchess of Augustenberg and her daughters were of the royal party, and they so warmly invited Andersen to next visit them at the ducal seat at Augustenberg, that he did so, and was entertained during fourteen happy days.

In 1844, Andersen's chief production was a drama, called *The Flower of Fortune*, and about this time, his chief works were so frequently translated into different foreign languages, that he appears to have been deeply struck with the moral responsibility of a successful author, and his thoughts and reflections on the subject are noble, true, and excellent:

"It is something elevating, but at the same time something terrific, to see one's thoughts spread far around, and amongst men; it is almost an anxious thing to belong to so many. That which is noble and good is a blessing; but that which is bad, our errors shoot up, and involuntarily the thought forces itself from us—*God, never let me write down a word for which I am not able to give thee an account!*"

In 1845 he, for the third time, set out for his darling Italy, intending to return home by France and Spain. On his way he visited his native town of Odensee, but everything there fell like a chill on his heart. All was changed: his parents' graves were obliterated; a fresh generation walked the streets; he felt a greater stranger there than in any foreign city. He travelled through Germany, renewing old friendships and making new ones. The last evening of the year he spent with Jenny Lind at Berlin—the circle comprising only Andersen, Jenny, and her attendant. A little Christmas-tree was prepared, and the poet was the child, he tells us, for whom it was lighted up and hung with presents. The King of Prussia sent a cordial invitation to him, and he joined the royal family, to whom he read some of his stories,

for which his Majesty expressed great sympathy, and the evening before Andersen's departure invested him with the order of the Red Eagle of Prussia. After leaving Berlin, our happy poet became for some time the guest of his friend, the Grand Duke of Weimar, of whom he exclaims, "I love him as one who is dearest to my heart!" Onward flies the wandering bird of passage, everywhere caressed, until he alights at Dresden, where again he is the welcome family guest at the royal palace—King, and Queen, and Princes, and Princesses striving to make him feel at home. At Vienna he was very kindly entertained by the Archduchess Sophia of Austria, to whom her sister, the Queen of Saxony, gave him a letter of introduction. The Empress-dowager, her mother, and Prince Wasa, also manifested much interest in him. He arrived at Rome in March, 1846, and lived, as usual, on terms of intimate friendship with many of the most gifted and eminent dwellers and sojourners there, quitting it after Easter for Naples. The heat of the latter place was so unusually intense, that even the sun-loving poet was prostrated.

"I, who had fancied that I was a child of the sun, so firmly did my heart always adhere to the south, was obliged to own that the snow of the north lay in my body; that the snow melted, and that I was still more miserable."

By the advice of his physician he left by steamboat for Marseilles, whence he resolved to travel by easy stages through the south of France, and across the Pyrenees into Spain. At Marseilles he was delighted to meet with Ole Bull, the Norwegian, who had come from America, where he assured the poet that his writings were universally read. Here was fresh cause for felicitation!

"My name had flown over the great ocean! I felt myself altogether nothing at this, but most joyous and happy. Why should so much happiness be allotted to me before so many thousands? I had, and have, a feeling at it, as though I were a poor peasant boy around whom a royal mantle is thrown."

He went on through Provence (which he fancied looked entirely Danish), but in escaping from Naples he only seemed to have leapt out of the frying-pan into the fire, for the heat was awful. He reached Perpignan.

"The sun had here, as it were, swept the people off the streets. It was only in the night-time they came out like a roaring stream, as if a real tumult would destroy the city. . . . Sick as I was, I gave up every idea of travelling to Spain. I felt that

it would be impossible for me, even if I had been able to recover my strength, to reach Switzerland."

He was recommended to go to the baths of Vernet, high up in the cool Pyrenees. A few days' sojourn there quite re-established his health; but alas! he could not cross the mountain, and realize his long-cherished desire of visiting Spain.

"I stand, like Moses, and see the land before me, but must not set a foot on it. However, please God, at some future time I shall fly during a winter from the north, into this rich, beautiful land, from which the sun, with his sword of flame, now holds me back."

May this hope be realized, say we!

It was at Vernet that Andersen wrote the closing lines of his own autobiography, or, as he called it, "The Story of my Life," which he brought up to this period. We have repeatedly quoted from it hitherto, and need only characterize it, generally, as being one of the most beautiful, spirited, and deeply interesting autobiographies ever given to the world. Never were early struggles more vividly depicted; never were the rewards and fame acquired by the honorable exercise of God-given genius more modestly alluded to; never were the patronages and aids bestowed by discerning friends more gratefully acknowledged. In this story of his life the soul of Andersen shines transparent. He tells us with manly simplicity everything that is desirable to be known, and when we lay down the book, we know not which most to admire—the marvellous life-drama itself, or the eloquence and exceeding beauty of the language in which it is narrated. With one final extract we will quit this wondrous autobiography. These are its final words:—"A star of good fortune shines over me. Thousands deserve it better than I. I myself cannot understand why so much joy has fallen to my lot before numberless others. May it shine! but should it set, still it has shone. I have received my full share. Let it set. From this also the best springs. To God and to men my thanks, my love."

After his autobiography he published a novel, called "The Two Baronesses." In it we are introduced to Danish scenes and characters equally extraordinary; but the former are undoubtedly faithful transcripts of nature, and the latter appear to be drawn from life. Its merit, which is great, solely depends on its powerful delineation of characters and scenery. Both the baronesses, especially the old one, are drawn with masterly power. We feel as though we had seen them, talked



with them, known them quite intimately for years. The paintings from nature in the book are highly finished, and are attractive from their novelty. It did not prove a very popular work, but is worthy of a patient perusal.

Here we would pause, and attempt to convey a broader idea of the character and nature of Andersen, as an author and a man; but we must premise that the task is a somewhat difficult one to do justice to: for his life itself is reflected throughout his works, and they are of a kind rather to be accepted just for what they are, and quietly enjoyed, than to be made the subject of critical analysis. Still there are certain remarkable features in his writings, which distinguish him from any other writer whatever, and peculiar and striking traits in his character, which confer on him an easily appreciable and very interesting individuality.

Born and reared under adverse and depressing circumstances, he very early felt that he was sent into the world to perform a certain mission, and he triumphantly trampled down every hostile circumstance that environed him, and in a measure compelled the public to listen to his utterances. He never mistook the bent and scope of his genius. From the first feeble flutterings of his poetic pinions to his latest prolonged flights through the realms of fancy, he has stood forth as the interpreter and expounder of the hidden beauties and meanings of the every-day commonplace things of life; and striking the responsive chord in the heart of humanity, he exemplifies the truth of our own Shakspeare's declaration, that a touch of nature makes the whole world one kin. Love to God and man—a cheerful, ever contented philosophy—a pure, healthy enjoyment of all things which minister to the happiness of life—these are the pervading principles of the man, and in all his writings they are enunciated and iterated in the most winning and delightful language. The great ever-open volume of nature is the book which he principally studies and draws inspiration from; and his own experiences of life supply him with exhaustless matter, to be reproduced in a variety of shapes. His early batlings with adverse influences have made an ineradicable impression on his mind, and to a certain degree have chastened and subdued it, and imparted a tone to much of his writings. The German poet and critic Hanch has very justly commented upon this. He says, that "the principal thing in Andersen's best and most elaborate writings is that wherein the richest fancy, the deepest feeling, the most lively poetic spirit is a talent, or, at

least, a noble nature, which will struggle its way out of a narrow and depressing condition. That is the case with his three novels; and to this end he really has a state of existence full of importance—to represent an interior world, which no one knows better than he who has himself drank from the bitter cup of sufferings and privations; painful and deep feelings, which are nearly allied to those which he has himself experienced, and wherein memory—who, according to the old significant myth, is the mother of the muses—met him hand-in-hand with them. What he can here relate to the world certainly deserves to be listened to with attention; for whilst it is, on the one side, only the internal personal life of the individual, it is, at the same time, the common lot of talent and genius, at least when placed in indigent circumstances, which is here brought before our eyes. In so far as in his 'Improvisatore,' in 'O. T.,' and in 'Only a Fiddler,' he represents not only himself in his separate individuality, but, at the same time, the important struggle, which many have made their way through, and which he also well knows, because his own life has developed itself in it, he presents nothing whatever which belongs to the world of illusion, but that only which bears testimony to the truth, and which, like every such testimony, possesses a universal and enduring value." In other words, Andersen may be thus classed with many other gifted beings who have—

"Learnt in suffering what they teach in song."

Happily both for Andersen and the world, his sufferings and trials, instead of rendering him morose and miserable, have only quickened and refined his natural sensibility—given him a more intense enjoyment of all the blessings of his present lot, and filled his soul with a gushing fount of gratitude. Personally, indeed, he has great cause for rejoicing in the wonderful number of powerful friends that Providence has raised up for him in so many countries; for never was poet more sympathized with and caressed wherever he goes. It seems as though men of all classes strive to show most kindness towards the genial-hearted Scandinavian wanderer, whose writings have prepared a welcome for him, and have predisposed everybody to receive him on the footing of a cherished guest. The German poet Mosen well expressed this feeling in the lines he addressed to Andersen:—

"Once a bird flew to this region

From the north sea's dismal strand;

Singing, flew he on swift pinion,

Marching, singing through the land.

Fare thee well! again to dear friends  
Bring thy heart and song once more."

Andersen does not possess a sufficient combination of powers to enable him to produce any work of epical compass; he is by no means Shakspearian in genius. His most ambitious poem, "Ashauerus," to produce which he had read and studied intensely, sufficiently evinces this. In dramatic talent also he falls immeasurably short of his countryman (Oehlenschläger, and appears to advantage only in such humorous trifles as "Ole Luck-Oin" (Ole Shut-Eye). But his short lyrics, written on the inspiration of the moment, and founded on incidents drawn chiefly from everyday life, may be pronounced masterly of their kind.

Again, in his prose writings we are not called on to admire any very comprehensive grasp of intellect, no profound and subtle philosophical acumen; nothing at all exciting in incident nor enthralling in interest; no attempt whatever to command attention by startling disquisitions or brilliant declamation; nothing at all indicative at a first glance of something far beyond ordinary story-telling. Perhaps the reader, who for the first time in his life holds a volume by Andersen in his hand, may hastily turn over its pages with a perplexed and disappointed air; but let him fairly commence a quiet perusal, and he will quickly cease to marvel at the reputation the writer has acquired, and will find himself unable to resist the charm thrown over the most homely and apparently unattractive subject by the very peculiar genius of the gentle Dane. He will first admire the astonishingly affluent imagery, the genial, playful fancy, and unaffected poetical powers of the author; and next he will irresistibly be drawn to love him for his pure, healthy morality, warm-heartedness, and deep feeling of appreciation for all that is good and ennobling. Moreover, he will recognize a literally unrivalled power of word-painting, a prodigious effluence of felicitous phrases and expressions, and a mode of treating all subjects as fascinating as it is original and indescribable. All these qualities combined render him one of the most delightful companions for a quiet hour, when the heart is disposed to commune with a kindred spirit, that we could name in the whole range of literature. His beautiful fairy-tales charm the child; his sweet and truly exquisite poetic fancies gratify all who derive pleasure from the sparkling freaks of a most vivid, yet tender imagination; and the melodious utterances in which he embodies

his more serious and solemn thoughts and reflections at once delight and instruct the thoughtful and mature reader.

If we might venture to attempt an allegory, we should not compare Andersen's writings to a broad, deep, majestic stream, itself the recipient of a hundred minor streams in its steady course to the ocean; yet less should we compare them to an impetuous mountain torrent, leaping frantically from crag to crag, foaming, and roaring, and vexing the still air with its rolling mists, until it loses itself in the black waters of some sullen lake, deeply imbedded amid frowning rocks; but we would rather compare them to a pellucid stream, gently flowing adown a verdant hill-side, reflecting every sunbeam, singing a pleasant under-song throughout its fanciful course, and ever and anon breaking up in sparkling dimples, or joyously bubbling around some water-worn stone.

Nature, as we have already said, is the grand source whence Andersen derives his inspirations, and by the study of which he is enabled to discourse with us so eloquently, and to unroll before our admiring vision such novel and beautiful scenes. When Professor Hase first heard some of Andersen's stories read, he wrote on the leaf of a memorandum-book the following appropriate testimony of his approbation:—"Watt Schelling—not he who lives in Berlin, but he who lives an immortal hero in the world of mind—once said, 'Nature is the visible spirit: the spirit the invisible nature;' and this was yesterday evening rendered fully palpable to me by your little stories. As you, on the one hand, penetrate so deeply into the secrets of nature, understand and know the language of birds, and what the feelings of a fig-tree or a daisy are, so that everything seems to be there for its own sake, and we, together with our children, participate with them in their joys and their sorrows; yet, on the other hand, everything is but the image of the mind, and the human heart in its infinity trembles and beats throughout. May this fountain from the poet's heart which God has lent you, still continue to pour forth so refreshingly." And refreshingly, indeed, does it still continue to do so. We cannot doubt that Andersen's habitual study of nature, and his facile and truthful delineation of her aspects, is the main source of the fascination of his writings; although the felicity of his style, and the very remarkable power he possesses of embodying all his thoughts in graphic yet melodious language, must also contribute to the result in a material degree.

We do not know any English writer of the present day, with the exception perhaps of Dickens, who approaches Andersen in the latter respects. But Dickens has a more jerking and abrupt style; and, after all, we must probably cite Goldsmith as being the only English author who can be said to resemble Andersen in the tender beauty of his language. The flow of Goldsmith's language, however, is more continuous and unbroken, and he does not indulge in such original flights of fancy, and such frequent bursts of the warmest and most glowing enthusiasm as Andersen. The latter himself is undoubtedly an enthusiast of his kind, and he sings whatever his own heart prompts, without hesitation or reserve. He undeniably is original to a remarkable degree, but there is no affectation whatever in that originality, and it always evinces itself within the bounds of good taste. One thing may be said alike of the man and his writings—both personally and in them he evinces a sort of restlessness. His mind is so full of fancies, so overflowing with quaint and novel ideas, that it seems incapable of settling down for any length of time to work out a great subject in the calm, persistent manner its importance would demand. His pen appears ever eager to dash off one theme, only to fly to another, and treat it so in turn. He is incapable of deliberately sitting down to a task which will chain him to its thorough development for a lengthened period, and call into calm and continuous exertion his best and highest powers. Thus we see, in all his largest works, that he presents us with a gallery of most delightful *cabinet* pictures, which do not illustrate in unbroken order any given subject or leading idea, but are, so to speak, quite separate and independent of each other, and possess little more connection and relation than that which arises from bearing a certain family likeness—a certain and unmistakable imprint of having been produced by the same master-hand. Even in his most elaborate novels, we plainly see that it costs him the greatest effort to keep strictly to his subject; in fact, he does not and cannot do so, but presents all in an episodic form. Again, his books of travel are *not* books of travel in the common acceptance of the word: they are rather reminiscences of all sorts of things, scenes, and ideas of a poetical and attractive nature; but all are dressed up in such a charming garb, that no one can quarrel with the author for his wayward fancies, and peculiar mode of conveying his ideas and recollections of foreign lands. As to anything in the shape of dry

detail, of mere facts and figures, he shuns it with horror. And the man himself is quite as discursive, restless, and fanciful as his pen. He is a real *Wandernde Vogel*—a wandering bird, and as essentially migratory in his habits as are the storks, which he so delights to introduce in every book he has written. But we shall have much to say of him as a man towards the conclusion of our paper.

Certain authors and certain books, to be properly appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed, should only be read at particular seasons and hours, and when the mind of the reader is in a fit condition to sympathize with their utterances. Who, for instance, when in the flush of health and flow of high spirits, would think of sitting down in the golden sunshine of noon-day, to deliberately peruse "*Young's Night Thoughts*?" It is a book to be read in a solemn frame of mind, by the taper burning in the study at the midnight hour; and then only will its magnificent yet essentially gloomy and saddening poetry be properly enjoyed, and its lessons find their fitting response in the thoughtful and awe-struck heart of the reader. Andersen, to the reverse, is an author whom of all others we should carry with us as a companion in our light, cheerful rambles through the fields, and by the river's bank, or the shell-strewn sea-shore, or in the open sunny glades of the forest, where birds are flitting to and fro, and the cooing of the stock-dove and the hum of animated nature fills the air. We should then enjoy the beauties of the landscape, the odor of the flowers, the twittering of the birds, the rustling of the long green grass, and the murmuring of the bubbling rivulet, with increased intensity, for *he* would teach us how to find hitherto hidden charms in all around, and would stand forth an eloquent interpreter between us and nature.

To resume. In 1851 "*Pictures of Sweden*" were published, being the results of the author's recent travels in that country. We are inclined to reckon this as the most delightful book he ever wrote, always excepting his own autobiography. Like the "*Poet's Bazaar*," it is not a regular book of travels, but a number of episodic chapters, scarcely connected together; and yet as we happen to know, Andersen was excessively fastidious in their arrangement, with a view to consecutive reading—though why he was so we do not clearly perceive, for several of the chapters have no more connection with Sweden than with China. There are also some passages scarcely worthy of Andersen; but, taking it altogether, it is an embodiment of

all his excellences of style and tone, and some parts are of transcendent beauty. How surpassingly tender and suggestive of sweet, holy thoughts is the chapter entitled "Grandmother!"

We cannot name any book whatever that, in our opinion, contains such brilliant examples of a great writer's mastery over the art of "word-painting" as the "Pictures of Sweden." It is the bouquet of all the author's works. Imagination, fancy, humor, deep insight into the springs of human affections, are all blended together so as to form a genial, radiant, fascinating book, which it is impossible to read without loving the gentle, large-hearted author, even if you knew no more of him than that book reveals.

We perceive that we have omitted to mention that subsequent to the publication of his "Improvisatore," in English, Andersen visited England and Scotland, where he was so well received, that the *Corsaren* (the *Punch* of Copenhagen) caricatured him as receiving the homage of the Queen and Court of Great Britain, &c. His latest work is "A Poet's Day Dreams," published during the year 1853, but we have not space to do more than to allude to it. We have enumerated all his works of importance, but he has also written numerous little dramas, tales, and poems. Of the latter he is continually contributing to the newspapers of Copenhagen; and we ourselves heard his *death-verses* upon his intimate friend Elenschläger (the crowned *digter-konge*, or poet-king, of Scandinavia) sung over that great poet's inanimate remains on their passage to the tomb, on January 26th, 1850. We shall not soon forget that thrilling moment!

Andersen's works have been translated into most European languages, enjoying a very large circulation in Swedish, German, and French. They have sold by tens of thousands in America, and so they would in England were they published at a more accessible price. They have even appeared in Dutch and Russian, and a selection of his short, sweet poems, upon subjects that make all mankind one kin, have actually been translated into the language of the hardy natives of Greenland, who are said to be in the habit of almost daily singing them. If this be not true fame, tell us what is!

Personally, Andersen is a very tall man, and like many authors, he is somewhat ungraceful in his movements, but dresses with great neatness, and in the most fashionable style. He has a fine poetic-looking head, open, animated features, and a pair of spark-

ling eyes. He is just as genial and frank in manner as one would anticipate from his works; and before you have been one hour in his society, you feel as though you had been his intimate friend for years. He loves all the world, and all the world loves him; he is a great diner-out, for there is a smiling welcome for him at every house. Perhaps no living author whatever has numbered as personal friends so many distinguished men of different countries as he has. Were he to chronicle his reminiscences of princes, poets, artists, actors, and other people of rank and intellect, what a book would it be! And such a work, we venture to predict, he will give to the world yet, or else leave materials for its posthumous appearance. Andersen is passionately fond of his *little Denmark*, and yet he is continually leaving it, almost as regularly as his friends the storks, to wander in southern lands. Whether he inherited this love of rambling from his father, or whether it is an acquired habit, we know not; but certainly we think that fully one-half of his life since his twenty-fifth year, has been spent in foreign parts. We should be the last to find fault with this propensity, for how much do we not owe to it! What pictures of Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and the East, has he not given to the world! Long may he live to go to and fro upon the earth, and far may he wander to unroll before us new and beautiful visions of all that is admirable in nature; but may he ever safely return to his loved Scandinavian home; for finely does he himself say, "The first moment of arrival at home is, however, the bouquet of the whole voyage!" When we last heard from him, he told us he had just arrived home from a fresh journey in Germany, only to start soon for Switzerland.

The story of Andersen's life is, in itself, a perfect romance of reality; and it conveys a noble moral lesson, which will go down profitably to posterity. A poor boy is born in a country, and amid scenes, which offer no extraordinary spur to the development of talent, but rather the reverse. From his very childhood he has intuitively felt that he possessed that within him which distinguished and set him apart from others of his own age and class; something which would, with God's blessing, hereafter enable him to become a great man, even as other poor little boys had become, of whom we read in the story-books. And he commences the cultivation of the talent which had been entrusted to him, with "trust in God, and persevere," for his motto, amid extreme discouragements,



trials, and rebuffs. Poverty cannot extinguish the sacred spark in his breast; the meanness of his education, and his ignorance of the world, shall not daunt him. A mere child in years, and in knowledge of all that is practical in life, he sets forth all alone from his humble home, and arrives at the distant great city, friendless and almost penniless. Onward! up the hill! that is the secret cry of his heart; and he fights with adverse circumstances; he struggles onward and upward, till he stands at the summit of the goal, triumphant, yet bowed down with gratitude to the Divine Protector whose aid he never ceased to implore, and filled with love towards his brother-man. And now great men, and princes, yea, kings and queens, greet him kindly, and take him by the hand, and seat him at their table, and tell him how they admire his works, and his heroic victory in the great battle of life! And they tell him they wish to confer on him such outward marks of their royal approval as may testify to the sincerity of that admiration in the eyes of their subjects. And so the crosses and stars of four orders of knighthood\* glitter on his breast, and he is the friend and companion of the great and noble, and the cherished author of innumerable readers in both hemispheres; he, the son of the poor Odensee shoemaker! Well may he himself marvel at his own career, and be disposed to consider himself specially favored by God and man!

As the touch of Midas transmutes all things into gold, so does that of Andersen all things into poesy. He takes a stalk of flax, a tree, a flower, or even a solitary blade of grass growing in a barren, thirsty soil, and endows it with eloquent language, with melodious utterance of charming thoughts; and yet we cannot smile, and say, this is a childish conceit, for we feel and know that a profound moral truth or wise counsel is symbolized in the beautifully-worded allegory. There is a *purpose* in the most seemingly fanciful and fantastic of his conceptions—another meaning than what prominently meets the eye, and the youngest of his readers is aware of this. No living author has so perseveringly and successfully labored to show us that the elements of the richest poetry, and a soul of goodness, dwell in everything that surrounds us, as Andersen. He invests the most common productions in nature, and the meanest and most familiar domestic objects, with a halo of poesy, and we glow with pleasure, and

wonder that we never appreciated the real loveliness and spiritual symbolism of all created things, till he, the magician, unveiled all before us, and bade us rejoice and thank God for the innumerable gifts and blessings that fill the earth for our use and delight! Say, do we not owe a deep debt of gratitude to the man who, with resistless eloquence, and in all sincerity of purpose, strives to enable us to better appreciate all visible things—strives, with yearning heart and soul, to induce us to love God and one another better than we do—strives to purify us, to gladden and ennoble us by gentlest, sweetest teachings—strives to eschew the evil, and to search out only the good, and true, and beautiful, in nature and in man—strives to impart to us all a portion of his own genial faith and sensibility, so that we may become happy even as he is himself? Say, what does this man deserve of his fellows? He is a poet, a true poet, and a great poet, and he would have us all be poets also, for he knows there are the elements of poetry inherent in every man, although unto very few is given the faculty to adequately express what they feel. He would have us all participate in that exquisite enjoyment of the works of creation which is the poet's birthright—a birthright that kings can neither give nor take away. He would have us live somewhat more after the fashion that the Almighty designed, when He bade man replenish the earth with his kind. Say, then, reader, hath this man—this prescient poet—lived altogether in vain in his generation, and shall his name perish with his body on earth? We trow not.

Andersen writes not as philosophers write; he does not group facts and figures, and make scientific deductions therefrom; but he has, nevertheless, hymned the power and glory of scientific skill (as exemplified in the steam-engine) in a recent work, in a way that proves he may yet become the poet of science, *par excellence*, even as he is already the poet of Nature. In another splendid chapter on "Faith and Knowledge," he properly exalts the former immeasurably above the latter, but shows how science may become the humble yet useful handmaid of faith. Speaking of immortality, he exclaims—"I know it in the faith, in the holy, eternal words of the Bible. Knowledge lays itself like a stone over my grave, but my faith is that which breaks it. . . . Now, thus it is! The smallest flower preaches from its green stalk, in the name of knowledge, *immortality*. Hear it! The beautiful also bears proofs of immortality,

\* Conferred by the Kings of Denmark, Prussia, Sweden, and Wurtemberg, respectively.

and, with the conviction of faith and knowledge, the immortal will not tremble in his greatest need; the wings of prayer will not droop; you will believe in the eternal laws of love, as you believe in the laws of sense.

Just as our own soul shines out of the eye, and the fine movement around the mouth, so does the created image shine forth from God in spirit and in truth. There is harmonious beauty from the smallest leaf and flower to the large swelling bouquet—from our earth itself to the numberless globules in the firmamental space; as far as the eye sees, as far as science ventures, all, great and small, is beauty and harmony. By walking with open eyes in the path of knowledge, we see the glory of the annunciation. The wisdom of generations is but a span on the high pillar of revelation, above which sits the Almighty; but this short span will grow through eternity, in faith and with faith. Knowledge is like a chemical test, which pronounces the gold pure." We may remark here, that Andersen is naturally very religiously inclined—he has been so from childhood, and his feelings of devotion are only deepened and purified by each added year. There is no affectation in the pious ejaculations which so frequently burst from his grateful heart; he does really feel all that he expresses, and, perhaps, even more. His religion is not sectarian nor narrow-minded, but is the simple faith of a child in Christ the Saviour and God the Father; and these religious principles pervade all he says and all he does. He knows well the value of prayer, and the confidence derivable from feeling that he has a friend in God on high.

Andersen's strength lies in his vivid imagination, his sweet quaint fancy, his impassioned feeling, his keen perception of the beautiful, his loving heart, and his fascinating gift of writing a species of prose-poetry in a style of unapproachable eloquence. The heart of man is his empire; our best aspirations and affections are the strings of the harp whereon he plays with such masterly skill. His own heart is the source of his inspiration—and to appeal to and move the hearts of others is his object. Poetry is as natural to him as the odor to the rose; and it is ever uttered in melodious and happily chosen words. He tells us himself that Danish is a language peculiarly adapted to express his ideas; but the English versions by Beckwith cannot fall far short of the original in beauty and effect. As a sample, take the following bit concerning the shapes that memory assumes

to our mental vision:—"It is commonly said that memory is a young girl with bright blue eyes. Most poets say so; but we cannot always agree with most poets. To us memory comes in quite different forms, according to that land or that town to which she belongs. Italy sends her as a charming Mignon, with black eyes, and a melancholy smile, singing Bellini's soft, touching songs. From Scotland, memory's sprite appears as a powerful lad, with bare knees—the plaid hangs over his shoulder—the thistle flower is fixed in his cap. *Burns' lyrics then fill the air like the heath-lark's song*; and Scotland's wild thistle flowers beautifully fragrant as the fresh rose." The line we have italicized surely conveys a most beautiful image, in words as simple as they are appropriate.

Andersen's mind is stored with picturesque legends, and he is exceedingly well read in the old *sagas*, and in the chronicles of his country. These he occasionally introduces and details, after his own fashion, in his writings, with such a vivid, startling effect, that we have often wished he would undertake a history, or a consecutive series of annals of Scandinavia in the remote ages. He could depict the ancient Vikings—their warriors and skalds, their battlings and their feasting, their life in the field and in the hall, so that they would almost seem to us to be bodily resuscitated, and their era returned again, in the great cycle of change. What he is capable of doing in this style may easily be seen by referring to some of the historical chapters in the "Pictures of Sweden." There is no mysticism, no obscurity, in what Andersen writes; whatever the subject, all is clear: all can be understood by the merest child, for each sentence is rendered luminous by the light of genius.

We have already spoken of Andersen's very remarkable power of charming children by his written stories; and we have to add, that he can personally attract them in an equally surprising manner. His nature assimilates itself very much to that of children: blessed nature, that it can do so! say we, for that is in itself a proof that our poet is a good as well as a gifted man! He has an extreme affection for little ones, and his entrance into a room is the signal for them to flock around him, and he then either amuses them or himself—for it is difficult to say whether they or he enjoy a child-like pastime most—by entering into their sports and occupations, or else by improvising songs and fairy tales for their sole and special gratification. We have been assured by those

whose own children are pets of this extraordinary man, that the fascination he can exercise at will and pleasure over all children is absolutely marvellous. This trait in his character is to us by no means the least interesting and lovable. "Blessed is he whose hand prepareth a pleasure for a child!" One can hardly help feeling sad to think there is now little probability of the loving-hearted poet having any children of his own, to climb his knee, and look up in his face, and call him father! He has given us most delightful pictures of wedded happiness; but what would he not have written had he himself experienced what he describes? But, as he would tell us, God knoweth what is best for us all. Even as one who was disappointed in his first and only love affair, and who has possibly on that very account remained unmarried, he has, nevertheless, enjoyed a very happy life on the whole—what is more, he richly deserves to be happy.

We must now conclude. Perchance it will be thought we have spoken in somewhat too eulogistic a manner of the Danish poet. We believe otherwise. He has his faults both as an author and a man, but they are insignificant in comparison with what challenges our admiration and esteem. The more he is read and studied, the more he will be liked; and it is impossible not to love him when once you know him, either personally or through the medium of his writings, which are just a reflex of the man himself. If the reader has not yet made his acquaintance in either shape, we entreat him to lose no time in obtaining almost any one of the author's works. For ourselves, we echo from our heart's depths his own desire (expressed in a letter now lying by our side), "that we may meet once again in this world," and know one another better than we do. Long life here, and happiness hereafter, to Hans Christian Andersen!

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From Hogg's Instructor.

### CURRER BELL.

Even while the heart of the British nation is filled to overflowing by one great anguish and one great hope, we cannot doubt that a thrill of real sorrow will pass to every corner of the land with the tidings that Mrs. Nicholls, formerly Charlotte Brontë, and known to all the world as Currer Bell, is no more. But a few months ago, we heard of her marriage: it became known, with a smile of happy surprise, that the merciless derider of weak and insipid suitors had found a lord and master, that the hand which drew the three worshipful ecclesiastics, Malone, Donne, and Sweeting, had been locked at the altar in that of a curate; and already the smile fades away in the sound of her funeral knell, and we are left to reflect, that all of fruit and flower which time might have matured in the garden of her genius lies still and lifeless, severed by the scythe of death. To every thinking mind, the passing from the midst of us of such a life must be the occa-

sion of solemn reflection. It is a trite, yet ever a suggestive remark, that the variety of nature is infinite. You have been watching the sun, when, as if in love's changefulness, he smiled from behind April clouds on the awakening earth; those evanescent lights on lawn and lea, those bright gleams on the distant river, that fantastic sport of the sunlight kindling its silvery illumination from point to point amid the mountain mist, will never be seen again. Every effect of nature is solitary; each star has its own twinkle, every lily of the field its peculiar and unshared beauty: the Hand whose touch is perfection repeats not its strokes. But, without inquiring what specifically is that mystic thing called genius, it is universally conceded, that it is of its essential nature to be, in a peculiar sense, unexampled and alone. Whether it be a positive addition to the ordinary complement of human faculty, or whether it be some new and cunning harmo-

ny, some delicate balancing, some exquisite sharpening, of the ordinary mental powers, it is at least certain that, from the eye in which men discern genius, there falls over the world a light whose very novelty urges them to the term. It has been said by Coleridge, that the effect of genius on its possessor is to perpetuate, in mature age, the wakeful curiosity, the fresh enjoyment, the loving surprise, with which healthful childhood gazes on the new world; to enable a man to see, in the clear, strong light of intellectual noontide, the same fairness and freshness over the earth as when it lay under the dewy dawn; but whatever may be the mode of the phenomenon, the fact is beyond question, that there is a difference between the perceptions of such an one and those of the throng. Into recesses of the human heart, whither, erewhile, we could not penetrate, this new light guides our steps; secret and ravishing glimpses of beauty, to which we never before thrilled, are now revealed to us; passions which lay dormant in our breasts have been awakened ere we were aware, to overflow in tears or flash in fire; truths which were altogether unknown, or, through custom, faded and powerless, have beamed forth with startling or alluring clearness. And when here, too, death asserts his ruthless supremacy, it is no figure of speech, but a simple statement of fact, that tones have died away which we can never hear again from the universal harp of nature, that "a light has passed from the revolving year," and that Providence has again worked out, in all it involves of responsibility and monition, those high intents for which there was sent among us an original mind. The mind of Currer Bell was assuredly such; and when we add, that the genius by which it was characterized was accompanied by an earnestness which might be called religious, and turned, by a strong human sympathy, upon the general aspects and salient points of the age, it becomes a matter of serious moment to sum up the work she has done, and estimate the lesson she has taught us. The office of criticism is two-fold—towards the author, and towards the reader. From that point of view which every honest and individual, though nowise remarkably powerful, mind occupies, lights of guidance or suggestion may be discerned, of value to the highest; honest criticism of living authors is therefore beyond question to be approved: but this task, and whatever of even apparent acerbity it may entail, ceases with the life of the author; and as we receive from the dy-

ing hand the gift to which there will be no addition, however it may be required of us to define its value, we may at least permit to criticism the tone of affection and respect. It is singularly so in the case of Currer Bell. Whatever estimate we may form of the net result of positive instruction—the actual amount of such sound available thought as will pave the highways of the world—to be found in her works, we cannot but think with tender emotion on the darkness which has so soon swallowed the brief and meteoric splendor of her career; while we should deem that reader of perceptions strangely blunted, who has never discerned that, with all her vigor and sternness, it was deep and womanly love which filled the inmost fountains of her heart. It is well, too, to remember, that it were an important mistake to test the value of any work, or series of works, by the mere logical truth it contains. The true, the beautiful, and the good, are inalienably allied: in the immeasurable system of education which nature has constructed around us in this world, their conscious or unconscious influences are perpetually blended; and He who came to unfold celestial and unattainable truth, deemed not his teaching complete, until he turned the eyes of his disciples on the loveliness of the lily and the gay carelessness of the birds. Every tone of true pathos, every revealing glance by which a new aspect of nature's loveliness opens on our eyes—all that tends, in what way soever, to make us nobler, gentler, better—must be reckoned in the account of what an author has conferred upon us.

The name of Currer Bell has constantly been associated with those of her two sisters, Emily and Anne, known in the literary world as Ellis and Acton Bell. The three were the daughters of a clergyman of the Church of England, who, as we learn from the newspapers, still "at Haworth, near Keighley, in Yorkshire," survives his wife and all his children. Genius, as has not unfrequently happened, was, in the case of the three sisters, associated with the seeds of fatal disease; and perhaps our whole literary annals will show no more touching episode than that on which the leaf has just been turned by the death of Currer Bell. It is our present purpose to treat chiefly of the works of this last, but we will be pardoned for making allusion to the others.

Emily Brontë, author of "Wuthering Heights," was, we have no hesitation in saying, one of the most extraordinary women that ever lived; we have felt strongly impell-



ed to pronounce her genius more powerful, her promise more rich, even than those of her gifted sister, Charlotte. For receiving this avowal, the reader will be somewhat prepared, by perusing the following sentences from the biographic notice, brief, but of thrilling interest, of her two sisters, given to the world by Currer Bell:—"My sister Emily first declined. The details of her illness are deep-branded in my memory; but to dwell on them, either in thought or narrative, is not in my power. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health."

The picture thus vividly drawn of a frail form standing up undaunted in the scowl of death, should be kept before us as we turn to the work left us by Ellis Bell. It were a strange and surely a distempered criticism which hesitated to pass sentence of condemnation on "Wuthering Heights." We have no such hesitation. Canons of art sound and imperative, true tastes and natural instincts, of which these canons are the expression, unite in pronouncing it unquestionably and irremediably monstrous. If there is any truth or indication of truth in all that the most artistic of nations alleged concerning the line of beauty, if it is true that in every work of art, however displayed, we must meet the proofs of moderation, of calmness, of tempered and mastered power, if it is a reasonable demand that the instances of nature's abortion, from which we would turn away in the street, that objects and incidents which awake no higher emotion than abhorrent disgust, be honored with no embalming rites, but left to be taken out of our sight, like dead dogs and carrion, by that nature which ever perpetuates what is gross or noisome, this work must be condemned. On the dark brow and iron cheek of Heathcliff, there are touches of the Miltonic fiend; but we shrink in mere loathing, in "unequivocal contempt," from the

base wretch who can use his cruelty as the tool of his greed, and whose cruelty itself is so unredeemed by any resistance or stimulant, as to expend itself on a dying son or a girl's poodle. There are things which the pen of history cannot be required to do more than touch on and pass by; we desire not admittance into the recesses of the palace of Sujah Dowlah, we will not penetrate the privacy of the Cæsars; and if the historic artist must at times show us the darkest evil, that we may avoid it, or sweep it from the earth, neither his nor any other art can altogether forego the glorious privilege of washing its creations in pure water, and shunning, at least, the foul and offensive. The whole atmosphere, too, of this fiction is distempered, disturbed, and unnatural; fever and malaria are in the air; the emotions and the crimes are on the scale of madness, and, as if earthly beings, and feelings called terrestrial, were not of potency sufficient to carry on this exciting drama, there are dangerous, very ghostly personages, of the spectral order, introduced, and communings held with the spirit world which would go far to prove Yorkshire the original locality of spirit-rapping. All this is true, and no reader of the book will deem our mode of expressing it severe; yet we have perfect confidence in pointing to "Wuthering Heights" as a work which contains evidence of powers it were perhaps impossible to estimate, and wealth it were vain to compute. A host of Titans would make wild work, if directed by a child to overturn the mountains; a host of dwarfs would do little good or harm in any case; but bring your Titans under due command, set over them a judgment that can discern and command, and hill will rise swiftly over hill, till the pyramid is scaling the sky. The powers manifested in this strange book seem to us comparable to such a Titan host, and we know no task beyond their might, had they been ruled by a severe taste and discriminating judgment. The very ability to conceive and project, with such vivid boldness, that wild group of characters, the unmeasured distance into which recedes all that is conventional, customary, or sentimental, the tremendous strength and maturity of the style, would be enough to justify our words. The very absurdities and exaggerations of the construction and characters lend their testimony here. Not for a moment, with such materials, could the aim of art be attained, could belief, in some sense and for some space, be produced, save by commanding powers. It may be the wild and haggard

pageantry of a dream at which we gaze, but it is a dream we can never forget; and though the dissent and negation of our reason are, when we pause, explicit, yet we no sooner resign ourself to the spell of the magician, than we feel powerless to disbelieve; in the strength of the assertion, we overlook its absurdity. Touching the character of Heathcliff, moreover, and with less expressness, of that of Cathy Earnshaw, we have a remark to make, which we would extend to certain of the characters of *Currier Bell*, and which might, we think, go far to point out a psychological defence, to be urged with some plausibility, of much that is extravagant and revolting in either case. The power over the mind of what Mr. Carlyle calls "fixed idea," is well known; the possession of the whole soul by one belief or aim produces strange and unaccountable effects, co-mingling strength and weakness, kindness and cruelty, and seeming, at least at first sight, to compromise the very unity of nature. Ellis Bell, in "*Wuthering Heights*," deals with a kindred, though somewhat different phenomenon; she deals not with intellect, but emotion; she paints the effects of one overmastering feeling, the maniac notions of him who has quaffed one draught of maddening passion; and the passion she has chosen is love. There is still a gleam of nobleness, of natural human affection, in the heart of Heathcliff in the days of his early love for Cathy, when he rushes so manfully at the bull-dog which has seized her, and after she is safe in Thrushcross Grange, sets himself again on the window-ledge to watch how matters go on, "because," says he, "if Catherine had wished to return, I intended shattering their great glass panes to a million fragments, unless they let her out;" but we watch that same boyish heart, until, in the furnace of hopeless and agonizing passion, it becomes as insensible to any tender emotion, or indeed any emotion save one, as a mass of glowing iron to a drop of dew. Heathcliff's original nature is seen only in the outgoing of his love towards Cathy; there alone he is human, if he is frenzied; in all other cases he is a fiend. As his nature was never good, as there were always in it the hidden elements of the sneak and the butcher, the whole of that semi-vital life which he retains towards the rest of the world is ignoble and revolting. His sorrow has been to him moral death; with truly diabolic uniformity, every exercise of power possible to him upon any creature, rational or irrational (Cathy, of course, excepted), is made for its torment. He seems in one-half of his nature to have lost

all sensibility, to be unconscious that human beings suffer pain; the great agony of passion has burned out of his bosom the chords of sympathy which linked him to his kind, and left him in that ghastly and fiendish solitude, which it is awful to dream of as a possible element in the punishment of hell. However frightful the love scenes in the death-chamber of Cathy (and we suppose there is nothing at all similar to these in the range of literature), we feel that we are in the presence of a man; when we think on his early roamings with his lost and dying love on the wild moors, we can even perceive, stealing over the heart, a faint breath of sympathy; but when he leaves the world of his real existence—the world of his love for Cathy, whether as a breathing woman, or as the wraith which he still loves on—we shrink from him as from a corpse, made more ghastly by the hideous movements of galvanism. Somewhat different is the effect of the same passion upon Cathy. Hers was originally a brave, and beautiful, and essentially noble nature; through all her waywardness, we can love her still; and though her love for Heathcliff costs her her life, it never scathes and sears her soul into a calcined crag like his. To the last, her heart and imagination can bear her to the wild flowers she used to gather amid the heath; strange and wraith-like as she grows in the storm of that resistless passion, we know full well that no mean, or cruel, or unwomanly thought could enter her breast. Viewed as a psychological study of this sort, a defence might, we say, be set up for the choice of these two characters; and when thus confessedly morbid, their handling will be allowed to be masterly. Nor can it be alleged that instances of similar passion, attended by like results, are not to be met with in real life. Madness, idiocy, and death, are acknowledged to follow misguided or hopeless affection; in the case both of Cathy and Heathcliff, there was unquestionably a degree of the first; only, we submit that bedlam is no legitimate sphere of art. Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt: the girl's hand which drew Heathcliff and Cathy, which never shook as it brought out those lines of agony on cheek and brow, and never for a moment lost its strength and sweep in flourish or bravura, was such as has seldom wielded either pen or pencil.

We might descant at great length on the variety of power displayed in this extraordinary book; but we should leave it without conveying an idea, even partially correct, of its general character, if we omitted to notice

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those touches of nature's softest beauty, those tones of nature's softest melody, which are blended, so cunningly as to excite no sense of discord, with its general excitement and gloom. We cannot forbear quoting here a passage which seems to us deeply suggestive; the speaker is a young girl, and he of whom she speaks a boy about her own age:—

"One time, however, we were near quarrelling. He said the pleasantest manner of spending a hot July day was lying from morning till evening on a bank of heath in the middle of the moors, with the bees humming dreamily about among the bloom, and the larks singing high up overhead, and the blue sky and bright sun shining steadily and cloudlessly. That was his perfect idea of heaven's happiness. Mine was, rocking in a rustling green tree, with a west wind blowing, and bright, white clouds flitting rapidly above; and not only larks, but throstles, and blackbirds, and linnets, and cuckoos, pouring out music on every side, and the moors seen at a distance, broken into cool, dusky dells; but close by great swells of long grass undulating in waves to the breeze; and woods, and sounding water, and the whole world awake and wild with joy. He wanted all to lie in an ecstasy of peace; I wanted all to sparkle and dance in a glorious jubilee."

Does this not bear witness to much? None but the youthful sympathy of a green heart could have won access to that child's heaven; none but a free, and elastic, and loving nature could thus, with the inimitable touch of truth and reality, have heard, through the ear of that glad girl, in the joy-tuned anthem of bird, and water, and rustling branch, the very music of heaven; while the faithfulness of the picture, the perfect and effortless realization of the whole summer scene, so that we hear that west wind, and see those bright white clouds—the cumulous clouds which, the summer long, are the flocks of the west wind—and scent that bloom of the warm, waving heather, is demonstration absolutely sufficient of that inborn love of nature's joy and beauty which never yet dwelt in a narrow or unworthy breast. This little extract, too, is sufficient to prove maturity and excellence of style. There is a free, strong, graceful force in every line; there is no dallying, no second touch; the little scene groups itself gracefully together as if to that summer music.

We have already lingered too long with Ellis Bell. We make no more than an allusion to her poetry. It is characterized by strength and freshness, and by that original

cadence, that power of melody, which, be it wild, or tender, or even at times harsh, we never heard before, and know to come at first hand from nature, as her sign of the born poet. We have not minutely compared the poetry of the three sisters; but, in spite of a prevailing opinion to the contrary, we scruple not to declare, that the clear result of what examination we have made is the conclusion, that Ellis Bell's is beyond measure the best.

But, after all, we must pronounce what has been left us by this wonderful woman, unhealthy, immature, and worthy of being avoided. "Wuthering Heights" belongs to the horror school of fiction, and is involved in its unequivocal and unexcepting condemnation. We say not that a mind, insured to the task, cannot, by careful scrutiny and severe discrimination, derive valuable hints and important exercise from such works; we may trace and emulate the strength of touch and the richness of color, while we detest the subject; we may listen to the snatches of woodland music, and thrill to every tint of woodland beauty, in the neighborhood of the hyena's den. But we do not for this recall our condemnation. At the foot of the gallows, touches of nature's tenderness may be marked: in the pallid face of the criminal we may note workings of emotion not to be seen elsewhere; and anatomy might be studied, with both novelty and force of instruction, in the quivering of the muscles and wrenching of the forehead of one who lay on the wheel; but it admits not of question, that the general effect of such spectacles is brutalizing, and we would therefore, without hesitation, terminate their publicity. On exactly the same grounds, would we bid our readers avoid works of distempered excitement; even when such are of the highest excellence in their class, as those of Ellis Bell and Edgar Poe, we would deliberately sentence them to oblivion: their general effect is to produce a mental state alien to the calm energy and quiet homely feelings of real life, to make the soul the slave of stimulants, and these of the fiercest kind, and, whatever irritability may for the time be fostered, to shrivel and dry up those sympathies which are the most tender, delicate, and precious. Works like those of Edgar Poe and this "Wuthering Heights" must be plainly declared to blunt, to brutalize, and to enervate the mind. Of the poetry, also, of Ellis Bell, it must be said that it is not healthy; that its beauty is allied to that wild loveliness which may gleam on the hectic cheek, or move while it startles, as we listen to maniac ravings. And

wherefore this unchanging wail, whence this perpetual and inexpressible melancholy, in the poems of one so young? What destiny is it with which this young heart so vainly struggles, and by which it is overcome? Is it possible that under the sunny azure of an English sky, and while the foot is on English moors, so utter a sadness may descend on a girl, whom we expect to find "a metaphor of spring, and mirth, and gladness," the sister of the fawn and the linnet? The spectacle is deeply touching, and alas! the explanation is at hand; an explanation which, while it leaves untouched the assertion that the beauty of these poems is that of the blighted flower, changes every feeling with which we might momentarily regard their author into pitying sorrow. Her genius was yoked with death; it never freed itself from the dire companionship, never rose into freedom and clearness: as in the old Platonic chariot, her soul, borne by her winged genius, rose strong and daring towards the empyrean, but ere it breathed the pure serene, that black steed, which was also yoked indissolubly to the car, dragged her downwards even to the grave. Her poetry, whatever tones of true and joyful lyric music it may at intervals afford, is, as a whole, but the wild wailing melody to which was fought the battle between genius and death.

Of Anne Brontë, known as Acton Bell, we have scarce a remark to make. In her life, too, sadness was the reigning element, but she possessed no such strong genius as her sister. "Anne's character," says Currer Bell, "was more subdued; she wanted the power, the fire, the originality of her sister, but was well endowed with quiet virtues of her own. Long-suffering, self-denying, reflective, and intelligent, a constitutional reserve and taciturnity placed and kept her in the shade, and covered her mind, and especially her feelings, with a sort of nun-like veil, which was rarely lifted." Her death is thus recorded by the same authority:—"She (Ellis) was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight, before we received distinct intimation that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path, with slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. I have said that she was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed, that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and

greatest trial, and must bear testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through." She died May 28, 1849. The last lines written by Acton Bell are so full of pathos, awaken a sorrow so holy and ennobling, and breathe a faith so strong and tranquil, that we cannot pass them by:—

"I hoped, that with the brave and strong,  
My portion'd task might lie;  
To toil amid the busy throng,  
With purpose pure and high.

But God has fix'd another part,  
And he has fixed it well:  
I said so with my bleeding heart,  
When first the anguish fell.

Thou, God, hast taken our delight,  
Our treasured hope away;  
Thou bidd'st us now weep through the night,  
And sorrow through the day.

These weary hours will not be lost,  
These days of misery,  
These nights of darkness, anguish-tost,  
Can I but turn to thee:

With secret labor to sustain  
In humble patience every blow;  
To gather fortitude from pain,  
And hope and holiness from woe.

Thus let me serve thee from my heart,  
Whate'er may be my written fate;  
Whether thus early to depart,  
Or yet awhile to wait.

If thou should'st bring me back to life,  
More humbled I should be;  
More wise—more strengthened for the strife,  
More apt to lean on thee.

Should death be standing at the gate,  
Thus should I keep my vow;  
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,  
Oh, let me serve thee now!"

"These lines written," adds Currer Bell, "the desk was closed, the pen laid aside, forever."

It may well be doubted whether any more than a faint and mournful reminiscence of Ellis and Acton Bell will survive the generation now passing away; but the case is widely different with the eldest of the sisters. Currer Bell has won for herself a place in our literature from which she cannot be deposed; her influence will long be felt, as a strong plastic energy, in the literature of Britain and the world; the language of England will retain a trace of her genius. We have no intention, at present, to subject her works to a detailed criticism; we pur-



pose merely to wander once again over certain of those pleasant places whither her genius first led us, and listening to her words as those of one who scrupled not to assume the tone of a censor of her age, and considered every word she penned matter of conscientious regard, to endeavor to define, briefly and articulately, the worth of her teaching.

One word may not be superfluous as to the form of her works. We view the novel in one principal aspect—as allied to, and contrasted with, history. The history of a nation of which we as yet know nothing, is to us a novel on a grand scale; it has its incidents more stirring than imagination ever painted, its characters more startling and inexplicable, its plot more dark and undiscoverable; and the historian, who is a true artist, will lead us, in earnest curiosity, along the path of Providence, and by no anachronism of anticipation or disclosure will blunt the feelings of wonder and admiration with which, at the right moment, we behold the curtain rise. The novel is the history of domestic life, and if written with resolute regard to its nature and theme, may be of truth equal to that of history. Nay, we deem it undeniable, that when thus rigorously considered, the novel is a species of composition which cannot, and ought not to be dispensed with. The great lessons for which Providence finds a voice in the warlike contentings or peaceful labors of nations, in their growth and decline, in their birth, glory, and death, we all own it our duty to regard; were they unheeded, we feel that one most important portion of that grand system of education to which we formerly alluded, were omitted; and accordingly, with universal consent, we proclaim the task of the historian at once solemn and sublime. But Providence has another stage, where instructions, also of plain and undeniable importance, are administered to men. In domestic life, at the altar and at the death-bed, in the festal assemblage and by the household hearth, the steps of Providence are to be traced; warnings, examples, encouragements, intimations, which, if known and prized, might be more precious to us than rubies, are ever afforded in the common course of life; and if it is right to strengthen and widen our powers of intellectual vision, by watching the dealings of Providence with other nations besides our own, it is assuredly right to extend our knowledge of domestic life beyond the bounds of our own experience, to gain a wider acquaintance than our own circle

affords with the perils which may beset our private walk, and to learn how the problems of life have already been solved. The novelist ought to be the recorder of Providence in domestic life—the historian of the fireside—the teacher of the family; and if this great truth were once recognized, we should look with hope for the emergence of a literature, in form and name, for good and obvious reasons, fictitious, but in reality true, and both an honor and a blessing to the nation. We ask not for religious novels alone, any more than we ask merely for ecclesiastical history; the religious life would indeed have its place—a prominent and honored place—and one which it has never yet occupied: but our demand is simply truth; and if we have truth, we fear not for goodness. We demand that the bonds of conventionality, which have crushed the heart out of domestic history, be broken and cast aside, and that the infinity of nature, manifested here as elsewhere, be not narrowed into one unvarying line, which we can soon trace with our eyes shut; that the real emotions of nature, the true tears and laughter of birth-day, of bridal, and of funeral procession, be not vaporized into sickly fancies and feeble sentimentalities, and that we be not perpetually, after a few hackneyed windings, conducted to the same goal. The plots of that history which is distinguished from history proper in that, be its characters who they may, they are treated of in their domestic relations, are as varied as the plots which evolve themselves on the stage of the world; and the true historian in this province, the novelist worthy of honor, will learn to look with as perfect independence and contempt upon the old conventional framework of fiction, as his brother of the more honored, if not higher school, might exhibit when advised to embody his historic creations in the stiff hieroglyphics of Egypt or Nineveh, or in the feather-pictures of Mexico. We are well aware that questions of no slight difficulty would present themselves in an exhaustive treatment of this subject; questions as to the limits of the imaginative and the strictly historic, questions as to the precise nature of the sympathies to which the novelist, in quest of that popularity which, in one sort or other, is indispensable to every literary work, makes legitimate appeal, questions as to that suspicious word and thing, amusement, and its perilous association with instruction, and a great many questions besides. But that we have defined the novel in its primary and central aspect, and that we

have pointed to the great law by which it is to be pronounced worthy or worthless, we cannot hesitate to affirm; and the temper of the time, setting so strongly, in the higher regions of thought, towards rugged truth, in preference to smooth falsehood, seems to indicate that there is at length to be a general acknowledgment, that originality in all departments is mainly a power to see, and that he is ever the highest artist who can read off clearly and livingly the truth of nature.

These remarks have a definite and emphatic application to Currer Bell. She professed to be no idle entertainer; she expressly avows that she draws no model characters. She did not, indeed, tag on a moral to the end of her book, else it had been little worth, or even blazon it on its surface; but she professed to write truly, to show living men and women, meeting the exigencies, grappling with the problems of real life, to point out how the battle goes in private circles, between pretension and reality, between falsehood and truth; if we were content to listen to her as an historian, she relinquished with a smile the laurel of the romancer. She was the sworn foe of conventionality, and the whole tone of her writings evinces her desire to fling off its trammels. To what extent she succeeded we may learn as we proceed, but must first refer to a few of the general characteristics of her works.

The style of Currer Bell is one which will reward study for its own sake. Its character is directness, clearness, force. We could point to no style which appears to us more genuinely and nobly English. Prompt and business-like, perfectly free of obscurity, refining, or involution, it seems the native garment of honest passion and clear thought, the natural dialect of men that can work and will. It reminds us of a good highway among English hills; leading straight to its destination, and turning aside for no rare glimpse of landscape, yet bordered by dewy fields, and woods, and crags, with a mountain-stream here rolling beneath it, and a thin cascade here whitening the face of the rock by its side; utility embosomed in beauty. Perhaps its tone is somewhat too uniform, the balance and cadence too unvaried; perhaps, also, there is too much of the abruptness of passion; we should certainly set it far below many styles in richness, delicacy, calmness, and grace; but there is no writer whose style we would pronounce a universal model; and for simple narrative, for the relation of what we would hear with all speed, yet with a spice of accompanying pleasure,

this style is a model as nearly perfect as we can conceive. And its beauty is so genuine and honest! We are at first at a loss to account for the charm which breathes around, filling the air as with the fragrance of roses after showers; but the secret cannot long remain hidden from the poor critic, who must know how he is delighted; it lies in the perfect honesty, combined with the perfect accuracy, of the sympathy with nature's beauty which dwells in the breast of the author; it lies in the fact that she has ever loved the dew-drop, the daisy, the mountain-bird, the vernal branch, and that now, uncalled and unconsciously, to the smile of sympathy, the flowers and the dew-drops come to soften and adorn her page.

Of Currer Bell's love of nature we wish we had space to speak at some length: we can offer merely one or two remarks. There is nothing so commonly mimicked, and there are few things so rarely displayed, as genuine love and accurate knowledge of nature. The truth is, nature is somewhat difficult to know: we think not of noting the tints in a picture which has hung in our eyes since childhood; and whatever we may say of universal beauty, we have become perfectly assured of this, that he who sets himself really to watch nature will find the beauty of her general aspect merely the contrast by which she illustrates her moods and moments—the every-day dress by which she sets off her jewelry—and that few indications can be surer of a want of delicate appreciation of the loveliness of sky, and cloud, and mountain, than the commonplace prating about all being beautiful which we behold. Currer Bell, like her sister Ellis, gives us such pictures of nature, so detailed, so definite, so unmistakable, so fresh, that they rise before us like a reminiscence, or give us an assurance as of eyesight. We could quote, in illustration of these remarks, passage after passage of perfect truth, not in any measure the less true that the scenes described have been seen by the eye of an original imagination, or that an exquisite fancy has at times flung a little pearl-wreath round the dove's neck, where nature's touches of azure and gold were first discerned. Among the more ordinary, but most easily appreciable, is that careless passing description in the third volume of "Shirley," of the general effect of an east wind in a cloudless August sky, and the sudden change to the west:—"It was the close of August: the weather was fine, that is to say, it was very dry and very dusty, for an arid wind had been blowing from the east this month past: very

cloudless, too, though a pale haze, stationary in the atmosphere, seemed to rob of all depth of tone the blue of heaven, of all freshness the verdure of earth, and of all glow the light of day. . . . But there came a day when the wind ceased to sob at the eastern gable of the rectory, and at the oriel window of the church. A little cloud, like a man's hand, arose in the west; gusts from the same quarter drove it on and spread it wide; wet and tempest prevailed awhile. When that was over, the sun broke out genially, having regained its azure, and earth its green: the livid cholera-tint had vanished from the face of nature; the hills rose clear round the horizon, absolved from that pale malaria-haze." Not more true, but more rare, is the following bit of woodland painting, which, we humbly submit, is worthy of Wordsworth:—"I know all the pleasantest spots: I know where we could get nuts in nutting-time; I know where wild strawberries abound; I know certain lonely, quite untrodden glades, carpeted with strange mosses, some yellow as if gilded, some a sober gray, some gem-green. I know groups of trees, that ravish the eye with their perfect, picture-like effects: rude oak, delicate birch, glossy beech, clustered in contrast; and ash-trees, stately as Saul, standing isolated, and superannuated wood-giants clad in bright shrouds of ivy." The reader of these works will know we could quote similar, and indeed far more striking, sketches from every chapter.

Allied with this power of original and loving observation of nature, and here naturally claiming our attention, the imaginative faculty of Currer Bell was altogether new and remarkable. It would lead us very far to discuss and determine the relations and distinctions between the powers of perception, of imagination, and of thought. We lean to the belief, that a definite line cannot be drawn between them; that it is not possible in every case to distinguish between the piercing glance which perceives, and the imaginative gaze which bestows—between the strong memory which retains, and the clear conception which recalls. We doubt not that the imagination of Currer Bell was concerned in every embracing look she cast over nature; and we should deem it a vain assay to disentangle the complexity of faculty by which so fair a variety of beauty was lured to her page. But there are effects of imagination which are unmistakably its own, where no scene or form of nature is recalled, but where, from her tints and her lines, a chosen number are selected, and the whole arranged anew

by a power which we must call creative. We may falter in defining the precise faculty which enables us to paint perfectly the waving corn or the glowing garden; but we own the magic of imagination at once, when, in the midst of her gardens, or surrounded by glad reapers and crowned with the yellow sheaf, the Flora or the Ceres stands before us. And it is to efforts of the imaginative faculty thus unmistakable, that we direct attention in the case before us. There are pieces of poetic creation in the prose works of Currer Bell, distinct, not only from the general texture of her composition, but, so far as we know, from anything in the English language. They are not of great number, but so distinct are they and striking, that every one of them could, after a single perusal of her works, be pointed out. The three pictures selected by Rochester from Jane's portfolio, the Mermaid and Nereides in "Shirley," and a few such, exhaust the list. We shall select one as an example, perhaps the finest, yet closely resembling in all important particulars the others—the personification of nature in the second volume of "Shirley:"—

"The gray church, and grayer tombs, look divine with this crimson gleam on them. Nature is now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling before those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs in moors, and unfledged birds in woods.

I saw—I now see—a woman-Titan: her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing; a veil, white as an avalanche, sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon; through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture—they are clear, they are deep as lakes, they are lifted and full of worship, they tremble with the softness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers; she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stilbro' Moor, her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling face to face, she speaks with God."

We have nothing in the poetry of Currer Bell to compare with this. There seems to us a grandeur of conception, a strength and sweep of line, a calm and beautiful glow of color, a Grecian harmony and finish, in the whole creation, which would render no epithet

of applause extravagant: it has the unity of poetry. Had it been wrapped in a garment of visible harmony, it would have been recognized as one of the most powerful and beautiful personifications in the range of our poetic literature. We might speak in similar terms of her pictures of the Mermaid and the Nereides: by the wizard and plastic might of her imagination, the sea-woman is once more informed with life, and glares appallingly from the ridges of the wave; by the same original energy, the poetic dream of the old Greek mind is rescued from enveloping oblivion, and the daughters of Nereus, filmy as the foam amid which they glide, rise spectral before us, as they did to the eyes of the young bard of Helas, who wandered belated by the moonlit surge of the Ægean. Passages of solitary brilliancy are of frequent occurrence in all our more imaginative prose-writers; apostrophic bursts and long elaborate similes are abundantly to be met with; but the clear and separate creation of poetry, the group or the figure, fairly chiselled from the flawless marble and left forever in the loneliness of their beauty, we know not to have been ever formally (though it might be with half-unconsciousness) introduced into English prose, save by Currer Bell.

But we must hurry on. Without even glancing at the construction and general characteristics of the three novels, "*Jane Eyre*," "*Shirley*," and "*Villett*," we can, in a single word, point out the peculiar strength of Currer Bell as a novelist, what would be called her *forte*. It is that to which allusion was made in speaking of "*Wuthering Heights*," the delineation of one relentless and tyrannizing passion. In hope, in ardor, in joy, with proud, entrancing emotion, such as might have filled the breast of him who bore away the fire of Jove, love is at first wooed to the breast. But a storm as of fate awakens; the blue sky is broken into lightnings, and hope smitten dead; and now the love which formerly was a dove of Eden is changed into a vulture, to gnaw the heart retained in its power by bands of adamant. As the victim lies on his rock, the whole aspect of the world changes to his eye. Ordinary pleasures and ordinary pains are alike unheeded and powerless; no dance of the nymphs of ocean can attract the wan eye, or for a moment turn that vulture aside. Such a passion is the love of Rochester for Jane, perhaps in a somewhat less degree, that of Jane for Rochester; such, slightly changed in aspect, is the passion beneath which Caroline pines away, and which convulses the

brave bosom of Shirley. With steady and daring hand, Currer Bell depicts this agony in all its stages; we may weep and tremble, but we feel that her nerves do not quiver, that her eye is unfilmed; and so perfect is the verisimilitude, nay the truth, of the delineation, that we cannot for a moment doubt that living hearts have actually throbbed with this passion. It is matter, we believe, of universal assent, that Currer Bell here stands almost alone among the female novelists of Britain, and we doubt whether, however they surpass her in the variety of their delineations, there is any novelist of the other sex who, in this department, has excelled her power.

In taking up finally the inquiry, what positive lesson, moral or intellectual, did Currer Bell read to her age, we would make one or two suggestions of a general nature, which the reader must follow out for himself, putting to the account of our author all the real treasure to which they may guide him. In these works, there is a universal assertion of rights and emotions stamped by the seal-royal of nature, against the usurpation of avarice and mode. The passion which is kindled really by nature, though the hearts in which it glows may be far asunder, shall burn its way, through station, through prejudice, through all obstacles that can oppose it, until the fires unite, and rise upwards in one white flame. The true love of Rochester for the governess he employs, the true love of the rich and brilliant Shirley for her tutor, must finally triumph: Nature and Custom contend, and the "anarch old" goes down. It is always so; the sympathy with nature's strength and reality is unchanging, and of course admirable. Poltroonery, too, of all sorts, baseness, feeble pretension, and falsehood, are crowned with their rightful scorn. Valor, fortitude, strength of will, and all the stalwart virtues that bear the world before them, are honored and illustrated. The great duty of submission, without fainting or murmuring, to the decrees of Providence, is proclaimed with overwhelming power, and indeed with an iteration which makes us at times fain to cry out, that this is Currer Bell's one lecture, which we may expect at any moment to be held by the button-hole to hear. "I disapprove everything utopian. Look life in its iron face, stare reality out of its brassy countenance:" this is the gist of all her moralizing. We deem worthy of special remark a particular instance in which we have this great lesson, or one nearly allied to it, enforced; in all of fiction that



we ever read, we could point to no case of instruction, at once so practical, so impressive, and so precious. It is a particular touch in the delineation of the triumph of resolution and principle in the breast of Jane Eyre. The conflict is at its height. Reason and conscience falter, and will give no clear decision; they seem inclined rather to regard surrender as a less evil than the possible suicide of Rochester. Then it is that the epic heroism of little Jane, while it reaches the climax of its grandeur, reaches also the height of its practical value. "I had no solace from self-approbation: not even from self-respect. I had injured—wounded—left my master. I was hateful in my own eyes. Still, I could not turn, nor retrace one step. God must have led me on. As to my own will or conscience, impassioned grief had trampled one, and stifled the other." The same phase of her agony had been presented shortly before, and perhaps with still greater force. We believe this no mere imaginary picture; we believe there are situations in life when blackness is overhead and desolation within, and not anything remains but an indestructible, unaccountable, scarce conscious instinct of duty, when the soul may be likened to one who clings to a rope in a swoon, while a great billow goes over him, and his only chance is, that the *senseless* hand still hold spasmodically on. In the hour of sorest need, the figure of that invincible girl may rise, with a look of real and potent encouragement, to steel many a heart to defy the devil to the last.

There being thus much of what is stirring and healthful in the works of Currer Bell, can we close with a declaration that the region in which her characters move is the highest and purest, and that she has solved, or hinted how we may solve, the social problems which at present confront the earnest and practical mind? We cannot: we must record our distinct and unalterable negative in either case. Her works are the ovation of passion: it may be true, it may be noble, it may be allied with principle, but passion is ever the conqueror and king: the joys of existence which have any real point, the sorrows which have any real bitterness, are alike in the dispensation of passion. Is more than a word necessary to make this assertion good? Who sees not more to be desired in the very anguish of the love of Caroline or Shirley, than in the blanched existence of Miss Anley? Do we not mark St. John Rivers go away, joyless and marble-cold, on his high mission, while passion welcomes back

Jane to his burning, bliss-giving arms? Where passion appears, all becomes real and alive: where passion is not, the widest philanthropy, the holiest devotion, are powerless to confer happiness. And shall we thus crown passion, and bend the knee before him? By no means. Passion, when alone, is essentially and ignobly selfish. Despite a barren kindness of heart, the existence of Rochester is utterly selfish: *his* luckless marriage, *his* impure loves, *his* interesting sorrows, have eaten up the substance of his life; one would say, were he a sound example, that a man was linked by no duties to his fellows, that, in a world like this, a man, without being coward or caiff, could be solely occupied by self. "Love thy neighbor as thyself:" know thyself a unit among millions: perform the duties God has assigned thee towards thyself, but value not that self beyond any other of a million units. How thorough the reversal of the whole manner of Mr. Rochester's existence, which would be wrought by the simple adoption as its leading principle, of this divine motto of Christian philanthropy, in which is bound up the regeneration of the world! There *must* be a love higher than that of mere passion; and there must be joys, moral, intellectual, spiritual, whose pure oil can make the lamp of life burn as clearly and cheerily as the flame of passion, and far more beautifully. To say otherwise, were to utter a libel upon nature, to impugn the justice and love of God. Of such a love, Currer Bell gives us no representation, nay, she gives us a caricature thereof, which, while wondrous in execution, is utterly false. St. John had no affection for Jane which could be named love; and it is to be regretted that she did not think of cutting short all his fine speeches, by simply pointing him to the measure allotted to connubial affection by Paul, and telling him that, unless he felt within him the power to love her as his own soul, nay, with an unutterable force of affection to be compared with the infinite love of Christ for his own body, his own church, he committed a *sin* in asking her to become his wife. There must be an altar on which terrestrial and celestial love can blend their fires if passion is the whole of love, it must debase and not ennoble.

When we speak of those practical problems, on which Currer Bell has touched, but which she has not solved, we refer specially to the dreary pictures she draws in "Shirley" of the social standing of woman. Marriage, we are told, is the one hope of the great majority of England's daughters, a

hope destined in countless cases to be never realized ; a youth of scheming inanity, deriving a faint animation from this hope, must fade into a blighted and solitary age. The authority of a lady may be taken as conclusive of the state of the case here ; but when we assent to her allegation, and paragraph after paragraph has impressed them on our minds, we have no more by way of remedy, than a sentence of general and valueless exhortation to fathers to cultivate the minds of their daughters. There is nothing in the works of Currer Bell to assure us that any amount of cultivation will produce fresh and satisfying happiness, unless that one wish which she points to is gratified ; she indicates no fields of pleasure accessible to all ; she ex-

hibits not the means of the cultivation she commends, and leaves us to guess the connection between culture and enjoyment. With all her protest against conventionality, and though it is assuredly true that somewhat of the conventional apparatus of the novelist—personal beauty, for instance—is got quit of, we must pronounce the works of Currer Bell conventional throughout. The conventional turning up of wealth, the conventional Eden of marriage, we find here still ; passion alone is not conventional. The hand of this gifted woman had power, we think, to paint a daughter of England gladdening and beautifying her existence, though the light of passion never rose upon her path ; but this she has not done.

## COUNT EBERHARD MOURNING OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HIS SON ULRICK.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THE original picture is in the gallery of the Boston Athenæum, to which institution it belongs. It is by the celebrated artist Ary Scheffer, now resident in Paris, but a native of Belgium. The picture illustrates one of Schiller's early ballads. Count Eberhard reigned from 1344-92, in Suabia, and was nicknamed Rushbeard, from the rustling of that appendage, with which he was favored to no ordinary extent. His son Ulrick was defeated before Reutling, in 1377, and fell in battle the next year, at Doffingen, near Stuttgart, in a fight in which Eberhard was vic-

torious. The two verses which the picture illustrates, run thus :

" Back to the camp behold us throng,  
Flags stream, and bugles play ;  
Woman and child with choral song,  
And men, with dance and wine, prolong  
The warrior's holiday."

" But our old Count—and what doth he ?  
Before him lies his son,  
Within his lone tent, lonely,  
The old man sits, with eyes that see  
Through one dim tear—his son."

From Tait's Magazine.

## REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN: NELL GWYN.

CHARLES LAMB, in speaking of Allen Clare, that between two persons of sympathetic character and similar training there often grows up a mutual feeling as if there were no such worthy being besides in the world; whereas, says he, the odds are that in every street and every green lane, there are people that do just as much good and make less noise in doing it.

In a similar spirit, it is obvious (and useful) to remark that persons who have lived all their time in a particular *set* of good people, whose notions are bounded on the north by the "Assembly's Shorter," on the south by Hannah More, on the east by the Whole Duty of Man, and on the west by Franklin's Maxims, and Todd's Student's Manual, are apt, in the fulness of "catechism and bread-and-butter," to indulge a supercilious disbelief of all goodness in others not "to the manner born," and provoke that aggregate Toby Belch, the world, to exclaim, "Because thou art virtuous, dost thou think there shall be no more cakes and ale?—but there shall! Aye, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too!"

We sometimes think persons of this stamp must be annoyed to find at the bottom of their minds,—if they reflect at all,—a lurking sympathy with individuals whose whole career and character are apparently a defiance of their maxims and notions. There are others who are willingly pleased at the universal prevalence of the saccharine element (to borrow an illustration of Emerson's); delighted to find so much goodness growing wild in the "unweeded gardens" of life.

We—that is, "the world"—are an inconsistent body. It is "the world" which hunts an erring man to the grave; and "the world" which shuts a woman whose fair fame is ever so little besmirched, out of the circle of "small sweet courtesies." Then, on the other hand, we—the world—have a sort of sympathy which has been called "un-

accountable" with successful or even merely ingenious rascality, and with good-natured sensuousness.

All that we admire in the rascal and in the pleasure lover is not to be said in a word. But one thing common to both, which takes us captive, is unconventionalness—freedom of action—action without reference to a recognized law.

The fact is, whatever Divines may decide upon the first part of Genesis, *law* is to a morally perfect (but finite) being\* an impossible conception; and the "*knowledge* of good and evil" implies "a blot on the scutcheon." Under the existing state of things—whether people choose to generalize its essential characteristics into depravity, disorganization, or imperfection (relative or absolute)—the problem of Duty is to reconcile impulse and principle; desire (of *any* kind), with obedience to law (existing in the nature of things, or imposed by the Supreme, or both). Now, it is useless to inquire *why* we admire ease or grace in physical motion,—or its analogue, happy freedom of moral action. It is *the fact* that effort is not pleasing to look at, and gracefulness is. We intuitively ascribe a sort of perfection to what is natural. We feel a thrill of delight when we remember that the pencil of a perfect artist can dash off a truer round than the best compasses art can manufacture,—that the stroke of a swift rower may make the straightest of lines.

We delight to see everything work after its kind in unconscious ease and self-satisfaction, in directness, and joyful unrestraint. Our delight is checked when injury is done, and moral propriety is offended. But the check is only slight when the injury is remote in character, or when the offence against ab-

\* The simplest way of cutting this knot is to deny the possibility of a morally perfect finite being; to say that the only moral perfection possible to any but God, is freedom from actual transgression, an actual law being supposed.

solute moral propriety is mixed up (so as to have the effect of vagueness upon our perceptions) with an offence against moral expediency. As, for instance, when a clever scamp cheats Dives of a thousand pounds, part rent of land, part funded property. Here, scamp offends against the law of God, but mediately so,—his immediate crime is one against expediency only, everybody knowing that property in land and property in the funds, are of artificial creation.

The greater the number of agreeable circumstances connected with the sin and the sinner, the more remote, of course, is our displeasure. And if the sinner is a woman, we (*i. e.*, men, who stand for society) are very apt to be nearly blind to the wrongdoing, in admiration of the glad freedom of the action. More especially, of course, if the woman should be beautiful. It is of no use mincing this matter—it is a grace, and a glory, and a joy, and a grand mystery all at once. Beauty in woman turns our heads, abolishes the almighty Syllogism, and throws us into trances from which we wake up at last crying, Where is “the Everlasting Ought?” What is gravitation to its attraction? If the only beautiful woman lived in Sirius, Brunel would have the wealth of the world in tears at his feet, demanding a tubular bridge to the star. Who cares for Chemistry—for Physiology? We know what blood is; it is serum and fibrin and all that—but was it anything but right and proper that the blood that trickled from the foot of Venus when she drew out the thorn should turn to violets on the sward? Human milk contains sugar, cheese, and lots more—but when Juno spilled the drops as she held the young Hercules on her white breast, how *could* they reappear in any shape but that of lilies of the valley—as it is wellknown to schoolboys they did? Human breath expired is carbonic acid gas, but Iachimo in Imogen’s bedchamber is not considered to have been extravagant in his well-known observations, and will be copied to the end of time. It is all quite correct—of course. It is impossible to say too many pretty things of a pretty woman, or of what she does, can, may, shall, or will, might, could, would, or should do, or have done, now, or ever. Nature “from our side subducting took too much,” (you see Milton did not visit that garden for nothing, the prying, impertinent dog!) so that “whatsoever She wills to do seems wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best”—and that is the end. Come

Novelist, come Painter, come Poet! Embalm her breath, and fix the gate of heaven at her lips; turn her hair to threads of gold, and her cheeks to blush-roses; rifle the flowers, dig up the diamonds, lay violent hands on the celestial bodies to describe her; divide an hour on her bosom by the age of the Pyramids and the empire of Antony, and find the product an everlasting quotient of boundless bliss—and it is just all right and no more. Novelist, Painter, Poet, you are a capital fellow!—pay the gentleman his little bill, thank him kindly, and say he may call again—we’re always at home to *that*!

Now, if besides being free, cheerful, a woman, and beautiful, the offender should be witty—and besides this, attached—and besides this, good-natured—and besides this, the founder of a beneficent national institution—and besides this, an adherent to the popular faith in perilous times—it is easy to see that she would be a sort of heroine while she lived, and traditional pet after her death, among any people in the world.

And who answers to all this but “pretty, witty Nell,”—the owner, once, of the smallest foot in England and the worthiest part of the heart of a prodigal King—the owner, for nearly two centuries past, and many to come, of the kind thoughts of this “nation of shop-keepers.”

We beg to introduce Mistress ELEANOR GWYN, sometime kept mistress of Charles Stuart.

Lady, we cry you mercy! Fair, chaste, and good, beautiful amid the sanctities of home as you are, we kiss your feet in reverence and affection, and pray you not to spurn the memory of this frail sister!

Let me call upon you now to forget all about theatres, courts and kings. Say, simply, here was a woman,—very like you, by our troth—so much sweetly moulded flesh and blood, with the breath of life, and a heart and soul. Say she lived, woke and slept, walked and talked, laughed and sorrowed and sinned. Say she lay in the bosom of a dark-complexioned man of the name of Stuart,—that (after the manner of you women in such case) she came to love him—what is more, was faithful to him. Say, she bore him children, and (as is your custom,—so like you, you see, this poor thing!) loved them too—such beautiful radiant boys they were, ’twould do your heart good to see their portraits! Say that her son James died, and her son’s father died, murmuring, “Let not poor Nelly starve!” and that at last *she* died,



penitently and gently, and deeply mourned.  
Say——

"But did she not do very wrong things?"

Very—her whole life was full of wrong, like David's, Paul's, and ours. And she once surreptitiously obtained possession of a laced chemise, which she thought the man called Stuart would be pleased to see her wear!!!

"Quite improper."

Quite! And if you had lived next door to her, no one acquainted with *les bienséances* would have expected you to call and see her, or to send and ask after her in childbirth. By no manner of means! But we will wager something handsome that if you, in childbirth, had been reported to this woman as poor and needing aught for yourself or your infant, she would have pawned many a jewel, and gone many a mile, (if that were needed,) rather than not help you. Why, even poor Peg Woffington—— Well, as that is *de trop* perhaps,—except as we are going to consider Nell as a Representative Woman,—we will say nothing about Peggy now. But may it please you to follow us, or rather accompany us, *duce* Mr. Peter Cunningham, through the story of Nell's life, and trust us for the moral at the end, you shall, we promise, be more gratified than the contrary.

"This story," says Mr. Cunningham,\* "of Nell Gwyn's life has no other foundation than truth, and will be heard of hereafter only as it adheres to history:—"

Dr. Thomas Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached the funeral sermon of Nell Gwyn. What so good a man did not think an unfit subject for a sermon will not be thought, I trust, an unfit subject for a book: for the life that was spent remissly may yet convey a moral, like that of Jane Shore, which the wise and virtuous Sir Thomas More has told so touchingly in his *History of King Richard III.* The English people have always entertained a peculiar liking for Nell Gwyn. There is a sort of indulgence towards her not conceded to any other woman of her class. Thousands are attracted by her name, they know not why, and do not stay to inquire. It is the popular impression that, with all her failings, she had a generous as well as a tender heart; that when raised from poverty, she reserved her wealth for others rather than for herself; and that the influence she possessed was often exercised for good objects, and never abused. The many have no sympathy, nor should they have any, for Barbara Palmer, Louise de Querouailles, or Eren-gard de Schnlenberg; but for Nell Gwyn—"pretty, witty Nell," there is a tolerant and kindly re-

gard, which the following pages are designed rather to illustrate than to extend.

Later on in that delightful book to which we now introduce our readers, Mr. Cunningham quotes Cibber, saying:—

If the common fame of her may be believed, which in my memory was not doubted, she had less to be laid to her charge than any other of those ladies who were in the same state of preferment—she never meddled in any matters of serious moment, or was the tool of working politicians. Never broke into those amorous infidelities which others are accused of; but was as visibly distinguished by her particular personal inclination for the king, as her rivals were by their titles and grandeur.

Mr. Cunningham proceeds to say:—

I have great pleasure in extracting the following defence of Nelly from the preface to Douglas Jerrold's capital constructed drama of "Nell Gwyn, or the Prologue," which is true throughout to its heroine, and the manners of the age in which Nelly lived.

The preface is as follows, *in extenso*. It will be seen Nelly's will is referred to, and we shall mention that again:—

Whilst we may safely reject as unfounded gossip many of the stories associated with the name of Nell Gwynne, we cannot refuse belief to the various proofs of kindheartedness, liberality, and—taking into consideration her subsequent power to do harm—absolute goodness of a woman mingling—(if we may believe a passage in Pepys.) from her earliest years in the most depraved scenes of a most dissolute age. The life of Nell Gwynne, from the time of her connection with Charles the Second, to that of her death, proved that error had been forced upon her by circumstances, rather than indulged from choice. It was under this impression that the present little Comedy was undertaken: under this conviction an attempt has been made to show some glimpses of the "silver lining" of a character, to whose influence over an unprincipled voluptuary, we owe a national asylum for veteran soldiers, and whose brightness shines with the most amiable lustre in many actions of her life, and in the last disposal of her worldly effects.

Nell Gwynne first attended the theatre as an orange-girl. Whether she assumed the calling, in order to attract the notice of Betterton—who, it is said, on hearing her recite and sing, discouraged her hopes of theatrical eminence—or whether her love of the stage grew from her original trade of playhouse fruit-girl, has not yet been clearly shown. Indeed, nothing certain can be gathered of her parentage or place of birth: even her name has, lately, been disputed. That from the "pit

\* The Story of Nell Gwyn. By Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. Bradbury and Evans, 1852. A beautiful book, very prettily and trustworthily illustrated.

she mounted to the stage," is, however, on the poetic testimony of Rochester, indisputable:

"The orange basket her fair arm did suit,  
Laden with pippins and Hesperian fruit;  
This first step raised, to the wond'ring pit she sold  
The lovely fruit, smiling with streaks of gold.  
Fate now for her did its whole force engage,  
And from the pit she mounted to the stage;  
There in full lustre did her glories shine,  
And, long eclips'd, spread forth their light divine;  
There Hart and Rowley's soul she did ensnare,  
And made a king a rival to a player."

She spoke a new prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle:" she afterwards played Queen Almahide in Dryden's "Conquest of Grenada," besides speaking the prologue "in a broad brimmed hat and waste belt." The history of this hat is given by old Downes, the prompter, in his valuable "Roscius Anglicanus," a chance perusal of which first suggested the idea of this drama.

All the characters in the comedy, with but two exceptions, and allowing the story that the first lover of Nell was really an old lawyer, figured in the time of Charles the Second. For the introduction of Orange Moll the author pleads the authority of Pepys, who, in the following passage, proves the existence and notoriety of some such personage:—"It was observable how a gentleman of good habit sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much art Orange Mal did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again." In another place Pepys speaks of Sir W. Penn and himself having a long talk with "Orange Mal." A dramatic liberty has been taken with the lady's name, Moll being thought more euphonic than "Mal" or "Matilda." The incident of the king supping at a tavern with Nell, and finding himself without money to defray the bill, is variously related in the *Chroniques Scandaleuses* of his "merry" and selfish days.

We return to Mr Cunningham. He gives a *fac-simile* of her horoscope, "the work perhaps of Lilly," now lying in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. From this *fac-simile*, we make out that she was born on the 2d of February, 1650, at six in the morning.

The Coal-yard in Drury-lane, a low valley, the last on the east or city side of the lane, and still known by that name, was, it is said, the place of Nell Gwyn's birth. They show, however, in Pipe-lane, in the parish of St. John, in the city of Hereford, a small house of brick and timber, now little better than a hovel, in which, according to local tradition, she was born. That the Coal-yard was the place of her birth was stated in print as early as 1721; and this was copied by Oldys, a curious inquirer into literary and dramatic matters, in the account of her life which he wrote for Curil.

It is also said that she was born at Oxford;

but the Coal-yard story seems to be best authenticated. She was plainly of Welsh extraction; and her father is variously stated to have been a Captain, and a fruiterer in Covent Garden.

Whatever the station of life to which her pedigree might have entitled her, her bringing up, by her own account, was humble enough. "Mrs. Pierce tells me," says Pepys, "that the two Marshalls at the King's House are Stephen Marshall's the great Presbyterian's daughters: and that Nelly and Beck Marshall falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst's mistress." Nell answered her—"I was but one man's mistress, though I was brought up in a brothel to fill strong water to the gentlemen; and you are a mistress to three or four, though a Presbyterian's praying daughter." This, for a girl of any virtue or beauty, was indeed a bad bringing up. The Coal-yard, infamous in later years as one of the residences of Jonathan Wild, was the next turning in the same street to the still more notorious and fashionably inhabited Lowknor-lane, where young creatures were inveigled to infamy; and sent dressed as orange-girls to sell fruit and attract attention in the adjoining theatres.

Nelly was ten years old, at the Restoration, when "Oughtred, the mathematician, died of joy, and Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, died of laughter." Then, the theatres, after twenty-three years of trance, revived; and the King's, or "The Theatre," standing on the site of modern Drury, was reopened on the 8th of April, 1663, when Nell was a girl of thirteen. "The stage was lighted with wax candles, on brass censers or cressets. The pit lay open to the weather for the sake of light. The performances commenced at three. The prices of admission were about the same as at the Haymarket now. The ladies in the pit wore vizards or masks. The middle gallery was long the favorite resort of Mr. and Mrs. Pepys." The orange-girls stood in the pit, with their backs to the stage, and cut jokes with the "gallants." "That the language employed was not of the most delicate description we may gather from the dialogue of Dorimant, in Etherege's comedy of 'Sir Foplin Flutter.'" First a waitress at a house of ill-fame, poor Eleanor Gwyn now became an orange-girl.

Our earliest (historical?) introduction to Nell Gwyn, we owe to Pepys who was a constant play-goer. . . . He was known to many of the players, and often asked them to dinner now and then, not much to the satisfaction of his wife. . . . Nelly was in her sixteenth year, and Mr. Pepys in his thirty-fourth, when on Monday, the 3d of April, 1665, they would appear to have seen one another for the first time. They met at the

Duke's Theatre, Lincoln's Inn-fields, during the performance of "Mustapha," a tragedy, by the Earl of Orrery (produced with the greatest magnificence and care, and well acted). Yet we are told by Pepys, that "all the pleasure of the play" was in the circumstance that the King and Lady Castlemaine were there, and that he *sat next* to "pretty, witty Nell at the King's House, which pleased me mightily." . . . In the winter of 1666, we again hear of her through the indefatigable Pepys. How her life was passed during the fearful plague season of 1665, or where she was during the Great Fire of London in the following year, it is now useless to conjecture. The transition from the orange-girl to the actress may easily be imagined without the intervention of any Mr. Dungan (a military gentleman who is said to have kept her). "To the King's House," says Pepys, on the 8th December, 1666, "and there did see a good part of the 'English Monsieur,' which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well, but above all little Nelly; that I am mightily pleased with the play and much with the house, the women doing better than I expected, and very fair women."

Pepys afterwards goes and sees Beaumont and Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant," and says he and his wife were taken behind the scenes by Mrs. Kemp, "who brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Celia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well. *I kissed her and so did my wife*, and a mighty pretty soul she is." He winds up his journal for that day, by saying that he enjoyed it all very much, "SPECIALLY KISSING OF NELL."

Nelly carrying the town with her as an actress, dramatists began to seek her out, and write parts for her—Dryden among the rest, who wrote *Florimel*, in his tragi-comedy of "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen" expressly for her. *Florimel* is the prop of the play. She is always in action, always rattling off smart dialogue, appears in male attire, dances a jig, and speaks the epilogue. "The truth is," writes Pepys, "there's a comical part done by Nell, which is *Florimel*, that I can never hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. So great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant, and hath the motion and carriage of a spark the most that I ever saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her." Three separate entries of savage praise of Nell this poor fellow makes in his diary! It was said that Nell's laugh pervaded her face till her eyes were almost invisible, and Mr. Cunningham pictures her happy delivery of portions of her part.

"I am resolved to grow fat and look young till

forty, and then slip out of the world, with the first wrinkle and the reputation of five-and-twenty,"—and in boy's clothes—"Save you, Monsieur *Florimel*! Faith, methinks you are a very jaunty fellow, *poudré et ajusté* as well as the best of 'em. I can manage the little comb, set my hat, shake my garniture, toss about my empty noddle, walk with a courrant slur, and at every step peck down my head—if I should be mistaken for some courtier now, pray where's the difference?"

By-the-bye, we wonder whether future geas will laugh at our books of etiquette as we laugh at "The Young Gallant's Academy, or Directions how he should behave in all places and company. By Sam. Overcome, 1674."

Nelly was lodging at this time in the fashionable part of Drury-lane, which had its squalid outlets and inlets, but was then a high-class thoroughfare, with the Earls of Anglesey, Clare, and Craven, living at the Strand end. Her rooms were at the top of Maypole-alley, and from her door you would see the "far-famed Maypole" in the Strand, "long a conspicuous ornament to the west-end, rising to a great height above the surrounding houses, and surmounted with a crown and vane, and the royal arms richly gilded." Let Mr. Cunningham continue:

Among the many little domestic incidents perpetuated by Pepys, there are few to which I would sooner have been a witness than the picture he has left us of Nelly standing at her door watching the milk-maids on May-day. On his way from Seething-lane in the City, he "met many milk-maids with garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddle before them," and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings-door in Drury-lane, in her smock-sleeves and bodice. "She seemed," he adds, "a mighty pretty creature." This was in 1667, while her recent triumphs on the stage were still fresh at Court, and the obscurity of her birth was a common topic of talk and banter among the other inhabitants of the Lane. That absence of all false pride, that innate love of unaffected nature, and that fondness for the simple sports of the people, which the incident exhibits, are characteristic of Nelly from the first moment to the last—following her naturally, and sitting alike easily and gracefully upon her, whether at her humble lodgings in Drury-lane, at her handsome house in Pall-mall, or even under the gorgeous cornices of Whitehall. But I have no intention of finding a model heroine in a coal-yard, or any wish either to palliate or condemn too severely the frailties of the woman whose story I have attempted to relate. It was within a very few months of the May-day scene I have just described, that whispers asserted, and the news was soon published in every coffee-house in London, how little Miss\* Davis of the Duke's House, had become the mistress of the King,

\* The word Miss had then an opprobrious signification.

and Nell Gwyn at the other theatre the mistress of Lord Buckhurst.

Lord Buckhurst was reputed the best-bred man of his day, was a brave soldier, young, accomplished, the friend of poets and men of letters, and "the most munificent patron of literature this country has yet seen." He was a fine-hearted English gentleman whose epitaph was afterwards written by Pope; while Prior, Walpole, and Macaulay, have all praised him for the warmth of friends. The connection was, in fact, much to Nelly's credit in one point of view,—poor, ignorant girl as she had been, now introduced to the society of the most accomplished men of her time, and filling her new position with a grace and charmingness which made Lord Buckhurst as much envied as she was, when she "kept merry house" with him at Epsom—

"All hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,  
And beat night and day, like my Lord Craven's  
drums."

Eventually, however, Lord Buckhurst and she parted, upon some quarrel, and in October, 1667, Pepys gives us a glimpse of Nell behind the scenes again,—besides a glimpse of the manners and morals of the times. The italics are ours.

5 October, 1667. To the King's House, and there going in met Knipp, and she took us into the 'tiring-rooms; and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself as Flora, and was all unready, and is very pretty, *prettier than I thought* (which can mean nothing but that he saw more of her person than he had seen before). But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit was pretty.

This from the grave and virtuous Pepys!

On the 11th of January, 1667-8, Pepys notes a rumor that "the King had sent for Nelly;" and it is known that Lord Buckhurst was then pensioned, promised a peerage, and sent on what Dryden calls "a sleeveless errand" to France. In the spring of 1670, a tragedy of Dryden's, "The Conquest of Granada,"—in which Nelly was to have taken the leading part—had to be put off, to give time for the future Duke of St. Alban's to make his first appearance on this earthly stage—tiny little whimperer! When the play *did* appear, Dryden said in his epilogue, referring also to "little Miss Davis,"—

Think him not duller for the year's delay;  
He was prepared—the women were away.

Pity the virgins of each theatre,  
For at both houses, 'twas a sickly year!  
And pity us, your servants, to whose cost  
In one such sickness *nine whole months* were lost.

Mr. Cunningham says hereupon—"The poet's meaning has escaped his editors"—and we do not doubt he is right; still, we cannot help saying, is it *possible* it should escape any man with eyes and brains?

Mr. Jerrold makes his plot out of a triple intrigue, in which Lord Buckhurst, an old barrister, and King Charles, appear personally or by deputy. King Charles protects Nelly from the old barrister, and—seizes her for his own behoof. It is while Charles is in chase of her, with the old lawyer for a competitor, that Mr. Jerrold makes Nelly suggest Chelsea Hospital:—

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the Mitre Tavern.*  
NELL GWYNNE, CHARLES, and BERKELEY, at table.

Nell. Listen.—I dreamt that I was riding in a fine golden coach with the king.

Char. With the king!

Nell. You know we do dream such strange things—with the king. Well, the coach stopped; when there came up a poor old soldier without any legs or arms; and of a sudden he held out his hand—

Char. What! without any arms?

Nell. You know, it was only in a dream.

Char. Yes, Nelly; but you ought to dream according to anatomy.

Nell. I say, he held out his hand; and, telling us, that he had no place to lay his old gray head upon, not a morsel of bread to put into his mouth, he begged for charity, while the tears came peeping into the corners of his eyes.

Char. Well?

Nell. I turned round to the king,—for, bless you, I was altogether at my ease, no more afraid of him than I am of you,—and I said "Charles!"

Char. Charles!

Nell. "Is it not a shame to let your old soldiers carry about their scars as witnesses of their king's forgetfulness?—is it not cruel that those who for your sake"—

[*Unconsciously laying her hand upon the arm of CHARLES.*]

Char. For my sake?

Nell. You know, I am supposing you the king?

Char. Oh, ay, ay!

Nell. "Who for your sake have left some of their limbs in a strange country, should have no resting-place for the limbs they have, in their own?"

Char. I see the end: the king relieved the soldier, and then you awoke?

Nell. No I didn't: for I thought the coach went on towards Chelsea, and there—

Char. Well what happened at Chelsea?

Nell. There, I thought I saw a beautiful building suddenly grow up from the earth; and going in and coming out of it, just like so many bees,



heaps of old soldiers, with their long red coats, and three-corner hats, and some with their dear wooden legs, and all with their rough faces looking so happy and contented,—that, when I looked and thought it was all my work, I felt as if I could have kissed every one of 'em round!

We believe there is no reasonable ground for doubting that Nelly was the originator of Chelsea Hospital, though we (the present writer) are, to be sure, predisposed to believe it, from early impressions. We were born at Chelsea, and Nell Gwyn mingles with our first recollections; we well remember puzzling our little brains with the apparent contradiction that “a naughty woman” founded a House of Mercy!

The famous “broad-brimmed hat and waistbelt” arose from what in those times would be called a “banter” or “satyr” upon French costume, which took wonderfully at “the other House.” It was in the character of Almahide, in the “Conquest of Granada,” while speaking the prologue in the hat and belt, that Nelly seems to have added “the last ounce which broke the donkey’s back,” and made Charles her slave forever.

So great an effect as was produced upon Charles by this performance finds, says Mr. Cunningham,

a parallel in the passion which George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, evinced for Mrs. Robinson while playing the part of Perdita, in “A Winter’s Tale.” What a true name is Perdita indeed for such a fate, and what a lesson may a young actress learn from the story of poor Mrs. Robinson, when told, as I have heard it told, by her grave in Old Windsor Churchyard! Nor is Nelly’s story without its moral; and now that we have got her from the parlours of Drury Lane, and the contaminations of the Green Room—for the part of Almahide was her last performance on the stage—we shall find her true to the King, and evincing in her own way more good than we should have expected to find from so bad a bringing up.

Nelly’s first son, Charles Beauclerk, was born in Lincoln’s Inn-fields. She afterwards removed to No. 79, Pall Mall, which is now “tenanted,” says Mr. Cunningham, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Nelly at first had only a lease of the house, which, as soon as she discovered, she returned the conveyance to the King, with a remark characteristic of her wit, and of the monarch to whom it was addressed.\* The King enjoyed the joke,

\* We presume the “joke” cannot be reported otherwise than vaguely to decent people.

and perhaps admitted its truth, so that the house in Pall Mall was conveyed free to Nell and her representatives forever. The truth of the story is confirmed by the fact that the house No. 79 is the only freehold on the south or Park side of Pall Mall.

With the poor Queen quite crushed, and censing to complain at anything the King did; with the Countess of Castlemaine waning in the royal favor; with Louise de Querouaille, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, for a rival; Eleanor Gwyn seems to have maintained her hold upon Charles’ affections (such as they were), and to have incurred wonderfully little enmity from any class or person. Between her and Louise de Querouaille (called Mrs. Carrel by the people!), who was disliked for her creed, and her political “mission,” there were some tiffs, in which the imperious “baby-face” seems to have come off second-best, owing to the invincible good-humor and wit of her plebeian antagonist. Madame de Sevigné writes in these terms:—

As to Mademoiselle, she reasons thus: “This lady,” says she, “pretends to be a person of quality; she says she is related to the best families in France; whenever any person of distinction dies, she puts on mourning. If she be a lady of quality, why does she demean herself to be a courtesan? She ought to die with shame. As for me, I do not pretend to be anything better. He has a son by me; I contend that he ought to acknowledge him, and I am assured he will; for he loves me as well as Mademoiselle.”

Mr. Cunningham proceeds:—

The news of the Cham of Tartary’s death reached England at the same time with the news of the death of a prince of the blood in France. The Duchess appeared at Court in mourning. So did Nelly! The latter was asked in the hearing of the Duchess for whom she appeared in mourning. “Oh,” said Nell, “have you not heard of my loss in the death of the Cham of Tartary?” “And what relation,” replied her friend, “was the Cham of Tartary to you?” “Oh,” answered Nelly, “exactly the same relation that the Prince of — was to M’lle Querouaille.”

But, says Defoe—

I remember that the late Duchess of Portsmouth gave a severe retort to one who was praising Nell Gwyn, whom she hated. They were talking of her wit and beauty, and how she diverted the King with her extraordinary repartees, how she had a fine mien, and appeared as much the lady of quality as anybody. “Yes, madam,” said the Duchess, “but anybody may know she has been an orange-wench by her swearing.

When Nelly was insulted in her coach at Oxford by the mob, who mistook her for the Duchess of Portsmouth, she looked out of the window, and said, with her usual good-humor, "Pray, good people, be civil; I am the Protestant —."

The mob were delighted, and she went on unharmed.

An eminent goldsmith of the early part of the last century was often heard to relate a striking instance of Nelly's popularity. "His master, when he was an apprentice, had made a most expensive service of plate as a present from the King to the Duchess of Portsmouth: great numbers of people crowded to the shop to see what the plate was like; some indulged in curses against the Duchess, while all were unanimous in wishing the presents had been made for Mrs. Gwyn." With the London 'Prentices, long an influential body, both east and west of Temple Bar, Nell was always a favorite.

A half-sheet of rhymes was printed in 1682, called "A Dialogue between the Duchess of Portsmouth and Madame Gwyn," in which Nelly says, in reply to a threat of her haughty and intriguing rival—

The people's hate, much less their curse, I fear,  
I do them justice with less sums a-year—  
I neither run in debt nor city's score,  
I pay my debts, distribute to the poor.

How truly English these lines, are they not?  
How explicit upon honesty and almsgiving!  
—the Englishman's own virtues!

Out of a thousand stories of Nell's goodness, many are well authenticated. For instance, her present of a large Bible to Oliver Cromwell's porter, when he was confined in Bedlam; her paying the debt of a worthy clergyman whom, as she was going through the city, she saw bailiffs hurrying to prison; and her attention to her mother, for whose behoof there are many entries in Nelly's paid bills. No doubt, the cornerstone of her glory is the founding of Chelsea Hospital, the first stone of which was laid by the King in 1682. But it says much in her favor (and in James's too), that, Protestant as she had been, with ample means of influencing Charles against his brother, James was always kind to her.

But we are anticipating. On the 25th of December, 1671, Nelly was delivered of another beautiful boy, called James, of whom his father was as fond as he was of Charles. About 1673 the King was conferring titles on other natural children of his, and Nelly thought it was time to look after her own beautiful buds—for whom she seems to have

had an exemplary affection. Charles Beauclerk was playing about, when she and the King were together. "Come hither, you little bastard," cries Mamma. "For shame, Nelly!" says the King. Laughing snappishly (for *her*), she replied, "Well, I have no better name to call him by!" The King forthwith remedies that by creating the fine little fellow Baron of Headington and Earl of Burford—besides betrothing to him (!) the lovely heiress of the Veres. In 1680, her son James died; near about then died many of her old companions, and she was full of grief. Honors, too, were being heaped upon her old rival, Portsmouth's, son; but, without ill-humor, she persisted in seeking, and finally obtained, another title for her surviving boy. Charles was made Duke of St. Alban's, Registrar of the High Court of Chancery, and Master Falconer of England—an office still held by the present Duke. The only existing letter of Nelly's, in the hand of an amanuensis, is dated April 14, 1684, and is a truly feminine affair; incoherent, good-natured, anxious about "my mantle which you were to line with Musk-Color Sattin," and rather affecting, in that it says—"I am extreme ill, and believe I shall die."

We have had many thoughts all this while of the slighted, insulted Queen, and have but lightly touched the depravity of the King and his Court. "I can never forget," writes Evelyn, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, it being Sunday evening, which this day se'night I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst the courtiers were at basset, with a bank of at least 2,000*l.* in gold before them." At eight the next morning, the King had an apoplectic fit; on the following Friday he died, begging pardon of the Queen, and saying, "Let not poor Nelly starve!"—There is reason to believe King Charles was poisoned, it seems; or at least the arguments *pro* and *con* are pretty evenly balanced.

Nelly did not starve. She was in some difficulty after Charles's death, and had to pledge, or sell, or, as she phrases it, "boyle" some plate. But, to his everlasting honor, James cared for her when Monmouth was even at the door, and his own troubles were many; so kindly, indeed, did he care for her, that a report arose that she "went to mass." Nelly, however, remained a Pro-

testant, and, as it would seem, a not unintelligent or insincere Protestant, up to her death. It must not be supposed—*will* not be supposed, by any one who has read life in the great broad world, as well as in conventicles—that Nelly was destitute of religious feeling, because she was gay and thoughtless. That she had sagacity enough to make her preference of the reformed faith only a natural thing, is abundantly clear. Some of her shrewd comments on men and things are very striking, and prove that if she did not meddle with politics and State-religion, it was not for want of capacity.

Nelly was "extreme ill," and Dr. Lower, her physician, brought Tenison to her bedside; from him she received much consolation, and he became attached to her. "Her repentance in her last hours," says Cibber, "appeared in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian sincerity." Cibber might not know much about it, but Nelly's directness of nature creates a probability in her favor. In the codicil to her will she left—

"One hundred pounds for the use of the poor, to be disposed of by Dr. Tenison, for taking any poor debtors out of prison, and for clothes this winter, and other necessities, as he shall find most fit."—"To show my charity for those who differ from me in religion, I desire that fifty pounds may be put into the hands of Dr. Tenison and Mr. Warner, who taking to them any two persons of the Romish religion—(we beg the reader to notice the kind thoughtfulness of this)—may dispose of it for the use of the poor of that religion, inhabiting the parish," &c., &c.—"That Jo, my porter, may have ten pounds given him."<sup>\*</sup>

The will leaves her property "to my dear natural son, His Grace, the Duke of St. Alban's," with 100*l.* to each executor. The bequest to "poor prisoners" is noticeable: Nelly's father was said to have died in prison, at Oxford, and she, remembering this, gloried all her life in relieving "poor prisoners."

Dr. Tenison boldly preached an affectionate sermon for her funeral, not without incurring obloquy; he made it imperative in his own will, that no one should preach any funeral sermon for *him*!

She died in November, 1687, aged 37—the exact day is not known—of "*apoplexy*." Readers who are aware of the significance of a large cerebellum and thick neck, will think

<sup>\*</sup> It was, besides, one of her last requests to the Duke of St. Alban's, that he would cause to be laid out every Christmas twenty pounds in relieving poor debtors.

leniently of Nelly's sensuous career, and be thankful she was so different from the Pompadours, Catherines, and Portsmouths.

We may add that Eleanor Gwyn could not write much, as was the case with many of better opportunities; and that she used to sign with a clumsy E. G. half an inch high and wide, painfully dotted at the first and last points of contact between pen and paper. Also, that little attention is due to stories of her having lived here, there, or anywhere; there are more houses with which tradition has connected her name, than there are watches of Oliver Cromwell. She was to have been made Countess of Greenwich, if the King had lived, but it is better for her memory that she died untitled, and that the English think of her as she is painted on the sign-board at Chelsea, only a pretty girl, with a pet lamb at her side.

We grieve over Nell, and cry, How happy she might have made an honest man's house! we cannot help it. But that was not to be, and Charles might have been a worse man than he was, if he had not been brought under the influence of so sunny and kind a nature. It is worth notice that her repentance seems to have been quite free from gall and gloom.

We hope this little labor of ours—(introducing one of Mr. Cunningham's)—will not have been in vain, and that some reader who has hitherto thought of Nell only as a vain, debauched, worthless woman, may now find a degree of significance in the words of Charles Lamb, with which we started. Goodness, be assured, does *not* depend upon the notions of cliques, and is found in play-houses, and even in worse places. In particular, women, with their naturally superior morale, and greater imitableness, have generally some cultivable germ of feeling in their characters, from which their redemption may be made to grow. We remember being much affected by an account in the papers of a few months back, of a poor, lost girl at Cambridge, who was *broken hearted* over a young collegian who had died on her bed: we wondered whether any one in the town thought of the "spark divine" in this young creature, and sought to fan it into a heavenly flame!

We are conscious that a danger attaches to reading—and to writing—such papers as these—a danger that, except in staid and settled characters, the boundary lines of virtue and vice may be partially obliterated. We would therefore beg the "general" reader not to dismiss this story of Nell Gwyn lightly, but to remember that Christian self-con-

tol is, practically, the highest wisdom, and the sure means to the happiness which impulsive, but ill-regulated goodness, too often, misses.

From Dickens' Household Words.

## PLAGUES OF LONDON.

HARROWING accounts of the great plague are familiar to all readers. We do not wish to add to their number, and mean only to suggest some analogies between the plague of sixteen hundred and sixty-five and the plague of our own times, say of eighteen hundred and fifty-five, by showing how a sensible man talked about it. There are extant a number of unpublished letters from the Rev. Patrick Symon, Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, afterwards Lord Bishop of Ely. He addressed these letters to a lady who had retired, for safety's sake, into the country. On the ninth of August, sixteen hundred and sixty-five, he wrote to his friend in a tone used certainly by many who wrote from London in the same month of last year. "There is some danger, no doubt, in this place, and it increases a little; but I am not in any fear, which will make the danger less. There died, as you will see by the bills of mortality to-morrow, twenty in this parish, whereof sixteen of the plague. This, I know, will debar me of the liberty of seeing you, and I submit to that restraint. For though you will be inclined, I believe, to give me that freedom, yet it will not be either civil or kind to accept of that grant till we be in a better condition of health." But he went on to suggest a terror happily banished from the current history of London pestilence. "If you think there is any danger from those papers which you receive, the fire, I suppose, will expel it, if you let them see it before they come into your hands. You see how cautious I am grown." In the month following says the good pastor—"Last week I was more than ordinary feeble, which was a thing common to me with others, the effects of which you see in the vast increase of the sickness. It was a lovely season yesterday, and we hoped for some sweet, clear weather, but it pleases God the wind is changed again, and brings abundance of rain with it; and, indeed, we have had no settled weather since I saw

you, which hath made the sickness, I believe, rage more. For south winds are always observed to be bad in such times, and the wind stays not long out of that quarter. It (the plague) decreases in some places and grows very much in others. I hope that there will not so many die here as did last week, and yet we have twenty-one or twenty-two dead already. I suppose you think that I intend to stay here still, though I understand by your question you would not have me. But, my friend, what am I better than another? Somebody must be here, and is it fit I should set such a value upon myself as my going away and leaving another will signify?" [Here you speak, Mr. Symon, like a minister right worthy of your calling.] "I preach to those who are well, and write to those who are ill (I mean, print little papers for them, which yet are too big to send to you by the post;) but I am sure while I stay here I shall do good to their bodies, and perhaps save some from perishing."

The terrible phantom which was the especial horror of the plagues of our forefathers rises in this passage from a letter written later in the autumn: "May I not buy a pair of stockings of a friend whom I can be confident is not infected, and which have lain long in his shop? I want nothing else at present, and how should it be more dangerous than to receive beer and wine, the vessels being capable of infection; but especially bread, they say, is the most attractive of it, which I am forced to buy, for I have no other ways to have it." Upon the daily bread of the poor with how terrible a curse must this notion have rested!

"I saw last Tuesday," says the Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, "about thirty people in the Strand, with white sticks in their hands, and the doctor of the pest-house in his gown, walking before them. The first woman rid on an horse, and had a paper flag on the top of her stick with *LAUS DEO* writ-



ten in it. They were going to the justice's, being poor people sent thither and recovered by him" (the doctor) "of the plague. He seemed to take no small content in his stately march before them."

Dr. Patrick tells how he took treacle as an antidote, and grew fat, although many clergymen were dying round about him. The depression of his mind, probably, caused the slovenly manner of his letters, full of dejected I believes and I supposes. The main exciting cause of the old plagues as of the modern cholera was, beyond doubt, confinement in foul air, living among the filth of towns or villages in ill-constructed houses. When the foul air in a house was bad enough to kill birds in their cages, plague was pretty sure to follow. "The death of birds," says Dr. Symon, "in houses where they are caged, ordinarily precedes the death of the inhabitants."

A good many auspices were at that time drawn from birds, and signs were watched for not from birds alone. "There are people who rely on pitiable things as certain tokens of the plague's going very shortly. I have been told more than once," says the good Rector, "of the falling out of the clapper of the great bell at Westminster, which they say it did before the last great plague ended; and this they take for a very comfortable sign. Others speak of the daws more frequenting the palace and abbey, which, if true, is a better sign, supposing the air to have been infected; for the books I read tell me that the going away of birds is the forerunner of a plague, and that we shall see few in a plague year."

When the plague was declining, the Rector wrote to his friend,—"In a month's time, I believe, the town will fill, and then, if the sickness do not increase, you may venture not long after that to come to your habitation. Yet, if you consult your brother he will tell you the physician's rule is composed in three words when they advise what to do in the plague, which in English are, Quickly—far-off—slowly; that is, fly soon and far enough, and return late. To his counsel and opinion I refer you. Set a watch at your door, and let it be known that you admit of no visits—not even mine."

Another plague of London, that has made it necessary enough for people to set watch at their doors, remains with us; but in a less virulent form than that which it took in the olden time—the plague of street rogues and sharpers. Very long ago it was necessary to dismantle the forest of Middlesex, to widen

the roads, to fill ditches, to remove trees, and otherwise to take measures to deprive the thieves of cover. Hanging, and other measures taken against the rogues of London, having failed to produce any good result, in the year one thousand five hundred and sixty-three, the most awful scheme was devised of appointing beadles for the apprehension of vagabonds and sturdy beggars. The beadles, armed with their own inherent terrors, went briskly to work, carried the rogues to Bridewell, and conveyed to hospital the blind, the lame and impotent, and sick and sore. Children aged sixteen were received into Christ's Hospital; and citizens were earnestly entreated to give employment to such men and women as were able and disposed to work.

In the year fifteen hundred and eighty-one, Recorder Fleetwood established a body of detective police or privy searchers, who hunted up loose vagabonds and sharpers, then in great number pestering the city. Not very long afterwards, in spite of detectives, and of arrests of rogues by the hundred in a batch, a company of vagabonds encompassed Queen Elizabeth's coach while she was riding abroad in the evening to take the air." They hovered before her face in a swarm, like summer gnats, and "on that night and the next day seventy-four were taken." I am afraid the justice done on these occasions was but rough, and that many of these vagabonds had sorrows greater than arrest to vex their hearts. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a year of plague, and consequent distress, through loss of occupation, was followed by a year in which the city, as also other parts of the country, "was grievously pestered with beggars, and there were many of them disbanded soldiers, become poor and maimed, by the war with the Low Countries and Spain." Against these and worse rascals, by whom their distress was counterfeited, glorious Queen Bess issued a proclamation.

Soon afterwards, the thieves of London almost succeeded in a plan of robbery upon her Majesty's person in St. Paul's Churchyard, and quite succeeded in robbing an alderman on his way home from a city feast. As Sidney Smith hoped for a little safety in a railway carriage after a bishop had been burnt, so there was hope for safety in the streets of London after an alderman had been waylaid and robbed. The proper measures were then taken, which consist always not so much in multiplying penalties against crime, as in removing the facilities for its commission. An alderman having been rob-

bed at night, in a dark street, it was ordered that, in the close London streets and alleys, more lamps should be hung. There was an immediate decrease in the number of offences.

But the most troublesome and filthy of the London plagues of this description is not one to be removed by putting light into a lantern; it needs, rather, the putting of light into men's heads. The best way to abolish knaves is to abolish fools. It is only because tens of thousands traverse London streets, who are grossly ignorant and stupid, that the same streets abound in sharpers ever ready to delude. Education most effectually lessens crime; not by direct conversion of vice into virtue, but checks it, as gas-light does, by baulking it of one of the conditions under which it works. As you may kill a plant by depriving it of air or water, although you leave the plant itself untouched, so you may kill crime by removing all the ignorance on which it feeds. It is only because men are less stupid than they used to be that they are less willing to go down the small streets in the Strand with gentlemen who whisper promises of fine smuggled cigars and handkerchiefs, or less disposed to go down on their knees to pick up the choke-pears, scattered by a costermonger, at the cost of their hats and other personals, which become liable to seizure by the costermonger's friends.

Highway robbery is a plague nearly extinct. Mr. Porter mentions (in his work on the Progress of the Nation), on the authority of persons who formerly lived in the environs of London, that it was their uniform practice to rendezvous every evening, after the day's work was over, and proceed to their homes in a body—especially those whose road lay south of the Thames, at Dulwich and Norwood—for mutual protection. A physician, who resided at Blackheath, and had to cross the country at all hours of the night, had, at different times, been obliged to shoot several robbers, by whom his carriage was attacked. Highwaymen's horses stood at livery, at the different stables in town, as openly as the horses of honest men. Nor was it always easy to distinguish the one from the other; for the old amusement of Prince Henry, practiced on Gad's Hill and elsewhere, was not quite extinct late in the last century. Respectable tradesmen—reputed respectable until they were found out—took to the road after business hours, booted and masked, and made the lieges stand and deliver in the manner of professional highwaymen. The Newgate Calendar is not

without instances of flourishing retailers being taken in the fact of highway robbery, tried, and hanged. Pathetic stories were also current in the magazines of that time respecting decayed gentlemen robbing from distress; and, on being epostulated with by their victims, bursting into tears, telling a piteous tale of distress, courting corroboration of it by ushering them into some garret to behold a dying wife and starving children, and finally being, not only forgiven, but put into a good way of life on the spot. This sort of plague has been thoroughly eradicated. Happily there are few respectable shopkeepers who do not now possess money in the funds, a suburban villa, and a one-horse carriage. The modern refuge for decayed gentlemen is employment in one or other of our great National Red Taperies.

Amateur felony is not of so old a date as professional thieving. Three hundred years ago, there was a London thieves' slang, not unlike the present; and there were men who maintained schools of vice. There was "one Woolton, a gentleman born, and sometime a merchant of good credit, but falling by time into decay." This man kept an ale-house at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate, which, being suppressed, he "reared up a new trade in life. And in the same house he procured all the cut-purses of the city to repair to him. There was a school-house for young boys to cut purses. Two devices were hung up: the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawks' bells, and over the top did hang a little sacristy bell. The purse had silver in it; and he that could take out a counter, without any noise, was allowed to be a public foister; and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse was adjudged a judicial nipper, according to their terms of art." A foister being a cutter of pockets; a nipper, a picker of the same. A lifter was a robber of shops or chambers; a shaver, a fileher of cloaks, swords, or spoons, that might happen to lie unwatched; and a night burglar was a mylken ken. Mr. Woolton, who was a professor of thieving, in the year fifteen hundred and eighty-five, hung mottoes on his school-room wall, rogues' texts, such as the following:—

Si spie, si mon spie, foyste, nippe,  
Lyfte, shave and spare not.

The writer of a Trip through Town, six score years ago, tells how, in the parish of

Saint Giles-in-the-fields, among other sights that he saw, was a place called the Infant Office, where young children stand at livery, and are let out by the day to the town mendicants. After some description of the hiring of boys, girls, and infants at this office, the writer says that "An ancient matron, who had the superintendence of the place, held forth in her arms a pretty poppet of about a year old, telling her customers there was a sweet, innocent picture, a moving countenance that would not fail making a serjeant-at-law feel for his half-pence." A beggar-woman who was vastly in arrear for the hire of children, was refused credit until she had paid off the old score, and so forth.

In a form, I trust somewhat abated, this plague remains, and a thousand small street rogueries, known to most of our readers, are as old as those to which we have referred. Knaves in this country follow the old path of tradition quite as blindly as right honorable ministers of State; so that if it were not that the knaves, through cunning, acquire now and then a new idea, and that anything of that nature dawns less frequently upon the modern statesmen, we should be disposed to say that, evil-intentioned as is the one class, and good-intentioned as is the other, there is one way to them both. There used to be thieves of genius who conceived bold projects of their own, and achieved great triumphs over difficulty that appeared insuperable. The

world has also known great statesmen who could do and dare, and justify their daring. Now, again, as the noble so are the ignoble. Few, indeed, escape infection by the newest of the plagues of London, known as the Routine. Who does not know how, when a man catches anywhere the routine disease, he becomes feeble and wastes to a shadow of himself, how rapidly he becomes blotted over, and goes the way of all flesh into rottenness? Who does not know how dreadfully infectious this new sickness is? How it is communicated by papers and documents, lurks in the horsehair of stools, and how it clings to tape (especially to tape of a red color) with so much energy that no known disinfectant—and the strongest have been freely tried—is able to remove it? For very many years this pestilence has waged its war against humanity, being most dangerous in the more central parts of the city of London, and in the districts of Whitehall and Westminster. It is also our decided opinion, whatever the Rector of Saint Paul's, Covent Garden, may have thought of it in his day, than one popular opinion of the year sixteen hundred and sixty-five, to which that excellent man adverts, still holds its place fast in the public mind. We are, for our own parts, not ashamed to confess our belief that if the clapper were to fall out of the bell at Westminster, there would be good hope of some speedy abatement of this plague.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

PROF. AGASSIZ has announced a great work, entitled, "Contributions to the Natural History of America," to be embraced in ten quarto volumes of about 300 pages, illustrated by twenty plates. This work will be the result of extended researches during many years past, and will undoubtedly be the most complete proof of the rare scientific knowledge and abilities of its author which has yet been given to the public. It will contain the results of his embryological investigations, embracing about sixty monographs from all classes of animals, especially those characteristic of this continent; also descriptions of a great number of new species and genera, accompanied with accurate figures, and anatomical details.

Mr. Baneroff proposes issuing a selection from the rich collection of manuscript letters in his possession, illustrative of the early American History. This will soon appear in two volumes.

TICKNOR & FIELDS announce Alfred Tennyson's new volume of Poems as in press. It is entitled "Maud, and other Poems."

Saxe is at work on a new Poem, entitled "The Press," which is to be treated historically, eulogistically, practically, and satirically.

The Diary and Correspondence of the late Amos Lawrence has been printed for private circulation among his family and friends.

The fire in John F. Trow's printing establishment in Ann street, consumed 12,500 copies of the

duodecimo edition of Irving's *Life of Washington*; but the stereotype plates were mostly safe in the vaults of the building.

The Paris Correspondent of the "*Illustrated News*" states that M. de Maubreuil is about to come to the United States for the purpose of bringing out a work containing some very interesting statements of all the events of the period of the "Fall of Napoleon." Of course, such a work as this could not be issued in Paris.

The author of the "*Footsteps of St. Paul*," "*Morning and Night Watches*," "*Wood-cutter of Lebanon*," &c., is the Rev. Andrew Bonar of Edinburgh.

Schneider, Nearder's amanuensis, is at work on the life of the Great Historian, but does not intend to print it for a long time to come.

*L'Athenaeum Francais* gives an account of the report presented to the seventeenth jury of the Universal Exhibition of 1851, by M. Ambroise Firmin Didot, on Printing, the Book and Paper Trade. After having reviewed Printing in the countries which have contributed to the Exhibition of 1851, M. Didot examines the different methods of publishing, &c. The commencement of the second part of the report treats of the most important question of all—that of literary property. He says that the reciprocal recognition of literary property in different countries will give more intellectual life and creative imagination to certain countries where the reproduction of foreign works often suppresses native literature and science.

Prof. Chauncey Goodrich (Burlington, Vt.) proposes to republish "*Opinions of Eminent Lawyers on Various points of English Jurisprudence, chiefly concerning the Colonies, Fisheries, and Commerce of Great Britain, collected and digested from the originals in the Board of Trade and other depositories.*" By George Chalmers, Esq., F. R. S. A., with American notes and references.

Hon. C. J. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, is preparing a work which will prove an important contribution to the Historical Literature of our country. It is a History of the Territories that have been annexed from time to time to the United States, as Louisiana, Florida, Texas, California, and New Mexico.

Alice Carey has a new book in hand, called "*Married, but not Mated*."

It is announced that Professor Guyot intends to write "*a History of the Universe and of the Earth, according to the present state of Science—the only way to give a full and satisfactory commentary on the first chapter of Genesis.*"

A valuable work, by the Rev. Dr. Akers, is now going through the press of the Methodist Book Concern at Cincinnati. It is entitled, "*Introduction to Biblical Chronology, from Adam to the Resurrection of Christ, comprising 5,573 years of the World, synchronized with Julian time; with such Calendars, Cycles, Tables, and Explanations as render the whole subject easy of Comprehension to every Bible student.*"

It is rumored that Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne contemplates resigning his office as Consul at Liverpool, at the end of his present year of service. He intends to travel for a year in Europe, and then return to the United States.

The Statue of the Poet, Campbell, by William C.

Marshall, R. A., Sculptor, was recently erected in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, at a cost of £2,000, and has been much admired.

The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay has just been elected a member of the Royal Academy of Amsterdam, in the class of Literature, Languages, History, and Belles Lettres. Jacob Grimm, the grammarian; Ranke, the historian; Lepsius, the archæologist; and other learned men of European reputation, were also elected.

"Owen Meredith," whose poems have attracted so much favorable notice, is the *nom de plume* of Mr. Edward Lytton, son of the celebrated novelist.

The article in Blackwood's on "North America and Canada," was written by Lawrence Oliphant, Esq., Lord Elgin's private secretary.

The Cupola of the new Library and Reading Room of the British Museum in London, is larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome; and with the exception of the Pantheon, is the largest in the world.

Sir Roderick I. Murchison, F. R. S., has consented to be nominated as the successor of the late Sir Henry de la Beche, to the various geological appointments held by the deceased.

Miss Mitford has left the bulk of her property (under £3,000) to a faithful domestic.

The Royal Society has lately received a very important and valuable addition to its collection of Manuscripts, by a present from Mr. Edwin Canton, of a series of autograph letters from Dr. Franklin, Priestly, Sir Joseph Banks, Howard, and other well-known persons.

Napoleon the Third has founded a new section in the French Academy, under the title of "Politics, Administration, and Finance," and by act of authority has thus introduced ten new members into the Institution, by which it is said a majority of voices will be secured to the Imperial Government.

The number of Americans in Paris grows larger every year, and the various national provisions for their enjoyment become annually more remarkable. American photographers, dentists, physicians, bankers, express agents, patent agents, and editors, have all found employment among their compatriots in the gay French capital. At the present time not less than four reading-rooms, supplied with American journals, are open with more or less freedom to the public.

The Paris journals announce that M. Leverrier, the director of the National Observatory of France, is at present in Brussels, to coöperate with the director of the Belgian Observatory, in determining by the electric telegraph the longitude of Paris and Brussels.

The "*Journal des Debats*" states that M. Lamartine, on the conclusion of his four volumes of the "*Historie de Turquie*," intends to take a year's rest, and occupy himself with the superintending the cultivation of his landed property. For the last four years, this indefatigable man has devoted fourteen hours a day in pursuit of his literary labors.

The Belgian government, some time ago, instituted a quinquennial prize of the value of \$1,000, as an encouragement to Flemish literature. This prize has just been awarded to Conscience, the popular Flemish author.







BURIAL OF DE SOTO IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

*Engraved by J. Sartain from an original Drawing by J. A. Hurd.*

